



PSYCHIC LIGHT

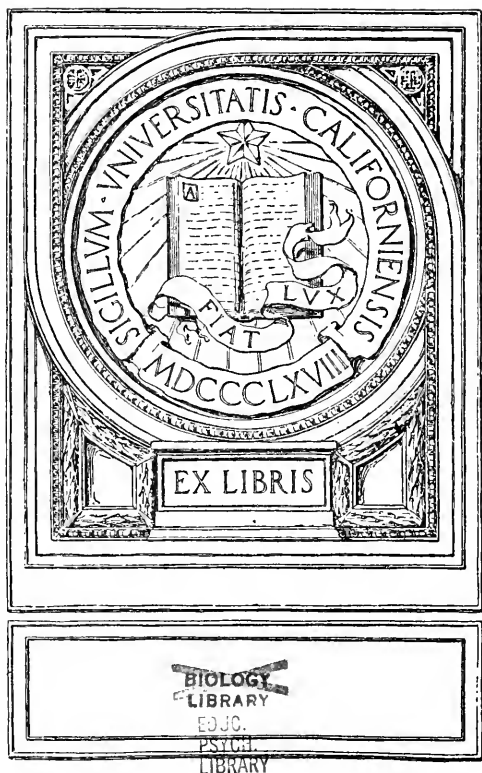
Continuity of Law and Life.

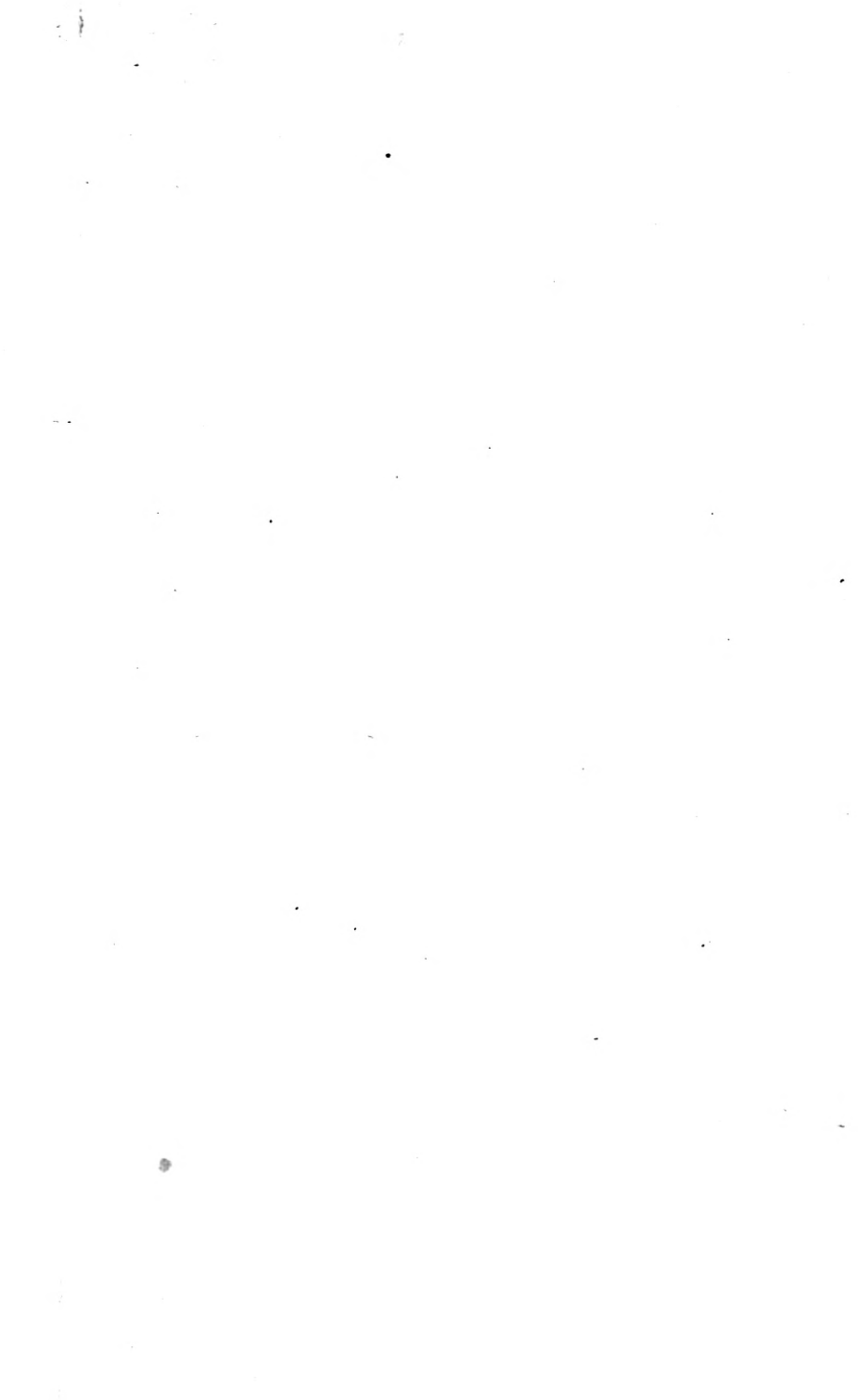
MRS. MAUD LORD-DRAKE.

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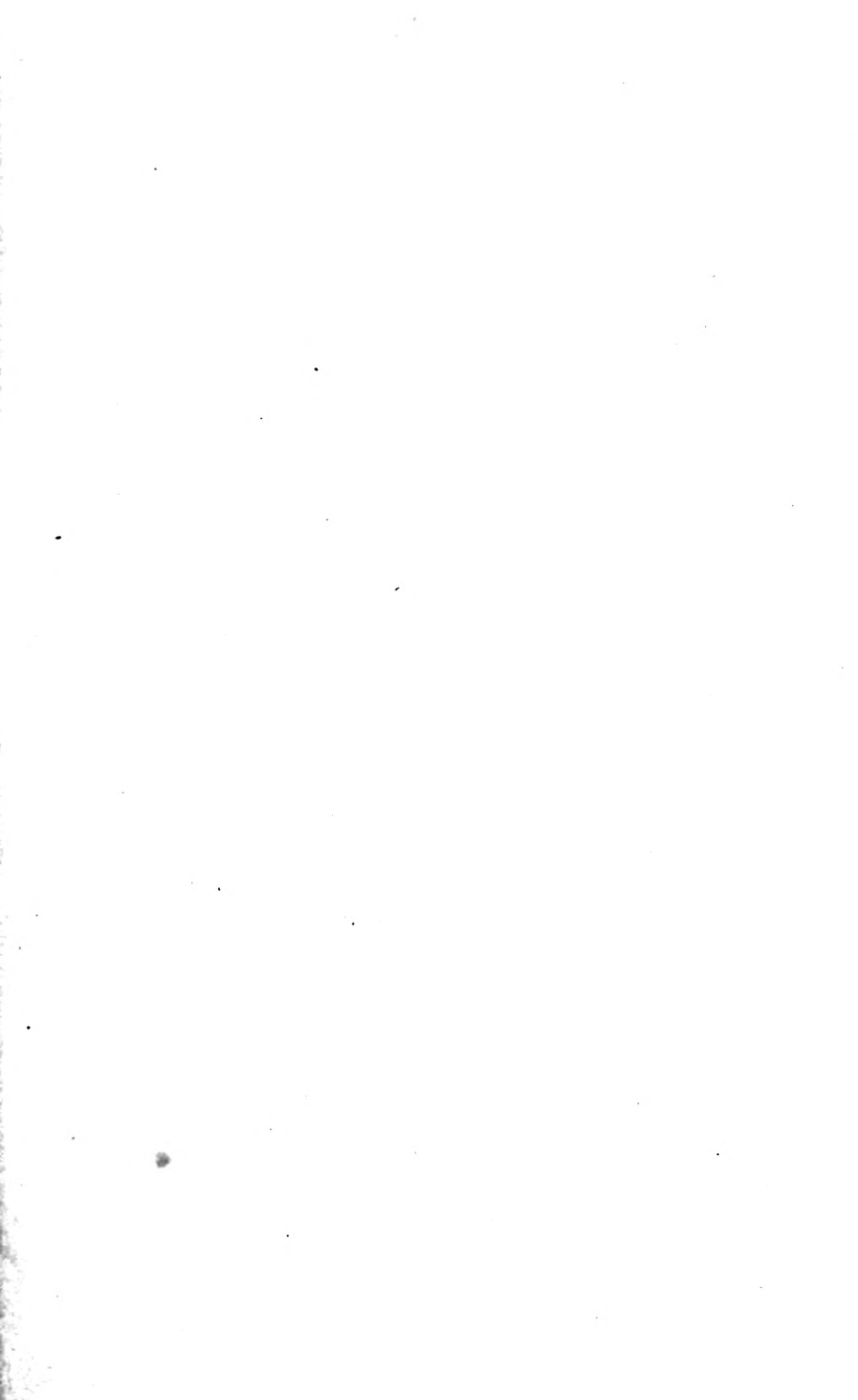


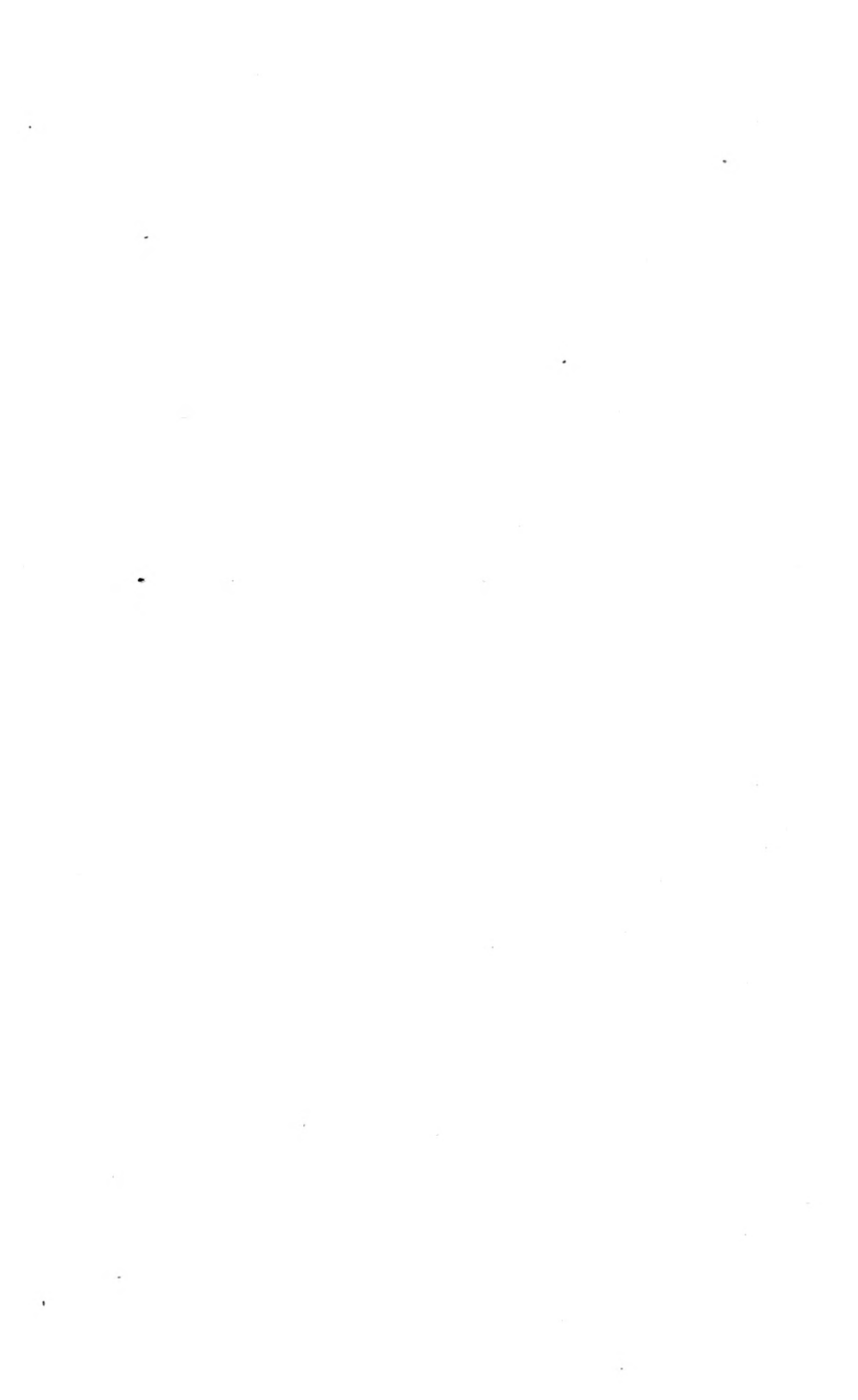


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MRS. MAUD LORD-DRAKE.







PSYCHIC LIGHT

The Continuity of Law and Life.

—BY—

MRS. MAUD LORD-DRAKE.

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J. S. DRAKE.

PREFACE.

"Minds on this round earth of ours
Vary like the leaves and flowers;
Sing thou low, or loud, or sweet,
All, at all points, thou canst not meet."

—TENNYSON.

This work is not an attempt to solve the "Riddle of the Universe," to controvert theories, or dispute any plan of so-called salvation.

All things can be proved, if we can obtain the facts and comprehend the laws.

The facts must be self-evident, or demonstrable to our senses; and, the number of the senses must *not* be limited by *our* experience.

Each mode or manifestation of individual life, or spirit through matter, may be called a sense.

Some persons have five and some have twelve senses, with the possibility of a larger number, each demonstrable, each producing distinct and independent results.

As spirit is conscious of its consciousness, we, therefore, assume as a self-evident fact, that:

Individual life IS; and, that:

Individual life manifesting through human organism is a spirit.

Is the theory of spirit return scientific?

Does it best explain all of the facts?

Can *all* of the facts be referred to any other theory?

It does not so much concern us to know from whence came life and how it came, as to be assured of its continuity and the conditions under which it exists.

It is important to know that it does not end with the termination of our existence here. To know that it continues as a personal, individualized entity; that it continues as a sentient, thinking, remembering ego, as now,

is of value to all. To know this fact *now*; to know something of the conditions of the next existence; to acquire some of the essentials for a fair start in that existence is of great value to all.

To be of value it must be a knowledge, not a belief. It must be a knowledge based upon logical inferences from facts. More evidence and a more positive demonstration is required upon the question, "If a man die, shall he live again," than upon any other question. Its solution is outside of ordinary experience; and, to be of value the demonstration must come within the limitations of our reason and senses. The conclusion must be deduced from general truths established from all the facts.

Accustomed to acquiring knowledge through only five senses as avenues of manifestation, and living in only three dimensions of space, we cannot accept anything beyond these limitations, unless we are shown, or unless we *think*; and, think accurately and honestly. Hence the importance of the phenomena.

To those thinkers who accept the axiomatic truth of science, that: "Whatever is, always has been, and always will be," the statement of facts and the testimony contained in the following pages will be sufficient data from which to infer general truths sufficient to formulate a code of ethics,—“lines of thought and rules of action,”—that will enable them to take their proper place in the infinite and eternal progression which spans all existence.

We know that we live and that life is measured by its manifestations. No two lives act to the same extent, on the same lines, or with the same faculties. Grant the existence of these faculties, as we must, from viewing the lives of the men and women who do the thinking for the race, and we cannot limit them by our experience, nor can we dispute their facts because they are not within the range of our experience, sense or reason. Phenomena constantly occur beyond our experience and unaccountable to us. These are none the less facts because we fail to understand them.

What theory best covers all these phenomena? Certainly not the unscientific and illogical theory of an irresponsible, theoretical cause, called "sub-conscious life;" nor involuntary cerebral action; nor motion and organized matter; nor can these facts be laughed out of court by the cry of fraud. Something besides blind force organizes matter. Fraud and imitation of things valuable always have existed and probably always will. Brushing aside all these irrelevant theories and imitations, let us establish our premises and accept the general truths logically inferred from our facts; and, then abide the deductions of our own logic.

Science and logical reasoning are too exact to accept any materialistic theory to cover facts which transcend matter and its independent possibilities. During the last thirty years, too many careful thinkers and scientific investigators have become convinced of the continuity of individual spirit life through the facts and phenomena remaining, after sifting out and eliminating the frauds and imitations of the genuine phenomena. It is not necessary to devote time or space to those otherwise great scientists, thinkers and teachers who have correlated facts sufficient to convince them of this continuity, but who still disclaim to be spiritualists. Nor is it necessary to consider those psychical research societies and Huxleys who have not had time to investigate facts not referable to their pet theories.

Spiritualism opens up a new field in philosophy, religion and science. Knowing spiritism to be a fact in nature as much so as any other fact, knowing it to be a logical inference from well established and indisputable data, we must regard it as logically conclusive. If we try to account for these facts upon any other hypothesis we are unscientific, illogical and dishonest.

Spirit must be infinite in its origin, to be immortal in its destiny. A beginning signifies an end. Neither the beginning nor the end concerns us *now* as much as the interim—the interlude, the tragedy or travesty, as the

case may be. For between the beginning and the end, so to speak, or, between infinite origin and unending duration, is the field of immortality. Life, the consciousness of this stage of existence, and death, the commencement of the next, are assured. Preparing for the unending future is what should most concern us all while here on earth.

The spirit manifesting through brain may be what you call yourself today. But the essence of soul, with its secret sources of life, its possibilities of divine and infinite progression, must be allied with infinite existence. It is co-eval with, but not a part of, matter. It takes on matter, modified to its requirements, in the various stages of its existence. The knowledge and ability to modify and handle matter and direct the forces by which it is controlled is the secret of its phenomena. In many cases, it is beyond our senses and understanding, yet it is not supernatural. There is no supernatural in all of God's eternal universe.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body Nature is and God the soul."

These forces are mostly known and classified by science. If the methods of handling them were fully understood, all of these occult and psychic phenomena would be readily accepted and full credence accorded to the spirit chemist and scientist.

In spirit life, as here, not all are qualified to produce these phenomena. And, in both stages of existence, essential conditions are required.

He who expects the phenomena from those in the next stage of existence who are not expert in handling the forces of the universe, will be greatly disappointed.

These pages contain only known and well authenticated facts, and names of people well known in their respective localities.

The purpose of this work is not so much to write the history of a life as to present facts and incidents that have occurred within a wide range of time and place and

under varied conditions, embracing every phase of spirit phenomena.

It is impossible to write in specific detail the life history of a single individual. Much less is it possible to delineate the intricate and manifold expressions of a spirit in manifesting its wonderful powers through a sensitive organism of one of earth's mortals. It is not within the scope of our thought to depict in words the transcendent powers and faculties of an immortal spirit, by witnessing its manifestations through human organisms susceptible to all the harmonies and discord of earth life. Much, indeed, can we learn from such manifestations, but more remains to be told. And, if we live faithful to ourselves, to humanity and to the spirit world, we shall continue to add to our store of knowledge, through all the cycles of eternity.

In what words can the hopes and fears of a life be told? With what language can its trials and its tragedies be expressed? What pen can follow its eecstatic flights and in what colors can imagination paint the agonies of the deaths it must die to attain greater growth? How can we portray the higher conditions and the glory to which it is lifted?

Knowing hereditary traits and *the law*, knowing prenatal conditions and the dynamic force of maternal thought, knowing the effects of environment and education, and, recognizing the spiritual law that, "like attracts like," we might come near to predicating results. Knowing all these we might be able to understand why some possess faculties so great and wonderful as to make us doubt the evidence of our senses and question the most logical conclusions.

A force once started *must* continue until its legitimate consequence is accomplished. The evolution of the race is modified by every thought and action of the past. Every contemplated purpose must be accomplished somewhere along the lines of life, either here or in the great hereafter as sure as effect follows cause.

Who can tell how much we are working out for those long since removed from this plane of action? And who can declare how much is due to hereditary, and how much to direct personal influence?

For a proper understanding of some of the facts and references in this work, the following incident in the drama of the life of one of the ancestors of the subject of whom we write is given as told to the writer by one of the family. The incident occurred in France, when ecclesiastical thought was dominant and sustained by law.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHATEAU BERLEAUX.

This castle, in feudal times, was the ancestral home of the house of the De Corichies, a race of proud, impulsive people, who rejected all efforts of the Catholic clergy to induce them to join that dominant power. The Chateau is one of those ancient edifices characteristic of the times, with low, broad porches, covered with time-grown vines and surrounded with rare and exotic flowers and beautiful grounds indicative of wealth and refinement. Ancient forests lay between it and the sea, which is visible from the high ground upon which the castle and its many buildings for servants and stables are situated.

The only person present is a stately lady, apparently about 65 years old, with oval face, large, luminous gray eyes, gray, crinkly hair, dressed high and pompadour, and held in position by a diamond comb and clasp. She is dressed in black silk, trimmed with purple velvet—dress cut low—running to a “v” shape, filled in with cream-colored lace, fastened with a large cameo pin set with diamonds. She stands on the porch with hand shading her eyes, and looking long and earnestly down the broad drive-way that leads to the main road winding away among the large trees. A single horseman appears and gallops up the drive-way. He dismounts at the steps and salutes the lady.

“How now, good mother, why brooding shadows among these goodly flowers?”

“Louis, my noble son, the air seems strangely filled with evil wings—dark shadows—strange feelings that those thy hand hath fed and fostered bode thee no good.”

The person thus addressed is nearly six feet tall, well

formed, broad shoulders, with a military style of dress, with golden buckles at the side of the knees. He wears a sash, and a long cloak of rich, dark material ornamented with Ducal trimming hangs from his shoulders, indicating his rank and position. His eyes are brown and his hair is dark and slightly curls. A moustache and goatee of a slightly darker shade sets off his nearly oval face to fine advantage. His round, well-shaped, dimpled chin indicates great strength and firmness. A pleasant smile about the mouth and lips, his easy grace and movements, shapely hands and feet indicate aristocratic birth and lineage. His dress, general appearance and surroundings are characteristic of the old Huguenot families.

A second horseman—some years older than the first—well mounted, and with the appearance of having ridden far and fast, dashed up the broad avenue; and, handing bridle to the ready attendant, hastily ascended the steps.

“How now, uncle, why this haste and hard riding?”

With a courtly salute to the lady, he grasped the hand of the younger man, saying: “Ah, good Duke, my nephew, I have indeed ridden hard and many a league to warn you of danger that threatens. Even now methinks the sound of chaise and hoof falls upon my ear. You must flee ’ere the minions of the Church come.”

“What! I a coward! To leave my mother when danger threatens? No, no! Ask it not.”

“But, my noble son, think of the prison, the loathsome cell and years of living death! Worse than death to me. I will only be happy to know you breathe the free air.”

“Nay, nay, mother; it is my pleasure, my honor, to protect you.”

“But, dear son, the servants will defend me. You must be saved.”

“Dear nephew; time passes,—even now hear you not the convent bells? They may be the signal. You must go.”

“Nay, Charlier, life is nothing to honor.”

"But, Duke, think of the prison and the years of terrible solitude. Creeds have no mercy. The Church has no love for heretics. Come, come; your best armor and trusty steed."

"Mireio, Mireio," called the Duke, in accents modulated by love and anxiety.

A young girl—about 14 or 16 years old—fair as the sunshine, bright as the exotic flowers that bloom in the conservatory, and with a voice rivaling the birds in the stately trees, came tripping from an inner room.

"Why, Piere; why this anxiety? Why those tones of sadness?"

"Daughter, dear; I go, I flee from menacing danger."

"Do I go too?"

"Nay, nay, daughter dear. A lock of thy hair,—a talisman to me,—to wear next to the heart that beats for you."

"But suppose it be a snare?" (She cuts a curl. He places it in his vest.)

"Ah, my noble son; here comes Le Paire, the priest. Now let us all greet him merrily."

"What, now, Le Paire, can we do to please you? What have you to say?"

"Noble Duke, for this house that never produced aught but brightest intellect and splendid courage, I have ever prayed to ally itself with the Holy Catholic Church and with great power to thee from such alliance."

Charlier—(aside): "I must have his cowl and gown."

"Ah, Le Paire; good father; join us in good wine, as we have ridden far; and, perchance, you too, are weary with many absolutions."

(The Duke orders wine as Charlier drops something into a glass he hands to the priest, who soon sleeps. They lay him on a divan and divest him of cowl, gown and crucifix.)

The Duke dons a coat of mail taken from a safe and puts it on under his clothes.

At this moment a chaise comes up the drive at a rapid

pace. The footman opens the door and announces in a loud voice, "The Chateau Berleaux." A gentleman hastily steps out and mounts the steps.

Both the Duke and Charlier exclaim, "Ah, Sir Richard, what now? What brings you to the continent?"

"I come to bid you hasten your flight. I am none too soon. Hear you not the convent bells? It is the signal to surround your estate. One must go away from home to hear secrets of State and Church."

The last arrival was none other than Sir Richard Cheltenham of Cheltenham Forge, and a great friend of the family.

"Dear son, one salute, time flies. The Iron Hand points to the sea."

The Duke and his uncle then hastily mounted and with adieux to all, galloped swiftly down the drive, out into the road and out of sight. When once in the woods they halted and dismounted and led their horses from sight of the road.

The Duke was first to speak, saying: "Uncle, why this deep interest in me, and this incurring danger to yourself?"

"Know you not that you are my heir, and that all I have is yours? I can now, here in these old woods, tell you what I could not say in the presence of your mother. There is a price on your head, and, even now these woods are surrounded by those who seek your blood. Don this treacherous priest's gown and cowl and hang this crucifix over your neck."

"But, uncle, why dishonor my name and house in the guise of an old woman,—the mockery of courage and manhood?"

"Nay, nay; good nephew; think of the prison and the years of madness, and the sorrow of thy good mother, my sister, and fair Mireio. Live and be free."

"Possibly, these forebodings are vain. I like not this fleeing from intangible dangers. It seems better to face whatever realities life may have in store for us."

, "True, my good nephew; but we, whose lives reach back beyond your time, have had opportunity to note that a dark hand has ever warned our house of impending danger. For thee, as your noble mother has said, it points to the sea. You must know that the women of our race are always conscious of impending danger. At such times as the Iron Hand appears to them and the air seems filled with black wings that stir and fill their souls with gloom—yes, at such times, it is well to heed—to listen, to act upon these subtle vibrations that our science, as yet, fails to grasp. It was this that brought me in haste to thy castled home. Noted you not your good mother's anxious looks these many days past?"

In silence the Duke donned the garments of the priest. They fitted him without a crease or a wrinkle, so near alike in form and stature were the two men.

None too soon. As they emerged from the woods and turned a bend in the road they were halted by a squad of men.

The officer in command said: "By my faith, who knows but that priest's garb may conceal him whom we seek."

Charlier quick to reply, said: "Detain me not for I conduct this good priest to the bedside of my brother who is dying to be absolved ere it is too late."

"On with you and your priest. We seek not to deny absolutions to the dying."

Out of the woods away from this goodly estate, the ancestral home of a long and honorable line rode the two men in silence, each busy with his own thoughts. One leaving all that was dear to the heart—"a world of love at home;"—the other loyal to his kinsman at any cost.

They came to the uncle's estate. Turning in at an unfrequented lane, they came to what appeared to be the lodge of a tenant some distance from the castle. An old man came out and led the horses away and the two men entered and closed and locked the door. Taking a light the elder said: "Follow me."

Seated in a room within the castle, the uncle spoke: "Now my good nephew we are safe to plan and to act."

"Plan what, how act? Must I play the part of a fugitive, and from what and for what?"

"From bigotry, my dear boy. It is but the penalty for independent thought. But let us to our chambers for rest and sleep, and when the time is ripe we will act."

It is not necessary for the purpose of this work to follow the Duke De Corichie to London, where he remained with his friend, Sir Richard, until joined by his mother, his daughter and his son Henri, and their subsequent sailing for the Colonies of America. The record of the hundreds of these families who came to the Colonies from the date of the sailing of the vessel "Nassau of Paul" up to the year 1800 is incomplete. The account herein given was furnished by the grandfather of the subject of this work, and is corroborated by records of the Streight family of Marion County, Virginia—a family that figured prominently in the history of the early settlement of the State, and the early Indian troubles. The story of the Huguenots and their persecutions on account of their spiritual dissensions from the Catholic Church has been told in history.

This experience of the ancestors of Mrs. Maud E. Lord is here related as data for those students along hereditary lines who may be impressed with some of the hints and conclusions suggested by some of the marked religious or church persecutions and incidents herein related; for those who believe that certain liberal or theological modes of thought—that certain fortunes or misfortunes, and traits, are transmitted—that the basis for character building is laid in the dim past—that it is being laid all the time; for those who attempt to solve the greatest of all problems—HUMAN DESTINY—on whose footsteps await love, fame, and fortune; who from their vantage point may say, as did one of the old Huguenots:

"Heureuse destinee tu combles mes desirs."

MAUD E. LORD.

"Ah, dearly purchased is the gift,
The wondrous gift like thine:
A restless life is her's who stands
A priestess at Truth's shrine."

—L. E. L.

Maud E. Lord was born March 15th, 1852, in Marion County, West Virginia. Her parents were both liberally educated and yet were thoroughly imbued with religious teachings, bound and tethered to separate creeds, the mother a Methodist and the father a Baptist and a deacon in his church. A talented man, yet prejudiced toward any thought and any body that questioned or who interfered with his religion. A blind devotee, kneeling at his shrine and conforming to the teachings of his church; and, inclined to defend his faith and his rights at all hazards. Her mother was born and raised amid the romantic scenery of the Alleghany Mountains, in comparative ease and luxury, with slaves to do her every bidding. Such lives pass without incentive to much thought of progress, until conditions evolve inbred qualities.

The fourth child born to Sarah J. and Phillip S. Barrock marked an epoch in their lives. This child was destined to jostle their faith and set them, as well as thousands of others, to thinking. The mother constantly dreamed that the child would be out of the ordinary, and was laughed at by her husband for what he called her superstition.

What was the consternation of both of these ultra religious people when the child was born with a double veil over her face. The father with all of his religious prejudice aroused was certain that the Devil had something to do with this veil, and much serious thought did he give this child in later years in his effort to drive out this Devil.

The mother persistently averred that there was much writing on this veil, which so frightened her that she dared not read it, but caused it to be hastily buried in the yard to exorcise any evil spell it might possibly herald to the new-born babe.

Trouble commenced early with this child. While yet barely able to creep, peculiar occult power made itself manifest. Sometimes luminous lights were seen about her, electric sparks would fly from her hair, and scintillations in the dark, seemingly from her eyes. The magnetic forces were so strong that they produced a tingling sensation in the nurse's arms so that she was willing to drop her on short notice. As a result, the colored servants left the child very much to herself, with only such care as **was** absolutely necessary.

As days and weeks passed, this power or force seemed to increase with the growth of the child, developing a strange desire on her part to creep into dark corners, behind doors and under the bed,—anywhere out of the light and bustle of the household; and an equally strong desire on the part of all members of the family to let her severely alone,—conditions possibly essential to more perfect development.

Sometimes for long hours at a time she would be lost to the mother, who, strange to say of one so romantic and gentle by nature and environment, was averse to handling this little bundle of magnetic sensations. Sometimes when found, if in the dark, there would be a wonderful emanation of light from the head and the eyes would be luminous. These strange things gave the mother a feeling akin to horror and caused her to exclaim, "What is it?" "What is it?" At times the child would refuse to come out of the dark places, and in fear and horror the mother would have to take a stick to make her come out into the light, where the force was not as strong.

SPIRIT HANDS ROCK THE CRADLE.

Sometimes, when the child slept, the cradle would be rocked by invisible hands, creating a feeling in the minds of these ultra-religious parents that the evil one cared for his own. The mother could not divest her memory of her former dreams that the child was, in some strange, mysterious way, destined to be her solace and salvation. During

these times of creeping into dark places, voices would be heard talking to the child. Sometimes the mother would hear singing and the sound as of some one affectionately kissing the child. In the morning her hair would be beautifully curled, often tied with ribbons, as though some invisible nurse had been "given charge concerning" this strange child. To the devotees of creed, to those dominated by ecclesiastical thought, there was only one solution for all these things. One insidious, corroding thought assailed them. The devil possessed one of their children. All their fervent prayers availed nothing.

Time passed. The little girl, when five years old, still had her unseen playmates, real to her, in all her play. Articles mysteriously changed places, even in the light. If anything was lost or mislaid, she found it. The animals seemed to love and obey her. She talked to the trees and flowers. She told her mother she could hear them singing in fair weather and telling of the coming of storms at other times, the verification of which astonished them all. She was always accurate in predictions. To their religious souls there could be only one explanation.

A SPIRIT WRITES A PRESCRIPTION.

At about this time a strange and wonderful thing happened. The child, for she had not yet been named, was in the log cabin of one of the colored servants when a kettle of boiling lye was upset by the fore-log having burned away in the fireplace. The contents of the kettle was spilled over her arms, body and limbs as she sat before the fireplace, severely burning her. The old family physician, Dr. Edson Woodruff, was hurriedly called and everything was done that was possible to alleviate the suffering of the little one. The doctor made several visits and finally pronounced the case hopeless. At this visit the unexpected occurred. The child's bandaged hand was lifted to the old doctor's pocket and took from it a pencil; and before he could comprehend what was done, reached to another pocket and took from it a book and wrote in a bold, legible hand:

“Get pine needles, crush and mix with linseed oil, put between beet leaves and apply immediately.”

The doctor instantly recognized the writing to be that of a doctor with whom he had worked—then dead. Turning in amazement to the mother, he exclaimed: “What does this mean? Can this child write?”

The mother with paling lips exclaimed: “Oh, doctor, it is the Devil. We have tried to keep it quiet, but it is of no use. He always comes when least expected. Is it not best to let her die? He has been with her from birth.”

Professional curiosity and pride was stronger than fear in the doctor’s mind, and he answered, “No. That is my old friend’s writing and we will try his prescription.”

It was tried, and in a remarkably short time the child recovered, although troubled for years from the effects of the terrible burns.

It was hard for this religious mother to believe that her child was not leagued with the evil one for purposes unfathomed by her troubled soul. All her earnest prayers failed to lift the clouds.

After this terrible burning, wonderful visions came, which were often described by the child. She would speak in various languages and would describe forms and give names.

Thus three years passed. The country people had learned of these strange things and a few of the more curious came to ask all manner of questions, political and otherwise. As her father was quite prominent in state affairs, and later a pronounced Secessionist, these questions often related to events yet to come. Even the father was willing the Devil should tell him of these events, but he was seldom satisfied, as these predictions were not to his liking, telling him, as she did quite frequently, that he would be obliged to flee from the country, and that trials and tribulations were to come to him.

At last, when these issues were forced to the front and the mutterings and murmurings of war were heard, men and women sought this strangely gifted child to know what

the end would be, yet all believing, and many reviling the supposed source of the information they sought.

Without exception they advised punishment of the child for her prior knowledge of events which did not accord with their wishes.

Her parents were positive in their determination not to educate her, notwithstanding her intense longing to learn to read. The other children went to school, why should she be denied the privilege? Little did she dream that the education the intelligences would give her would transcend all schools and all of the then known sciences; that all books, all philosophies and all things should yield up their secrets to her marvelous sense of psychometry.

Her parents were too religious to think of educating the Devil. They also feared that if they permitted her to go to school, manifestations would occur to disgrace and scandalize them and their religion.

She was now eight years old. She was melancholy, but not moody; poetic, but not sentimental; more practical than the other children in all she was given to do; obedient, acting quickly and cheerfully.

Attuned to every vibration of nature, she could always be found out of doors, in the woods, irrespective of the weather. She reveled in the most terrific storms. Snow, sleet, rain, or lightning could not keep her indoors. Everything in nature found quick response in her soul. Quick to sense injustice, she could not quite understand why she should be denied an education. She longed for the key that would unlock the mysteries of the books in her father's library.

THE DEVIL IN A SCHOOL HOUSE.

Naturally obedient, used to being denied every pleasure given to other children, yet something impelled her to disobedience in this particular. Acting quickly, she took one of her father's large books, the one containing pictures she could not understand, and putting on her mother's best bonnet and shawl she appeared at the school.

The teacher met this strange combination of big book, bonnet, shawl and half-scared child at the door.

"Whose little girl are you?"

"I'm Mr. Barrock's girl."

With surprise the teacher said: "I didn't know he had another daughter."

"Oh, yes; I'm his little girl, and I want to read about the pictures in this book where the mother is throwing her baby under the wheels of that big car. Maybe the baby is like me."

"Can you read?" asked the teacher, smiling as she took the book, the bonnet and shawl and led this brave seeker after knowledge to a seat on a front bench.

"No ma'm, but I want to learn."

"Do you know your letters?"

"No, ma'm."

More distinct than ever came the raps on the bench.

"You must keep your feet still here in school," said the teacher.

With tears in her eyes the child made no answer, but the raps were still heard.

The first lesson had commenced. Seeing that the child's feet did not touch the bench, the teacher started for her own desk. The bench lifted, at first one end and then the other, and started after her.

The teacher reached her desk first and with an attempt at severity, asked the child, "What is this—what does it mean?"

She could only repeat what others had said: "My pa says it is the Devil."

The children laughed, but the teacher evidently thought the answer correct, for she immediately dismissed the school.

Taking the child home, she told Mr. Barrock of the occurrence. She was punished for disobedience.

Oh, religion and mistaken duty, what crimes are committed in thy names!

She was awakened the next morning by her older sister, Cordelia, calling and asking her why she was not up.

"It is not morning," was her reply. "It is so dark."

"No it is not, the sun is up and everything is bright and beautiful. Come, hurry and dress."

"It is so dark I cannot see."

She was blind.

Shut out from the sunlight, from the trees and the flowers and all nature so loved by her, her further efforts at school came to an end.

As she lay in her little cot, suffering and unable to cry, dumb in her agony, unable to fathom the cause of all this injustice from one so tenacious of his own fancied rights, she heard the musical tinkle and jingle of bells—magical bells—signal of the Oriental Master's presence.

The darkness seemed to change into a strange, beautiful light, filling all the room without shadow or reflection, and she saw a kindly-faced old man standing before her. In a very pleasant voice he said:

"Well, little girl, you are punished for disobedience."

"Yes, sir. I suppose so."

You must always do just as your parents tell you."

With this he touched the bruised places on her body and all pain left.

Before leaving he told her that if she would follow his instructions she should learn to read and write.

She eagerly promised.

He told her to go to a certain tree across the creek at a certain hour each day and wait until they came to her.

INVISIBLE TEACHERS.

Day after day, and week after week, in all kinds of weather, she was at the appointed place.

In nature's great kindergarten, with the music of running waters and the rhythm made by the swaying of the great trees, they taught her letters and words—to read and to write. They went farther and unfolded the secrets of nature and filled her soul with the beautiful moral lessons of life and of creative laws.

Thus came to her all the beautiful imagery, clothed sometimes in classical language, but more often in language direct from the heart, that in after years, electrified, pleased and led men and women to better, cleaner and more useful lives.

Those days in the woods, blind and isolated from all others, she was in direct communication with nature and nature's forces. With her back to the grand old tree that guarded the laughing brook, whose rippling waters made music in her soul, she drank deep from nature's fount, from the eternal and infinite source of all learning, all science and all inspiration. In these negative conditions, essential to all growth, was laid the basis on which was to be evolved a character that time and life's many vicissitudes could not affect.

Imagine her parents' surprise and holy consternation when they learned that she could read and spell better than the other children. Again and again they asked her how she had acquired so much. She told them and they believed it was the work of the Devil.

TALKS FRENCH.

Among those who came to visit the family, during this time of blindness, was a neighbor, Mrs. La Farge, a French woman. Suddenly the child began to shake and quiver and became very pale. The woman being alone with her in the room, was exceedingly frightened, supposing she had a spasm. Instantly the trembling ceased and a man's voice, in excellent French, addressed her by a name none had ever called her but her father, who yet remained in France.

The voice said: "Daughter, I am no more of earth. I have died, but yet I am not dead. Somehow I see you and move about you, but you never seemed to have heard me until now."

Richard Devoe was her father's name. When last heard from he was alive and well. He told her the next mail but one would bring the news of his death. The lady believed, but was sore afraid, and wept convulsively,

destroying all pleasure of the afternoon's visit. Remember, oh, ye skeptics, that this was all told her in French, spoken fluently and glibly as by a native, whereas the child spoke no language except English. Many were told of the circumstances and of the news the mail was to bring from across the sea. They waited expectantly. It came as foretold, bearing to Mrs. La Farge the tidings of her father's demise. She was a devout Catholic, and, of course, told the priest, who pronounced against it as one of God's curses which caused her to look with fear upon the whole family thereafter.

FINDS LOST PAPERS.

Mr. Hurlburt, a neighbor, came to her father in great distress, saying he had lost papers of great value. If they could not be found he was on the verge of financial ruin. He suspected that his little four-year-old son had burned them, as his mother had entered the room one day just in time to see the little fellow laugh gleefully over a flash of fire in the old-fashioned fireplace. That was the only explanation of the case.

While talking, the door opened and in walked "Little Blind Eyes," straight up to the troubled neighbor and said: "Go home and take great pains in following our direction. Open the top drawer, remove it entirely, feel carefully, and mind what we say—back of the drawer and down a little lower than the drawer, you will find the papers."

The good church member said, "Great God, what is this?"

Mr. Barrock said, "You tell. We think it's the Devil or his imps."

The man said, "In either case, if I find my papers, I shall be glad."

"You will find them. She is sure. The Devil makes no mistakes."

Thus, in the wretched atmosphere of doubt, distrust and misapprehension she grew and thrived, working in manifold ways the divine behest of the Master's loving ministrants.

Life to this gifted child meant great conflict, great suffering and provocation. After the years had passed which gave her a positive knowledge of the source from whence they came, she was often heard to say, "Thank God for the burdens, the thorns, the rocks, the whirlwinds, the storms and the wrecked hopes of being educated." She could then the more keenly appreciate the glories of the gates ajar.

FLIGHT FROM THE RAVAGES OF WAR GUIDED BY THE CHILD'S
CONTROLS.

The war cloud continued to grow, and finally darkened the whole valley in which they lived. The child's predictions were being verified.

Her father, through his Southern proclivities, wrothfully and publicly proclaimed, was compelled to remove with his family—to fly to some place where his liberty and life would be in less danger. He hastily prepared for his departure at night.

The child had frequently predicted this emergency. Possibly she could help him now. Though her father had always considered these strange manifestations as being the work of the Devil, yet the predictions had always been true. And in this extreme emergency he was constrained to consult this strange power. It might lead him out of difficulty and shield him from danger. She had always told the truth, had found lost articles, saw things no one else could see, and possibly she would pilot him and the family through picket lines, past Union soldiers, out of danger to some place of safety.

Was it possible that this uneducated child was to play an important part in his reaching a place of safety?

There was nothing to do but to try it. He had his choice between prison and possible death, or flight under the guidance of what he believed to be the Devil.

He could not rely upon prayer or Providence, as his creed taught. These were hard conditions for a proud, prejudiced deacon in the church, yet he was destined to faithfully follow the instructions received through the

child's clairvoyant vision, and to heed her instructions and oral directions. Necessity has no regard for creeds. Go he must. And with hasty preparation, the family started.

Many and serious were the difficulties encountered, as they were guided by this superior intelligence, which was always so accurate, always on the alert. They traveled by night, resting and hiding by day. Often influences from the spirit world would control the child and give explicit instructions and directions, stating that such a road would be traveled with safety, or that such and such obstructions were here and there, and advising how to avoid them.

Sometimes the father, doubting the prediction, would ride ahead only to find his directions correct. And, on returning, he would invariably say: "The Devil is right. He knows this road pretty well."

Many times these influences warned him of the approach of Union soldiers, into whose hands he feared to fall, and at such times he only made his escape by prompt action and implicitly following directions.

On this journey her power was brought into daily, almost hourly use, her gift of clairvoyance severely taxed and tested by the skeptical father, who firmly believed that he was consulting the evil one upon each occasion of his necessity. Often he would draw her into some quiet nook and ask her to fully exercise her gift to extricate him from peril, or to warn him from approaching danger. He would ask for words and countersigns that might be exchanged with soldiers should he meet them unexpectedly. Frequently the child would stop suddenly. Her face would change wonderfully, at times resembling that of an old person, wrinkled and expressing age.

At such times they had learned to halt and hearken to some suggestion of danger. She would bid them go into the depths of the woods, even cautioning them to go back and put up each bent and broken bush to conceal their hiding place and await for orders. Invariably the reason would be explained by the near approach of soldiers. At other times they would be as quickly bidden to go forth.

Sometimes it would necessitate the wanderers to travel all night. So the watch and ward was kept over this family who believed that devils waited the bidding of their child.

After months of travel and the loss of two wagons and contents, which the soldiers took, the child having previously told them that the soldiers would come if they did not move on, the family arrived in Iowa.

From the night when the family started from their Virginia home, when the father went back and burned all the buildings to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Union forces, until they landed near Des Moines, Iowa, this child had been his guide. Yet, for all these good offices, religious prejudice offered no recompense. He could not believe other than his creed taught.

LOCATES COAL.

Having settled on land near the town of Mitchellville, Iowa, the child, whom the father now called "Kit" and sometimes "Gypsy," would go over the ground with him for the purpose of locating coal. He was now willing the evil one should assist him. Placing her head upon the earth she would tell him just how deep and how large the deposits were. He would often say if the coal was not there he would whip her, but the influence seemed never to falter or fail. Other mineral and water was located with the same unerring accuracy.

On one occasion, when locating this coal with her head close to the ground, the father conceived the idea that she must smell it. He, like many, could only receive knowledge through some of his five senses. He accordingly put his nose to the ground and smelled. Rising in anger, this deacon of the church said: "I can't smell it. The Devil, or whatever it may be, must have a good nose."

In later years, this power to locate coal was of great value and use to Professor Worthen, the State Geologist of Illinois, to which state the family soon after moved.

They settled not far from Warsaw. The war was still in progress and the father, bitter over losses, prejudiced

against Northern sentiment, and always angered at Union successes, became known as a member of the "Knights of the Golden Circle." His ability readily made him a leader among the advocates of Southern ideas.

PREDICTS ISSUES OF THE WAR.

At this time there was shown a disposition on the part of her controls to report movements of troops, foretell events, accidents, battles and the final defeat of Southern principles, and the ending in favor of the North. That thousands would be slain. All this was told with accuracy, as future events showed, through the mediumship of this girl who read no newspapers, no books, no letters, and who heard no discussions. These influences said that 4,000,000 soldiers, counting both sides, would be involved in this struggle.

One day Mr. Davis, a neighbor, called and shrinkingly and shyly asked her father if the Devil, who had possession of his daughter, had told him the issue between the North and the South. The father told him what had been said. He hesitatingly said, "I would like to call him up, Brother Barrock, if you think it proper." Her father assented, and called the child in and asked for the influence. She was immediately controlled and spoke with fiery vehemence and inspiring eloquence to those wonder-stricken men, who sat with lips apart in speechless amazement that this uneducated child could speak with such matchless eloquence and lofty sentiment, honoring God with tenderest praise and quoting the most beautiful thoughts from the highest authorities.

The influence spoke of the war, how long it would last and how terrible a sacrifice it would prove to many loving mothers, wives and sisters. The good old Puritan brother thought it strange, passing strange, that this uneducated girl knew the good book so well and could thus represent the highest minds that had existed. They could not understand the kind, beneficent Master's love. That He had sent ministering angels to answer their prayers. To

them it seemed unlawful to consult such strange and, as they thought, wicked influences. Thus they argued and thus they spoke, saying: "It is, it must be some power of the Devil," and consequently, they stopped the child. She was harshly chidden and sent out to play while they pondered over these most mystifying manifestations.

She fretted and vexed her relatives greatly when neighbors or even strangers called. If she happened to be present, she would always place chairs for these people whom no one else saw. Placing the chair, she would say, "Would you not rather sit?" Sometimes she would carry on prolonged conversations before an empty chair. The visitor, thinking the child was crazy or weak-minded, would often ask questions.

To their horror and amazement they would find that she could reveal the family secrets, give names of their dead friends and call the living by name. She would send characteristic messages home, sometimes revealing much-needed information and telling them where to find hidden papers or property.

There are hundreds of persons living today who can testify to these facts. Through her wonderful mediumship she gave them perfect assurance of the guardianship of their departed friends. Murders were sometimes revealed, though not often, as these influences seemed to condemn capital punishment. There was scarcely a day of her life that she did not in some way give evidence of this startling power.

During these years many people sought to learn what this strange power was, but gave it up after a few attempts. Influenced by the opinion of her parents, they left, believing it unlawful and sinful, and believing the child should be put where she could do no harm.

Yet, this was hardly half way back in the century which was so full of advanced thought, of freedom and progress, and this too, in a great free western state.

WRITES GERMAN.

The mother tells of a strange experience that came to them while living near Hamilton, Illinois. The child had been writing on a slate belonging to the older children. A few days later a man came to the door and asked if he could remain over night. No Southern gentleman ever turned a stranger from his door at night. The mother said she "reckoned" he could stay.

The gentleman was a well-to-do German of more than ordinary intelligence. After the evening meal he was invited into the sitting room. As he took a seat near the table he noticed the slate on which the child had made such strange letters. He picked it up and with a sudden exclamation he said, "Who writes German in this house?"

The mother replied, "No one here writes German."

"This is German and looks very familiar. I will read it."

The more he read, the greater was his astonishment and excitement. As he came to the signature all the German in him was aroused and he forgot his polish and his English.

"Mine Got," he exclaimed, "Das ist mine fadder's namen. He tells me where I find dat land for which I am looking."

It seems that he was looking for land left him by his father who had been dead for some years. The writing on the slate gave him the sections by number and located corners of the land he was seeking. He found the land as described on the slate, offered to pay for the information and was profuse in his thanks. He said he never believed in such things before.

TELLS NEIGHBORS OF AN ACCIDENT.

While living at this same place, the child came running into the house and told her mother that a big barn door had fallen upon old Mr. Burton and broken his neck. The Burtons were their near neighbors.

"Who told you?" said the mother.

"Little Willie Burton."

The mother hastened over to the neighbor's, and meeting Mrs. Burton, asked, "How did it happen?"

"What happen?" was the reply.

"My daughter told me your little son, Willie, came over and told her that his grandpa had his neck broken under the big barn door."

"Neck broken! Under the big barn door!" gasped Mrs. Burton. "Oh, no, he is all right; he was here only a few minutes ago. My son, Willie! Why, woman, he has been dead these five years."

Here was more trouble for the mother. Confused and embarrassed, she tried to pass off the incident as a mistake. "My daughter is always saying strange things," she said in apology.

There was a strange, anxious expression on Mrs. Burton's face as she looked at her new neighbor. Looking toward the barn for the old gentleman who was in delicate health, he was nowhere to be seen. Finally, both women went to look for him. They found the great door unhinged on the ground. Underneath lay the old gentleman with his neck broken.

At another time, the child told the father that in an old unoccupied building some two miles from the house, a man was hung up by a rope.

Not believing, he refused to go, but on the following day the body was found as described.

MORE THAN THEY EXPECTED.

While living near Warsaw, Dr. Phelps and his brother visited Mr. Barroek to investigate the doings attributed to the child and to expose the trick. They came away convinced, when another relative who thought himself much smarter, named Matt Phelps, and Doctor William Parkhurst, who thought he knew just how to expose the trick, visited Mr. Barroek's home.

In going to the house they met a girl about nine or ten

years old riding a spirited horse at break-neck speed. She was standing up on the horse's back and seemed to be perfectly at home in her style of riding. How she kept on the horse's back was a marvel to them. They came to the house and found no one at home excepting the mother, Mrs. Barrock.

They explained the object of their visit, when she told them that she feared it was the influence of "the Devil" and nothing else. They told her they had come to expose the trick and show her that it was *not* the Devil.

She assured them the girl did not do it herself. She told them to fix the table so it would be dark underneath and they would get raps and maybe something else.

They placed bottles under the legs of the table, and covered it with a spread, so as to hide the bottles. The child soon came in and was not in the happiest frame of mind on seeing the two gentlemen who had seen her riding the horse Indian fashion, for fear they would tell her mother how she had been riding. Her mother had told them she was near-sighted and would not see the glass anyway, but that the bottles would not interfere with the manifestation whatever its cause might be.

They, however, kept the mother away from the table, and as soon as the child came in the mother said to her that these gentlemen had come to hear the raps. She and the two gentlemen sat down to the table and very soon the raps came upon their chairs, on the table and on the wall. Their insulation did not work, or it worked too well, for soon a hand came out from under the table and grabbed Matt Phelps by the knee and gave it a good shake.

He sat on one side of the table by himself where none of the others could reach him, and when his knee was grabbed it was certainly the unexpected to him. With a whoop he sprang away from the table. He was so frightened that all the others laughed, even Mr. Barrock, who had just come in, laughed, which was a most unusual thing for him. Other hands appeared. Raps came and spelled

out names which were recognized until the two who came to expose her mediumship went away convinced.

On one occasion the child was at play with one of the neighbor's children, a little paralyzed girl. Every time she touched the little girl's feet she would cry out, "You tickle my foot." This attracted the attention of the girl's mother who knew there was no feeling in the child's foot. She was told to rub the foot again. In time, the paralysis was cured.

The war had not yet ended. Poverty pressed hard upon this proud Virginia family. This gifted child, taught self-reliance by being left to herself to grow up naturally, became physically large and strong. Never eating meat of any kind and seldom vegetables, living mainly on fruits, nuts, cereals, hot bread and biscuit, after the fashion of the South, she always enjoyed the best of health. She was not needed at home. Untaught, but possessing a wonderful ability to do all kinds of work, she sought and found service with one of the neighbors.

Labor was high and men were scarce. And in the abundance of her strength she worked in the fields to gather the corn and to do any work that would help the family.

She was made to feel, by the intelligences about her, that all honest labor is honorable, while idleness is a sin. Masterful and majestic when under these influences, as many who read this narrative will remember, she did not, in those days of poverty, hesitate to adapt herself to the conditions of her environment. Her psychic gifts, then unnamed and unaccountable to her, grew stronger day by day and were freely bestowed upon all with whom she came in contact. Some condemned the influence, not knowing what it was. Others attributed it to evil spirits. And thus the sensitive, shrinking girl was humiliated and made to pass through a thousand Gethsemane deaths by the ignorance and intolerance of others.

Through all these days of labor in the field, and in the kitchen, these days of poverty and wretchedness, the constant visitation of these unknown influences brought a cer-

tain amount of comfort to this sensitive girl who had gone shrinkingly but bravely forth to earn her daily bread.

To this sensitiveness was added the fear that these influences might make their presence known in unexpected places to bring upon her the scoff and contempt of her employers.

These fears were well founded for they came again and again, with persistent revelations and loving messages. At all times and places and freely to all, to be misunderstood, rejected and denied by nearly all. Names of those long dead would be given under conditions precluding the possibility of previous knowledge on the part of the shy, unassuming, old-fashioned girl, whose only happiness was in a kind word or a smile from those by whom she was surrounded. Failing to realize even this slight compensation for gratuitous messages of love, she would, with tears, implore the unknown and unrecognizable power to leave her to live in peace like others. But this was not to be. She was in the world for a purpose. She was organized and intended for the "Master's work," manifesting with faculties far beyond the ordinary. She inherited no condition of fear and was brave for all emergencies. She was ever true to the polar star of her existence and could not be stopped by these things. These forces once started must accomplish their purpose. They must break down the barriers of ignorance, ecclesiastieism and the dogmatic assertions of science. Directed by superior intelligences, masters of subtle, occult laws, she could not turn back. This wonderful sentient force was to teach the race that power, purpose and matchless design extend through the never-ending cycles of time. This influence from the spirit side of life, magical, deific and incomprehensible, throbs in the flower and vibrates in all created things. This Deific Force

"Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spends undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect in a hair as heart;

As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects and equals all."

That one majestic spirit, to which we are all akin,
moves in the heart of all things. It is the great, loving,
sleepless, central soul of all souls, whose love illumines all
space and all life, sanctifying the human heart and making
it the temple of the Living God.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNCLE REPORTS HIS OWN DEATH.

The family tell of a strange experience that occurred in her tenth year.

She was sitting, one evening, at a candle box, with the other children, cracking nuts, when from out of the farther corner a white object, upon which the eyes of the whole family were riveted, moved slowly forward. It grew dimmer and more indistinct to the mother and the three older children as it came into the light. All were frightened except "Kit," as she was called. To her eyes it was still clear and distinct. This form came to the candle box and began to rap and continued rapping for some time until one of the children asked what was wanted. They had at this time learned to obtain answers by rapping out the letters of the alphabet.

The raps told them of the death of their Uncle Henry Barrock, a minister living in Virginia, saying he had just been murdered, naming the place and the party who killed him, stating that the man would be arrested as he had been heard to say he would kill him as a result of angry words which had passed between them. In two weeks a letter brought the verification and gave the date of the funeral, which showed that the information was given before the funeral by raps in Illinois.

SHE HEALS THE SICK—IS BITTEN BY A MAD DOG.

The power of these influences grew stronger and stronger in this child-woman, now growing old under bitter experience, poverty and hard work.

Some time in her tenth year she was greatly gifted with healing power which ever after remained with her.

This power was principally exercised among the poorer people, curing deformity, paralysis, tumors and contagious diseases, with perfect immunity to herself.

Many of the marvelous cures she performed had to be done in secret, as these poor people, actuated by religious scruples, dared not face public opinion. In many cases she would be entranced and taken into the woods and fields and made to gather roots and herbs to be used according to directions.

These influences showed a marvelous knowledge and control over diseases and the ability to make conditions, making her impervious to the most deadly poisons. On one occasion, when she was about ten years old, she was bitten by a rabid dog, the old and faithful animal that had followed the family in all their wanderings from their old Southern home.

A voice instantly commanded her to pour ice-cold water upon the wound and to bind upon it a bag of camphor. The dog had taken a large piece out of the arm leaving the wound covered with green froth and saliva. Before he could be dispatched a hog and a horse were bitten and both had the rabies. The family were greatly excited and horrified. They awaited for the sure effect which could be nothing less than madness. The whole neighborhood was excited and all expected the one horrible result.

Not so those wiser intelligences into whose care and keeping the physical health as well as the spiritual unfoldment of this child had been given. Her magnetic vibrations were too strong to yield to the virus, and the expected did not occur. The wound soon healed, but the scar remained.

What is this magical, individualized force, manifesting in an organization that defies the vicious vibrations to which the animals yielded so readily, defying well established chemical laws and making sport of medical science and skill? Can such a force, with inherent individuality, made potential in its use, and, bidding defiance to all other forces, be relegated to some great reservoir of blind forces?

Must it lose its individuality when through with its present organization? Must the world wait for science to answer, or, will the plain, common thinker tell us?

The news of this wonderful recovery reached far and wide and added to the fame, the fear and the superstition with which she was held. The ignorant and religious said, "Poison cannot kill witches." Children were forbidden to play with, or even to look at her. Such is the power of inbred thought involved by religious teachings to be evolved on the great free prairies of Illinois.

It was at about this time she went to service with Mrs. Adams of Warsaw, Illinois. This good lady kept her long enough to be filled with secret misgivings that the girl possessed some evil genius who helped her at all times, anticipated her wants and understood her wishes even before requests were made. She was sure some agency, she knew not what, aided her in her work and showed how to execute orders. While she filled every requirement, the lady told her she could not keep her. She was asked by her husband why she did not keep such efficient help. She answered, "I don't quite understand it myself. She affects me so strangely. Sometimes I feel a heavy sleep fall upon me, and again I tremble and shake. I don't want her. I won't have her; it's the girl, I know." Thus ended her service with Mrs. Adams. She readily understood the reasons of her dismissal. In after years Mrs. Adams became a good medium. The above condition is satisfactorily explained to all who understand this peculiar phase of development.

Thus, again, the cold, hard hand of pressing necessity was upon her. She must work. She must be self-supporting. Why is it that best thought must come from conditions of poverty; that the energy producing the grandest intellectual and spiritual results cannot come from ease and luxurious surroundings? She soon found another place at Mrs. Baxter's, where more trouble awaited her.

A SPIRIT ASSISTS HER AT WORK.

It was late in the afternoon of a September day when she arrived at Mr. Baxter's home. After tea, and after prayers were said, in which she joined heartily, she was shown her bed and retired.

She had scarcely touched her bed before a charming little girl climbed upon the bed and began her prattle about her coming to stay with papa and mamma and that she was so glad she would help her get breakfast, saying she knew just where the things were for the meal and the table; and, at such an hour, she would waken her.

Promptly at the hour she was awakened and commenced the work of preparing breakfast with the advice of the little golden-haired beauty who seemed so active, bright and loving. Mrs. Baxter was delighted and much surprised upon arising to find the breakfast ready and everything generally used in its place. For some reason no mention was made of the little child's presence as she had disappeared some time before the mother made her appearance. The young *debutante* of the kitchen had learned several severe lessons through experience of no common order. She had learned that all which seemed life-like and human was often nothing but the shadows that so dazzled and mystified her senses that she could not define the mortal from the immortal. When asked how she found the food and dishes, she said nothing, only that she found them and guessed it was right and placed them thus and so. The lady was pleased that she had such a treasure of a girl.

SPIRITS ATTEND CHURCH.

As the days went by she grew in favor and when Sunday came the good lady, who was a devout Christian, took the girl to church and Sunday school, a privilege immensely enjoyed by the recipient. But these strange shadows followed. Unweariedly and unceasingly they never failed in their watchful care over the one chosen to represent them. They had scarcely seated themselves in

church before raps and taps, alarmingly loud, began sounding like trip hammers in the ears of the affrighted girl. All too well she recognized the sound and knew the sequel. As the minister preached his well-worn sermon, they rapped yes or no their approval or disapproval of his utterances. At last Mrs. Baxter said, "My dear, you must keep your feet still." Blushing and paling by turn she tried to put on a bold front and answer, but words would not come. Finally Mrs. Baxter lost the sound of raps in the interest of the sermon.

When Sabbath school was in session the vibrations of the seat upon which they sat and the bench in front of them caused Mrs. Baxter to sternly rebuke, as she thought, the indifferent culprit. The girl medium rustled her well-starched calico gown to hide the noises that brought such chagrin and mortification to her aching, homesick heart. Too well she knew the inevitable result. Ignorance and superstition would pronounce against her, condemn her and send her forth branded as a witch. No, it must not be acknowledged there, and the child grew faint with fear. Upon their return home Mrs. Baxter told her husband that Jennie, the name she was now called, did not behave well and made a great noise with her feet. The husband gave her a mild lecture upon good behavior and manners, all of which was gratefully received; anything but the real cause was a great relief to her mind; anything but the one cause which made her shudder and grow faint at the thought that they should know that she was Devil-possessed, to be driven forth again, homeless and friendless to seek other shelter.

Thus a few more pleasant, uneventful days passed in which Mrs. Baxter often complimented her upon her efficiency in knowing how to labor rightly and properly. Had she but taken note of the time and space into which so much of labor had been crowded, she might have wondered how one so young could accomplish so much and so quickly. Sometimes this work was all done under spirit control—the child being unconscious at such times. Again the hands were controlled and would fly nimbly over the

work set her to do without her having any knowledge of how it was done or to be done.

Finally she believed the golden-haired daughter was of the earth earthly and said gratefully to Mrs. Baxter that she just loved her little daughter Eva. "My Eva! My Eva! What in Heaven's name do you mean? My Eva has been dead these many years!" Oh, too late! The apprehended doom had fallen. She bowed her head and received the blow.

"My Eva! Oh, I see through it all. You are in league with the evil one."

The bewildered child answered, "Yes. Oh, forgive me, I am. My father says so."

Nothing more was said, but when the husband came from the corn field where he had been all the morning, the sober face of both wife and maiden caught and arrested his attention. He asked the trouble. The wife looked unutterable things and said more. The husband, tired with his work, threw himself into a chair, leaned back against the door casings, saying, "I am too weary to get up and go to the table." Thereupon, to the consternation of all three, the table moved up to him. Slowly but weirdly it moved without mortal hand touching it. To get out of its way he pushed close and still closer to the door. The breathless, frightened, dumb-struck man believed in his heart that the evil one had been turned loose upon his household.

Suddenly the wife screamed and said she had seen with her own eyes what the girl was saying. "Is not that your little Eva clinging to your skirts?" The panic-stricken woman could scarce speak, so great was her fear and wild indignation. With an open hand she struck her a crushing blow and bade her immediately leave the house and let them see her no more. "Begone, begone, you witch, and never let me lay eyes upon you again," was the cruel, heartless command.

ADrift ONCE MORE.

Once more she was out upon the highway of life, with heart and soul full of despair. Again dire misfortunes were fast crowding into her life. She felt that she was born to a heritage of sorrow and suffering, for no one, no matter how callous and cynical, who will look into life with honest candor, can fail to discern that life derives untold values from the love which welcomes its dawn and attends its growth and fulfillment.

Human love is the divine emotion of the soul. It is a pearl of great value, of great price. It is the key to open the gates of Heaven. How it enlarges, enriches and ennobles human souls. What grand and beneficent ministrations it conducts. In strong young hearts it is the beautiful transforming angel that raises the flag of hope high above all else. It is the cleansing angel that purifies and refines. It had touched this girl's heart with gladdening power, or she would have drooped by the way, ahungered and athirst, but a great, self-sacrificing love for her mother warmed her heart and gave speed to her weary feet. She must find other employment.

Taking her little bundle of clothes tied in a handkerchief, she started out. Coming to a woods she sat down to rest and think. It was all too sudden. Where would she go? The September month had nearly flown. She was penniless and alone, not knowing which way to go. Thus thinking and trying to reason the moments sped away. It began to rain. Still she sat and thought, "What next, Oh Lord, what next?" She dared not go back home as her father firmly believed she was possessed of evil powers.

While pondering thus an old-fashioned pony chaise came along, occupied by a middle-aged gentleman, who sang out cheerily, "What are you doing there in the rain, my child?"

The answer came back in stifling sobs, "I don't know. I have no place to go."

"Come and get in," he said, "and I will carry you as far as I go."

She got in, all the while crying as if her heart would break, he, asking soothingly, "What is the matter my child?"

Growing calm, she told him she had the Devil, at which he heartily laughed and asked her to tell him how big a one. She poured out her story of humiliation, grievance and cruel treatment.

The good man, who proved to be Dr. Tolman, living upon a pretty farm in Illinois, not far away, listened, amazed and almost incredulously to her story. He decided to drive back and ask Mrs. Baxter, whom he did not know, if the story was true.

On arriving at the house and making inquiry, Mrs. Baxter burst forth in anger, saying, "Yes, all true and more." Recalling the work accomplished by what she now knew to be the Devil-possessed girl, her Sabbath school experience and all.

Well he marveled about the wonderful revelation as he came back to the waiting and frightened child, who expected, she knew not what, from the wrathful questioned Christian who had turned her out of doors.

He looked thoughtful and sat still, seeming in earnest communion with himself until at last looking up he said: "Would you like to go home with me? I don't believe in Devils, little girl," and he laughed heartily and looked amused and unconvinced.

She answered readily, and with a glad heart, that she would go with him and do all in her power to show her gratitude. He made answer to her earnest thanks by saying, "Stop, don't thank me until I have learned something about this Devil that turned you loose upon such wretches as these people," pointing back of him. Pointing to the red mark upon her cheek, he said: "None but a Devil would strike a defenseless child in that manner. I guess you won't be troubled at my house, although I don't know just what to do with you, as my wife is sick with a disease

from which she cannot recover. She has consumption. She is a good woman, but she must know nothing of this **at** first, as she is also a Christian, while I am a heretic and an unbeliever."

Thus a new home was found where for the first time her merits and demerits being known, there would be no hiding, no fear, no blame to her.

In this new home the manifestations began with greater strength. Sometimes to the amaze and amusement of her new protector tables, chairs, pictures, milk pails and stieks of wood would move like things of life, manifesting intelligence, doing everything that was mentally asked, or verbally voiced.

The girl would often say, "Is this not awful?" when the reply would sometimes come in whispering voices from all parts of the room above, below and answer, "Nay, nay, we are not half done yet."

The good, interested doctor enjoyed these manifestations alone for several nights. His interest was so great that he confided his experience to a much respected neighbor. Behold upon his return from the secret meeting the child was controlled and repeated the conversation and said that it was well to invite the neighbor. He came, when names were given, dates of death, descriptions of face, form and method of burial, even naming the officiating clergyman and the hymns sung.

One day the doctor lifted his hands despairingly and said, "What is it, what can it be, something to craze my brain, to mock my soul with its past, finding out mystery?"

The answer was quick and convincing. His spirit mother came and told him of its beauty and its truth. It was difficult for him to yield his judgment to a force to him unknown and unknowable, yet these facts could not be disputed.

Thus she confused this man of thought and investigation. They told him confidentially of things that had fled his memory and he would seek others of his family to know its truth, for verification which never failed.

Thus weeks passed in which it would take volumes to recapitulate. His friend became thoroughly interested and in later years became a spiritualist.

When winter whitened the earth with its snowy mantle, the good wife passed away, and the child was removed to her parents' new home. They tried to pray the evil spirit out of her. A secular minister was expected to hold a revival and convert many sinners of the neighborhood. This minister, a good and honest, as well as an intelligent servant of the Lord, stopped with her parents who lived nearly opposite the school house in which the revival was to be held. The mother's great hope was that the husband and child would both be greatly benefited.

All pains were taken to entertain him. Several of the neighbor's children gathered in to decorate the dreary looking school house with green branches and holly.

THE CHILD PREACHES A SERMON.

When they had nearly finished this work, another unexpected thing happened. This strange child, all untutored, went upon the platform and called her brothers and sisters and neighbors to order, knelt and prayed most eloquently not only for them, but for the new minister who was to come that day; who, she said, was even now approaching the house, opposite. The child's eyes were closed and her back was turned to the window out of which they all glanced and saw the strange minister, sure enough, going into the gate-way of their home just opposite. Then this controlling intelligence went on, opened the Bible, and with closed eyes, read a chapter, appropriately and most eloquently preached a sermon. All present being her elders said they had never heard the like before.

When she regained consciousness they were all bathed in tears; and, for once, were hushed and silent in their scorn and reviling.

After it was all past and they had each gone their separate ways, the brothers and sisters told the mother in whispering awe-struck voices what had been said and done

at the completion of their loving labor of decorating for the new arrival.

The father and mother conferred and thought it best that they, at the beginning, confess their sorrowful plight.

They decided to tell him that under this evil influence she could locate coal, mineral and water, and that she could find lost articles, strayed or stolen property. They told him, too, that she had foretold battles and great political issues and had given correct information upon all general topics.

All these things the mother told the good man, saying, "We know it's the evil one." "Well, well, this is wonderful," said the almost startled minister. "I would like to see the girl."

She was sought and found in tears, fearing punishment for the sermon in the school house, which had been repeated to the reverend gentleman, with the clairvoyant vision of his approach.

The seeming culprit entered his presence, the mother saying she had told the gentleman all about her. He talked with her, felt her head and remarked the wonderful growth of curling hair. He looked at her tongue, felt her pulse; and, though she was much like other children, he was greatly perplexed.

This good man could not solve the mystery. He said, "Well, it must be from the power of the Devil." Then from a darkened corner of the room came a ringing laugh. "Ha, ha, ha, no Devil." That was all, but it was quite enough to frighten the little circle into the belief that even the sacred and beloved presence of their minister did not deter the evil one from coming.

He watched and studied the child. He saw that she was tender, loving, obedient and gentle and kindly disposed to all. He noted her love of the beautiful, her wonderful love and attention to her mother, and he said he would make a special effort to find out the cause, and would take her into his congregation and pray that the evil spirit should no longer torment her.

The father, mother and daughter readily assented to this good Methodist plan of exorcism.

THE DEVIL ATTENDS A METHODIST REVIVAL.

After several had become conscious of their sins and realized the efficacy of his most eloquent words, this offending culprit was led to the mourner's bench. She reverently knelt, praying for divine grace to rest like a white mantle upon her soul and stop its fearful misgivings. She prayed for strength, as her mother had instructed her, for if failure came tonight, she felt that she was lost forever.

There were many present who knew her, and knew about the strange manifestations that had caused this going forward to get relief from its oppressions. Several who had witnessed this spirit power in days that were past, and had marveled at its accuracy in revealing their history, now watched breathless and aghast.

The power began to pour in upon her. She described it afterwards, as different from anything she had ever experienced. Queer influences passed from head to foot, subtle vibrations shook every nerve. She was in a half-conscious condition. Her hair uncurred. Her flesh seemed to freeze. Her eyes started and she was unable to shut or open them. The mourner's bench, at which at least six sisters knelt seeking this revealed religion, began to move. Horror chilled the impassioned pleaders. The bench vibrated, rose softly, rocked gently to and fro, then lifted like some giant thing of life and turned over on the floor, the legs extending upward. All life froze in the now frightened child's veins. She knew her day of pleading for grace was over.

Her father took her by the arm and hurried her to the door. With one push he sent her out from this temple of God, where others were pleading for Christ's mercy and saving grace. Out into the night she went, out under the myriad of stars, out into the cold world, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, only feeling the unutterable misery that stirred in her half-palsied being.

Who that is sensitive, loving and to religion inclined would not suffer to be thus thrust out of the house of God into darkness greater than the blackest night. Darkness and gloom enshrouds a human soul when it is conscious that home, family and friends and all things sacred and loved are swept away. A soul lost in God's beautiful universe, within sight and sound of those pleading for mercy and forgiveness of their sins! Such is the destiny of those bringing a new truth into the world.

She wandered about the place for hours, not daring to go into the humble home that sheltered the family and the good minister. She spent the night out in the dark, with her darker thoughts to keep her company. She finally crept sorrowfully to the hay loft and there spent the night.

Hearing soft raps, she asked, "Oh, Mr. Devil, is that you?" Readily the answer came, "Yes." "Please, are you ever going to do such a thing again?" "Rap, rap, rap," came the answer, "Yes."

This answer brought a wail of sobbing, sorrowful anguish upon the girl's lips, which immediately faded into silence as she beheld a number of white robed people approaching her in the darkness of the old stable loft.

They bade her stop, and cry no more, that her sorrow would ere long pass away, that night would turn into clearest day, and anguish into joy. They told her that her patient heroism and severe self-suppression of all things inglorious should be rewarded. They inspired this poorly dressed and half frozen girl, who could but listen to their sweet voices, entranced with the harmony they created in her troubled heart, regardless of her terrible condition.

When the night was passed and the day had come in bright and beautiful, half her fears had vanished. Her brother sought her hiding place in the barn and she was bidden to come and face the music, the minister, and her father and poor mortified mother.

SPEAKS IN LATIN.

What was her surprise and great joy on entering the house—for very little made her happy. There was no scolding, not even a frown from any side, but thoughtful looks and a tendency to be very lenient. This made her heart bound with great gladness. The minister set himself to asking all kinds of questions that were soon answered in a manner that both mystified and astonished him. She immediately passed, what she designated as out of herself into a condition of higher intelligence, which held the minister spell-bound and fascinated.

Finally a communication was given to him in Latin. He, being a Latin scholar, answered in the same language. When the control had left the child, he fell back breathless and said: "In God's name, does your daughter speak Latin?" "No," said her father. He told her father what had been said and that all was true.

Excitedly he said the message was from a class-mate much loved. "I did not know of his death, but should it prove that he is dead, what shall I believe, what know, what think? My God, what is this which so puzzles me?"

Her father answered straightforwardly: "It must be the influence of the Devil, Brother Springer."

He made no reply, but looked as pale and haggard as though passing through some great mental and physical struggle. He proposed to the father not to give up the plan of the child's conversion and salvation; that she should be taken that night and placed on a bench by herself. Possibly the desired result would be accomplished. This was agreed to. That night a pale, shy young girl, with a wistful, yearning light in her eyes, went quietly into the house and took her allotted place, where all the Christians and sinners could see her.

She was indeed happy, feeling that this time she might receive the benefit of their much-vaunted love and mercy. But it was not to be. The power was coming again, if the chills and nettling, as she knelt in earnest prayer, meant anything.

This time the seat did not go rapidly, but moved out a little from the kneeling penitent, then it rocked and tilted, then deliberately walked up to the now thoroughly astonished mourners who knelt where she had knelt the night before.

She was again seized by the now seriously alarmed father, who again ejected her down the steps with considerable force. This phenomenon set the good minister to thinking. He could not let the subject alone. Finally he proposed to several of his timid attendants and members of the church to look into the affair a little more practically, saying that he was greatly puzzled and much concerned over her fate.

They assented, and, after the next meeting, about twenty gathered in Mr. Barrock's humble home to witness the exorcising process, or the allaying of the family skeleton.

THE MINISTER HAS A CABINET SEANCE.

The girl was called in and told their errand, the minister kindly promising protection from any results. At once this girl, so timid of mien, so gentle and shy, became controlled by some man, as was evident to all present. Her voice changed from soft, childish tones to a masculine voice. This voice immediately issued orders, directing them to make a cabinet by taking a dress coat and hang it over the upper part of the door, leaving the part at the middle of the door. He then directed them to take a quilt and put it up beneath so as to touch or lap over the upper garment. He ordered them to tie the girl, strongly and well; to use judgment and discretion, but to do it quickly, and then to place her in a chair and tie her there safely so she could not move hand or foot. This done, he said, "Now lock your door and fasten the window securely, sit in a semi-circle around the curtained door and await the results with patience."

All orders being strictly carried out, the half frightened women and wholly skeptical men sat down to await

the coming, as one good deacon said, of the evil one. It came first in numerous protrusion of hands, large and small; white, delicate hands; large, toil worn hands; little rose leaf baby hands, scarce unfolded, so tiny they seemed. A shower of hands appeared, big and little variously intermixed.

After a few moment's delay, pretty little hands lifted the improvised curtain. A face peeped out from the dark background into the light of one sputtering candle, then it drew back again.

What makes the minister, this learned, holy man, start? What is this which breaks upon his startled vision? A little curly headed boy, whose locks were as fair as gold—a sweet winsome face, eyes shyly lifted, as if sore afraid that he was altogether among strangers. He looks again into the whitening face of our minister, whose lips refuse to utter a sound. The child goes back for only a second, and, then, slowly advances until a little voice says, "Papa, papa." All bend suddenly forward and gaze anxiously and fearfully into the sweet little face. At last the minister speaks with husky, tremulous voice: "Who is this?" Little hands lift spasmodically and whisper: "Why, it's Sammy, papa." Down on bended knees falls this holy man and cries out, "Thank God! It's my little son. Oh, it is he, I know him, I know him. Glory be to God."

All this occurred in a shorter space of time than it takes to write it. Upon the breaking of the imposed conditions by this excitement the little fellow disappeared and came no more.

The end was not yet however, for the leader of the revivals, a lovely lady of culture, by name of Dean, sat with the rest in this group of honest investigators and creed-bound and skeptical people.

Very soon the curtain was opened as if by hurrying, impetuous hands, and out stepped a spirit clad in his soldier garments. He pointed to Mrs. Dean, who was noticed by her friends to nearly fall from her seat. And,

speaking hurriedly, he said: "Wife, I was killed yesterday in battle. You will receive a telegram."

This lady's home was in Keokuk, Iowa. She was at the time visiting a sister and friends and attending the revival. She was also a staunch Methodist. She immediately recognized her husband, but refused to think or believe him dead. The sequel showed the hope was futile. He had been slain in battle according to the testimony of a comrade who telegraphed the wife as she was told at this seance.

Many other forms appeared. Each was recognized. Questions were asked by friends and answered promptly by those white-robed forms.

The cabinet was a little room, almost bare. The child's clothes were plain and dark. The spirit forms were covered with garments as white as snow and exceedingly fine and delicately wrought. The startled and amazed sisters said that such clothing could only come from the skilled workmen over the sea. Thus ended the seance of Church men.

Some were convinced and some were fearful of condign punishment for attending such a sacrilegious exhibition. The kindly recognition of his little son by the minister reassured not a few who now gathered around him, and asked his candid opinion. He was an educated man, honest, sincere, and loving justice. He answered that he had seen his son and would say positively that he knew it was not the Devil, yet he could not so quickly determine its origin, its source, its cause.

At the close of the seance the child was thoroughly examined and found as securely tied as it was possible for skeptics to tie her. Not one cord was removed—all remained as it had been. They were also satisfied that entrance from outside was impossible.

The news of this night flew like some winged bird all over the neighborhood and surrounding country. And dozens, nay hundreds, came from afar and near to witness this realistic return of the dead. Some came to

scoff and condemn, others to see and pray with the thoroughly distraught child. The reverend gentleman had taken his departure, leaving a kindly thought to the father not to scold the girl.

"She cannot help it. It is something strange and wonderful. I stand before her superior intelligence, abashed. I answer her nothing, tell her nothing. Whatever it is, God knows, I think it good. It is wiser, finer, deeper, broader than I can think or grasp. Don't scold her, sir. She is already old under the lash and sting of both mental and physical blows. Leave it alone. It will work out her salvation a thousand times better and grander than any mortal can. Why, sir, under its tuition she is already far in advance of the elder child of your home, to whom you have given all possible advantages of schooling."

"That's so," said the dejected father who so earnestly believed that the minister would solve the vexed problem. Not so. There were multitudes of unseen spirits in attendance who saw wisdom in their methods, although they had to work by slow degrees, removing many obstructions before reaching the desired goal.

Did the voice of this child's misery reach them? Must they oppress, afflict, persecute and humiliate this suffering soul to enable it the better to understand the divine laws of control? Must these trials be endured to prepare her for the broader blaze of glory-light that was so often foretold to her from the spirit world?

The iris-arch of sweet-souled duty bridges many a deep and dark chasm that lies like great ruts in our mental life. Thus it was with this gifted girl. She knew not nor did she dream that she was destined for more sorrow, greater trials, deeper grief than she had yet endured.

Many earnest seekers after truth came to her. And many gladly proclaimed that they both saw and heard their loved and lost ones who had returned to greet them and to give them assurance of peace and happiness in the spirit world where they should meet again.

At this time a lawyer of some ability by the name of J. C. Thorne, called, as he said, to gratify his curiosity, to see if there was anything supernatural in these manifestations.

The father readily consented to his seeing the child. He was greeted with startling revelations from relatives who long since had been borne to the silent grave. He was severely criticised and reminded that he had not done his duty in any sense. That to which they referred was known only to himself, as he was a stranger to both father and daughter. He wept bitterly when his mother's mild and peculiarly cultivated voice said, "My son, Oh, I am so glad to see you. Do by Nellie, poor child, as your father desired you to do before his death."

The son said, "I will, I will, so help me God, I will. I did not know that you saw me." All was clear to him; he knew the sacred responsibilities he had neglected and forthwith he promised restitution to the dear adopted sister who had been thrown out homeless and without shelter when the father had made provision for her.

The man arose, stupefied, amazed as others of his friends had been. He tried to press money into the hands of the child who hastily handed it back, saying she could not take it for such services. Poor as they were, they would not receive compensation for such service. So he took his departure, a wiser and more thoughtful man. The divulging of his secret acts, motives and deeds proved that this inscrutable power, whatever it was, read his most secret thoughts.

OUT ON LIFE'S HIGHWAY ONCE MORE.

The father began to weary of so many coming to consult the power which he believed to be of evil origin and insisted that it be stopped. No one was able to control or stop the manifestations. The only alternative was for her to leave home and again seek employment. The sorrow-stricken mother thought this course the best. This child of destiny could only acquiesce in this plan. Surely

it must be best if this mother whom she loved so dearly thought so.

With a heavy heart her few articles of apparel were tied in a bundle and she bade the children good-bye and bravely set forth to face life's difficult ways—to meet condemnation for what she could not control—to battle for existence—to earn bread and shelter by the labor of her hands. A mere child in years, yet old in thought and ways.

In what language can her feelings be told as she stops at the turn in the road to look back to the house containing all the world held dear to her heart—*mother!* A few steps more and the home is only a memory and before her is—*reality*. A cold, hard world, full of heartaches and disappointments to this child—this girl to whom childhood, with its sunshine, its joys and loves, seemed to be denied.

How many a mother has stood at the window and seen her youngest born stop at the turn in the road to take a farewell look—possibly the last—and then pass on out of sight. Thank God for the tears that dim such visions. How many of you, grown old in the ways of the world, can recall such scenes in your long ago; how many can thank God for the energy of poverty—the one potent force in the evolution of character—that enabled you in after years to extend a strong hand to those less royally endowed?

If this child fall by the wayside will such as you place her feet upon the right path? If sick, will gentle hands attend her? If weary and disheartened, will some voice attuned to love's messages, speak encouraging words? These things are expected from the church. Did this child receive them?

The one great question in her mind was. "Where shall I go? Where?" Experience had taught her that no one wanted such an one as they believed her to be—gifted with this strange power—this unnamed force pronounced evil by the church. But go she must. Her loved mother had advised the going and it must be best. Her wandering

footsteps were led to Warsaw where the family had formerly resided for a month when moving to the farm of which mention is made. She walked all the long weary fifteen miles. Arriving foot-sore and storm-driven with great heart throbs of sorrow, she was by no means a fit candidate for applying for service. Nothing daunted, she knew full well that she must move on or die of weariness or starvation. She had eaten nothing upon the long journey. She began her solicitations for work. No one wanted her. They would first give a curious look which would end in a silent stare, then say, "No, we don't want help, or do not want anyone."

With a few pennies she procured herself a night's lodging at a cheap hotel and began early next day the same old weary round of seeking an honest living. At last, after a seemingly aimless search she found a place with Mrs. Andrews, of the Andrews House, Warsaw, Illinois, who kept the hotel on the left of the hill coming up from the wharf. The people were good and kind Christians and seemed to pity the forlorn condition of this girl who worked so diligently and obediently, never hesitating to assume the heaviest burdens or to do the hardest work.

Her first night filled her discouraged heart with fearful apprehension that she would be betrayed by these unseen influences. Mrs. Andrews had an Irish cook who was a strong and staunch Catholic. Next morning the cook began to tell the landlady that she saw a priest, long since dead, who came in rustling white garments and stood before her. She also saw a brother who died in infancy, who said to her, "Nora, it's Bridget and Willie." Bridget was a sister. She did not see the sister, but she said she saw her brother plainly. "Och, I am going to die, sure," she groaned all day.

The new girl might have thrown light upon these appearances if she had so chosen, but she had grown wise and kept her own counsel, at the same time feeling that all was over if she did not sleep elsewhere. During the day she espied an unoccupied room and she begged the

landlady to let her move her bed into it. The request was granted and the immediate danger averted.

She was not permitted to rest in this placid fashion long. She must feel again the old torture, the old pain, for it was not long before they discovered in her something strange and unlike all other girls in their employ. There was much to do. The hotel was not large nor spacious, but it was well patronized by country folks and travelers. The work kept her busy from the dark hours of the early morning, sometimes until after midnight. Work, work, work, until the feet wearily ached and head throbbed and soul faltered. She must not complain at any burden laid upon her shoulders. Had she not some evil force or something like it? Had not misfortune of all kinds overtaken, not only her, but the whole family? She must not stop to complain of aching head or heart. She must go on, and on, ever to the end, whatever that might be.

A PIN BROUGHT FROM A DISTANCE.

A gentleman boarder, Mr. Hamilton, had been to Keokuk on a business trip. Upon coming away, he left a valuable pin upon a stand in the hotel at Keokuk. He deplored his loss, fearing it was the last he would see of it. On the morrow he found it safely pinned upon his cushion in his room. The pin had been returned to his possession by some unknown power. The landlord at Keokuk had found the pin and put it away, knowing that so valuable a pin would be called for.

In the meantime, as soon as his loss was discovered, he wrote to the landlord, who, getting the letter, went to get the pin. But to his consternation it was missing. He wrote the facts to the young man, who, in the intervening time, had received it through this wonderful agency. He had noticed strange things about the girl and guessed the cause of the pin's return. He asked the quiet-looking chamber-maid if she knew. She did not dare to confess, so it was left in silence, only for the time.

The landlord's daughters heard raps, and saw lights. Mysterious forms would glide by, always in the presence of this new girl. Not long after the return of the pin there came another evidence which to the minds of those people showed something very peculiar. When the landlady asked her to go in any part of a large cellar after things not easy of access, whether by night or day, she would go without a lamp and quickly return with the desired articles. At last the landlady asked her how she got the canned fruit which was labeled and placed upon a shelf too high for her to reach. For a moment she lost her caution and looked dazed and could not answer.

They next discovered that she was getting up and doing work unconscious of all her surroundings. At times she would get up and do large washings and ironings before the family had risen, utterly unconscious of what she was doing.

While employed at the Fort Edward Hotel in the same town she was asked to go into the cellar and sort over a barrel of apples. This she did in a few moments, and on returning she was asked how she got along. She replied that she had sorted them all, saying she had placed the spotted and decayed ones in one place and put the good ones back in the barrel. The lady looked astonished and said, "Where is your light?" "I shall have to go and look for myself."

Coming back, she said, "You never did that alone in this world. How did you do it?"

The girl looked confused and conscience-stricken, but did not tell how it was done. The cellar was very dark. Invisible hands had helped her.

In recounting the incident in after years she said: "The apples rolled in and out, bounced up and down, making me laugh heartily at the strange help I was receiving."

This incident was passed without much comment until the potatoes had to be sorted. This time she was watched from a side window in the cellar through which only a

little light came. Once in the darkness she invoked the help of one who seemed to be her constant attendant. The process of separation began. Bump, went the potatoes, right and left, whispering voices and iridescent flashes of wonderful light illumined the whole scene. Those watching believed that they beheld Dante's Inferno and that legions of Devils were at this girl's behest, turning themselves into helpmates. They were so frightened they hastened out of their hiding and when she appeared demanded an explanation.

She told them that she had not been troubled, that she was only talking to herself. And, she said that potatoes in a state of decomposition always became phosphorescent. It would not do. They were not as near as they had wished, so they accepted her assertions and the subject was dropped. They were now always expectant and watched with much vigilance this pale-faced, big, sad-eyed girl, who looked as if she had a secret preying upon her mind. Noises of all kinds were heard, raps and taps, whistling and whisperings. Strange breezes would fan those who stood close to her and yet she dared not say, "It's a Spirit." If she explained, away went the bread; not only from herself but from her much loved mother, who might need assistance.

Thus miserable days passed. Her heart failed her each day. Her very soul repudiated the secret of her silence. She thought they would spurn her from their presence if she should divulge the reasons and sources of her help. This suppression of truth was the hardest task of all. To die, to leave these shadows of life far behind was now her constant prayer. Oh! the bitterness of her tears! Would they ever cease to flow? Days passed. At last she could stand it no longer. She must see her mother. The longing was unendurable. She must go, or her heart would break. But how could she go? Her love, so tender and true, said "Walk." How else could she get there?

She obtained permission from her employer and started

out on the long journey, walking all of the dreary fifteen miles, just to catch a glimpse of the faces that made her heaven. When she left she wore a pair of poor and meanly made shoes. To her sorrow and discomfort, she found them breaking out at the side. Nothing daunted, this brave girl, with love lighting the altars of her being, took them off and walked over grass, sands and stones, in her bare feet. What cared she if blisters and bruises covered them over, as they did when she had completed the trip, walking through the afternoon until quite a late hour at night. Arriving at home she found the family had retired. She could not rest until she reached her mother's bed-side. She threw herself down in a paroxysm of weeping, kissing the mother's hands over and over. The mother kissed the tear-wet cheek of the homesick child and all her grief was swept away. The mother said she was glad to see her and had been thinking of her ever so kindly. To add the best of the story she told her that a little new calf had been born and that they had left it for her to name. This was remembrance, surely, and she went to bed happy in the thought of their remembrance.

"Envy not the man who dwells in stately halls or dome,
If with its splendor he hath not
A world of love at home."

Home, however humble, to the souls of the sensitive and loving, is heaven. The bare walls, the poor complement of furniture, the carpetless floors, with a mother's presence and love, was enough to rejoice and enkindle divine inspirations in her loving heart. For this child to be where the mother's presence was felt was all sufficient to make her kneel reverently and thank the Master for all good gifts and for the pleasure that was surely hers.

She redoubled every energy, aroused every activity to show her appreciation of the kind permit, which gave her the vacation and so renewed her life and removed the heart hunger that swept in great waves over her shadowed being. The father asked if the evil spirit was still with her. She timidly answered, "Yes, father."

"Do they know you?" She said. "No."

Then it is my duty to go and tell them that you have the evil one with you. Whereupon she pleaded with him not to do this, saying: "See, father, I have brought mother all my money and this will help you, and if you turn me from that place what shall I do? I was so homesick that I walked barefooted all the way. My aching heart pleads for one word at least, of kindness, one look of love, one token of kind recognition."

She had now taken another name than her own, fearing her peculiar fame might have reached their notice. So it had, but they never dreamed that this quiet girl, knowing little of outside and worldly affairs, was the ogre they had heard and read about, for at the time of her attempted conversion in the old school house, the neighboring village paper had given a racy account of "The Devil in a Revival Meeting," which caused much consternation. The article was copied in the Keokuk, Ia., and Warsaw papers, and they might have recalled the newspaper reports if she went by her own name.

She returned to the Andrews' House at Warsaw. The good family who had befriended her and given her a home, were glad to have her return.

One night Mrs. Andrews sent her daughter Sarah down in the cellar with her to get some needed things. The daughter carried a candle. Suddenly the candle was snuffed out. Out of the utter darkness shone a white robed form, that spoke and made whispered commands to each to halt. Sarah screamed with fright and fell to the floor. Several in the room above heard the noise and came running down stairs to ascertain the cause of her fright. They were informed by the now recovered girl that she saw a ghost, or the devil's imp. They were prepared to believe this from the incidents of the past. Thus confronted with evidence sufficient to confound the wisest, Maud, with tear dimmed eyes and aching heart, confessed it all. She told of her difficulty in getting a place, her poverty, her love for her mother and her home. She told

of her love for her father who seemed to condemn her so much. All was poured out in fascinating candor. And her appeals made them pity and bend in kindness and love towards the object of their discussions. After this occurrence they did not really want her, fearing the excitement among their patrons and church people would be unpleasant.

DECIDES TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

Where to go now? What to do? "The old Mississippi river!" The murmur of waters was alluring music to her troubled spirit. The gleam and glitter of the "Ignis fatuus" shone out from every wave. How her soul yearned for rest! Where else could she find so quiet, so beautiful a resting place. Worn out by oppressions, full of misgivings, she felt that she had no right to live. She thought that God's sun never shone on a more unfortunate mortal than she who prayed so incessantly to be redeemed from what all thought to be evil forces. She felt desolate and alone; with hope and ambition crushed by unkind words and cruel treatment. There, in silence and solitude, at the brink of the "Father of Waters," she resolved to make

"A sudden rush from life's meridian joys!
A wrench from all we love, from all we are."

She knelt, and with all the fervor of her innocent heart, poured out her soul to God, imploring His tender mercy, His safe guidance into some haven of repose.

Why was relief denied to the ever sensitive soul of this pleading child, for she was only in her thirteenth year.

She had received several serious accidents that had given her physical as well as mental pain. She was badly burned at five years; had been blind and recovered her sight in her eighth year, and at ten had been bitten by a mad dog. In all of these ills she had not suffered as now. There, on the bank of the old river, reviewing the past with its hardships, she stood shrinking back affrighted before the future so securely veiled from her eyes. Blinded

by tears, forlorn and desolate, she stood, wondering if it were not best then and there to end it all. A little fall, a few feet, a little struggle, all would be ended, and she would be at rest. She would be at the end of a life which some baffling fate seemed to beat back half finished. There seemed to be some mad, irresistible pressure hurrying her on and out. Hate was utterly foreign to her nature. Her heart beat so kindly towards all, though she had been tossed by every breeze upon seemingly dark seas.

She had never been taught a moral principle by mortal being. Despite all the bruises, the stains and the furnace heats that had done their best to darken and blight the brightness of her soul, nothing had ever debased it, nor made it bitter. Her trust in God had failed only inasmuch as she thought He would not countenance so wicked a sinner, as she had been made to believe herself to be. She had sought Him with her soul's sincere desire, thinking she might draw near unto Him, and that He would answer her prayers and release her from the toils and burdens so heavily weighing her down. She was happy in the raging, tempestuous storms when she believed the Divine Master was near. She felt Him in the golden sunshine, in the wooded dells, on the fertile prairies, in the growing grain and in all of nature's beautiful forms. Why could not human beings, God's creatures, greet her in kindness? She would end it all. She would solve the great problem, the mystery and the riddle of existence. Returning to the hotel she told them she had found a place and would leave at seven o'clock that evening.

Where was the restraining hand? Could it save her and lift the weight of sorrow from her young heart? Is there a chasm isolating the two spheres? Does this bright, beautiful earth whirl madly in vacuum, devoid of all spiritual law and force, devoid of all spiritual vitality? Is there naught but matter and blind force? Is it an isolated creation, driving to wreck and ruin against the whirling and swirling elements called divine? Do impossible or improbable chasms separate us from the dear ones

gone before? Could not the way be made plain regardless of creed-bound souls protesting that the evil one **was** in and through it all without thus crushing an innocent soul? Are the trials, the cares and duties which we in our ignorance call drudgery, the weights and counterpoises of our being, to give the pendulum of our spirit its true vibration? How could this child, whose life seemed so cold and severe, whose cup of bitterness seemed so full, whose soul overflowed with bitter lamentations, whose prayers had not been answered, solve these great, intricate problems? Standing on the bank of this great river, in the shadows that surrounded her life so completely, why should she not throw herself upon the mercy of God in the dark rolling flood before her?

When night came she went forth to keep her word to herself; to end the young life just budding into womanhood.

Arriving at the river, she reverently knelt and raised her soul to the God of mercies. No devotee could have prayed more humbly, more earnestly, or more devoutly. No human soul, longing for eternal rest, had more sincerely cast itself upon the arms of Infinite Mercy than this innocent child, feeling as she did that all misunderstood her and that the doors of eternal mercy were closed. As upon her bended knees she poured out her soul to the Giver of all gifts, a feeling gradually came over her that the infinite mercy of God was all-sufficient; that possibly His mercy might be vouchsafed to her wounded heart. With greater humility and more fervent zeal did she breathe out her petitions to the Throne of Grace. Gradually she began to feel that it would be wrong in the sight of God and the holy angels to thus destroy her life.

How earnestly she prayed her Father in Heaven to forgive her! Weeping most bitterly she prayed again and again, each prayer, if possible, more earnest and more sincere. Would the world believe her to be friendless, helpless and still think kindly of her?

The moments passed quickly. She feared her prayers

would not be heard. She prayed again and again to be received into God's infinite arms of mercy. It was the only refuge she knew that could shield her from her trials. The last prayer was said,—was done! It was the best she could do.

On opening her eyes to take a last, lingering look and to bid a long farewell to all objects familiar to her memory, there appeared to her wondering gaze an army of white-robed beings. Legions of angels stood before her. Using her own words: "It seemed as if every blade of grass had suddenly, by some wondrous magic, been transformed into human beings, clad in spotless robes of purest white." The company parted, and from the center of the group came a stately woman, who seemed especially lovely, whose oval face, and large, luminous, gray eyes seemed fairly to beam with light and love. And yet she seemed troubled, as if with some silent and unexpected regret.

She approached the kneeling girl and spoke so kindly, saying: "Dear child, would you, wilfully, wrongfully and wickedly sacrifice the life God has given you, because you are weary and sorrowful—because trials and temptations have come upon you? Nay, you are even apprehensive that this throng of loving friends, whose souls are as white as their shining robes, seek only to destroy thee. Nay, behold! These have passed through fiery ordeals. Their garments have been washed in the waters of tribulation and they have been redeemed as I have been and as you must surely be, my poor, misunderstood and beloved child. This power which has caused you so much sorrow is of God. It is God-given to uplift, not to downcast your soul. On the morrow redemption shall come to you. The life you think so full of woe and so blighted shall rise with the dawn of another day, full of brightest hopes."

Thus spoke this lovely visitant from the shores of another world. Again the beautiful words fell in sweetest cadence: "Thou, my child, hast prayed most earnestly, not for gold or silver, but for a mission to humanity. It shall be granted, and in its light thou shalt forever after

move. Beautiful precepts shall be thy guide. Thy star of hope hath risen. We bid thee arise and seek thy home, with the consciousness that we who pledge and promise thee will bring light out of this darkness. We will straighten the tangled web of life that hath run so strangely. All thy prayers and supplications, seeming but mockery to thy soul's great needs, shall be answered. Meet all troubles bravely and thy heart, bathed in divine life and light, shall be so illumined that your teachings shall find ready acceptance in the hearts of those who have reviled thee. Those now refusing this light of Christianity shall revere thee. Child of glorious endowment, return to thy home! To-morrow thy redemption shall come. Emancipation shall be thine. On earth thou art of my race and lineage. In the world of spirit I am thy guardian. Remember that into all lives some sorrow must come. Much of sorrow and sadness has come to thee. More must come, for it is so written. For every blow we will bring a balm. Crushed must be the flower that yields the sweetest perfume. Arise, fail not, and falter not, for we are with thee hereafter forever."

The hapless girl arose, never doubting but that it was best and that all would soon be righted. Returning to the surprised landlady she told her the whole vision, what they said, and asked to remain over night and the request was granted. She arose early the next morning and went about her usual duties, as her place had not yet been filled.

About nine o'clock, when her work was finished, she went into the sitting room. Seating herself beside the table she thought over all that had been said by the beautiful host of last night.

Emancipation! What could it mean? It must be the finding of another place. She sat pondering, when a rap came upon the office door and an elderly gentleman entered and said to her:

"Miss, will you tell me where I can find the landlord?" She cheerfully replied that just a few moments ago she had seen him in the yard, and if he would be seated

she would call him. She arose, and the table, as if endowed with life, moved after her.

This was too much. Bursting into tears she looked helplessly at the old gentleman who was convulsed with laughter. He said "Tut, tut, what have we here?"

She tried to answer and then burst forth, "It is the evil one, sir, and he has made me lose my place again. Oh, dear, oh dear, what can I do?"

The gentleman laughed heartily and kindly grasping her hand he said, "Why, God bless you my dear child, you are a medium."

"A what?" asked the pleased and startled girl. "What is a medium?"

The manifestation of these occult or psychic forces had never been defined to her and she could not guess its import.

When the table was righted and her story told in plain, simple fashion, the stranger explained how against his will he had been led to the place. He said as there was no special reason for him to go he would remain a few days. The same power that had impelled the girl impelled him onward that he might rescue her from such suffering and doubt. He so gently explained it all, and said in such rapturous and eulogistic tones, "You are one of the best mediums in the world, bless God! I have just come from a visit to two most wonderful girls, the Fox sisters, in New York."

He told of their wonderful raps which corresponded with these raps that had so puzzled and interested the community at large.

The landlady was called and told all these revelations. He defined the source and origin as that of spirits of the so-called dead, but who exist in the spirit world.

That night, at his request, a cabinet was improvised, and a small company was invited. The curtain was arranged as before described, using a small room on the second floor as the cabinet. The results were marvelous and so frightened one or two of those present that they nearly

fainted and were obliged to leave. They tied the medium's hands and feet and put her in a gunny-sack and tied it about her neck and placed her in the cabinet.

Materialized faces and forms, hands large and small appeared, voices whispered and sang, feet danced merrily on the inside of the cabinet. They were evidently those of both men and women. The medium's voice could be heard talking and remonstrating with them and asking them not to roll her around so recklessly. All this and much more than can be told occurred in two hours. Names were given, all of those present were personally called to the curtain and all were called by their own names. In most cases the names were unknown to the medium.

Some one whispered, "Was she tied?" The medium, hearing, said, "Open the door, I am pretty nearly smothered."

They carried her out and examined the sack, and found everything as it had been left. What was it, what could it be? These forms with such white hands and garments, while the medium's clothes were plain and dark. Her hands were toil-stained and unlike the dainty white hands thrust out from the aperture of the cabinet. Not one, not two, but a dozen hands thrust out from every possible and available place.

The light and the investigation of the cabinet revealed nothing but a roll of humanity tied in a sack with hands and feet tied strongly together with waxed and tarred rope, bare room, bare walls, nothing.

Oh, puzzling mystery! Oh, stupenduous facts! What were they? No one but the stranger attempted to explain. The gentleman was Mr. John J. Hall, from New York City. He knew and laughed and chatted and explained to the half-frightened and wholly astonished sitters. But the old creeds, inbred and taught so long, led them to believe that it was of the devil rather than of God. They could give no opinion, no intelligent reason for such belief, for this metaphysics of phantasy. For several evenings they experimented in every way known to their skepticism

and sought to account for this power. It was more potential than mere animal force, and more mysterious than myths of Oriental creeds. It was individualized, personified and essentially human, giving names and showing faces of family and friends long since laid in the grave. Surely, we must be the product of centuries of dogmatic, ecclesiastical domination not to give reason and intelligent thought liberty to accept a rational solution of this intelligence wherein lies the secret of soul.

It's nature's mystic message
That prophet, bard and sage,
Have fixed in snatches
On the bright, immortal page.

—BABCOCK.

To call it the devil, evil spirit, or spirits, admits the question. But why evil? Are not the same avenues open to the good and the same forces at their command? Are they not amenable to the same laws and conditions? If these things exist they can only be in accordance with nature's laws—God's laws. Does Divine Intelligence change laws, forces and conditions to suit our creeds or our needs? Nay, nay, the mills of the gods,—grind they all.

If the lips of evil, long-stilled, can again fall into sound and speech, why not those of the good? Forms and faces in all the semblance of human life that had been, whispering words of advice and information pertinent to these religious people, came to them at these meetings; came through law and under conditions essential to law's operations; came by the great and eternal law that "like attracts like." Surely those who attribute these things to evil cannot themselves be evil to thus attract evil. This praying, tender-hearted, persecuted child-medium could not be evil. These spirit voices and these individuals who asserted their continued existence and exhorted all to live good and pure lives were not of evil origin.

These spirits of the departed congregated there who exhorted all to prayer and upright lives, who always and persistently said that saving grace came only through

good and noble lives and deeds in harmony with the laws of nature and the spirit world, were not of the evil one.

Their intelligence precluded the possibility of their being subtle, latent forces in nature; or the morbid affection of a disordered brain. There is only one hypothesis upon which all these phenomena can be explained—one easy, natural, scientific and logical explanation. And this the church rejects and flounders in deep water for one suited to its creed.

Was all this punishment and bruising of body, these trials and humiliations of spirit, this poverty and hard, menial labor necessary before this girl's soul could be attuned to their celestial music, their voice and mission?

If so, the perfection of these manifestations and the self-sacrificing love and humility of this child would seem to indicate the end of all her trials, sorrows and persecutions. If not the end, where in creation's great laboratory are these trials prepared, or, are they the reflex action of prenatal thought, or, must we look for causes where the stars and constellations move and revolve?

She now believed her troubles were all ended. Her new-found friend would go with her and explain it all to her father and tell him his daughter had a great and glorious gift—a mission to humanity. A carriage was provided and they started. The sun and flowers of that bright May morning could not eclipse the happy face of the child, whose soul seemed to bubble over with song. This was redemption! This was what the white-robed angel at the river meant. The lesson left an impress that remained through all the coming years and gave her feeling and sympathy for other souls, weary of life and its many trials and sorrows.

She was happy. She was not in league with the devil. It was God's highest, holiest and best gift to the workers of His will. It was the glorious gift of the spirit world to prove the triumph of mind over matter; life over death. It was a celestial gift to prove the continuity of human life with its love, its memory and its individuality.

AT HOME AGAIN.

The old home was reached. The father was there. Seeing the stranger in the carriage with his daughter, he did not forget his old-time Southern hospitality and endeavored to entertain him. The child, with watchful eyes and anxious heart, noted every movement. She soon understood that they were brothers of the same lodge, bound to friendly regard by some golden link which she did not understand, but felt. Her heart bounded with great joy, in perfect peace and happiness. Truly the celestial company at the river had redeemed their pledge and emancipated her from the chains and binding fetters that had enthralled her mind and soul and restrained her actions.

The father was for a time kindly reconciled to his now happy daughter. She tried with every impulse of heart and mind, during the long summer months to administer to their mental and physical wants. She was untiring in all her efforts by day and by night to do her utmost for them. She worked in the corn field, planting and hoeing, raking in the meadows, always working with the greatest contentment and happiness.

Her supreme happiness and contentment under the burden of such unusual and arduous labor attracted the attention of all in the surrounding neighborhood. They had only words of greatest praise and admiration for her. Her exemplary conduct and her great desire to aid and assist her parents, even by engaging in the most burdensome labor in the field, attracted the attention and admiration of her father's hired man. He watched the growing brightness of her face until he lost his heart to a mere girl, then only thirteen years old. He had horses, cattle, a little patch of land, and he reasoned he was good enough to be her lord and master.

Day after day, as they worked in and out of the growing crops, he watched this happy girl until he put his thoughts into words.

When he spoke to her of his wishes she only shrank away in fear and trembling for he was coarse and rude, and brutal to the cattle. This she bravely told him.

She was immediately controlled by the spirits and they repeated the rejection, saying: "She is not for you." The father was told of the decision of both daughter and spirits. He at once showed his petty tyranny, and said that she *should* marry him. Thus reassured, the coarse, vulgar fellow went on to make preparations for the wedding.

At this time she slept on an old-fashioned lounge standing at the foot of her parents' bed. Lying awake in the middle of the night she heard her name mentioned by the parents and plans for her marriage discussed. The father said it was best that she should marry him. The mother thought so, too. This beloved mother of hers! Oh, could it be so? No more sleep for her that night. To her surcharged soul and refined aspirations the sacrifice seemed beyond endurance. What could be done? Days went by and preparations were made for a quiet wedding. The night came and she found that pleading would do no good.

In the shadow of the evening she slipped out of the house and ran away—ran from the cruel doom that confronted her, out across the corn field, out and on—on she flew with winged feet, shrinking and shuddering, for fear they might pursue and compel her to marry the brutal man they had determined should be her husband—a man she loathed from the bottom of her heart. But she eluded their search; she frustrated their plans.

No, it was not so written. She was safely away. Now for a long, desperate tramp. Where? Her thoughts were so distraught that anywhere was better than home. Aye, better kill herself, as she had once intended. Anything, any place, only not back home. She finally decided to seek friends at Warsaw.

The truth about her gift had opened a new world to many who eagerly grasped the thought even of the return of their loved ones. To them she would go. When she left them, had they not said cheerfully, "Come back

if you need friends." There she would go. Fear lent wings to her feet. She flew over the fields. She fairly skimmed along until exhaustion and fear overcame her. She was suddenly beset by a new danger. A big dog sprang up in her way, barking in a most vicious and menacing manner. Fortunately, there was a fence near by and upon this she climbed in self protection. The brute barked, snarled and seemed actually frenzied over his defeat. The good farmer whose place she was crossing came out and called loudly to the dog to stop barking, and then said sternly, "Who is there?" The frightened girl, sitting upon the topmost rail, could not speak. The farmer again said, "If you don't answer, I'll fire." Then came a timid, agonized voice, "It's I, sir."

- "It's who?" said the farmer.

"Nobody that you know. Oh, please, sir, call off your dog and permit me to go on my way."

The old farmer had now advanced and saw before him what seemed to his honest old eyes a culprit bent on mischief, and he asked again what she wanted. Bursting into tears she tried to talk, but could not answer. He led her into the house where she told her story in the light of a lamp and in his wife's presence. She told them her pitiful plight, how they insisted she should marry the beastly fellow who was so low and brutal that she had run away. She begged them not to take her back. No, indeed, but she must go to bed with their own children, and in the morning he would see that she reached Warsaw safely. He had two dear daughters of his own and pitied her misery. He had heard of her gift, and wanted to attend a meeting when she came back, if she ever returned.

These good farmer folks, who knew her father quite well, could readily realize the cause of the girl's trouble. They would help her, and hoped to see her again. Many times after this event, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, for such were their names, proved good and true friends to her. She sought their hospitable roof many times when merciless storms beset her pathway. Next day she reached her

destination. Her old friends greeted her so kindly that her grief was now buried beneath the fleeting, busy hours of disseminating spiritual truths to all who sought her. Her old benefactor was notified of her return, who, on his return from St. Louis, where he had gone on business, took her once more in his care. He supplied her with an appropriate wardrobe and introduced her to some of the leading citizens of Warsaw and called their attention to the chain of unbroken evidence of immortality.

Here commenced her public work. Many of the leading citizens of this little creed-bound place dared to take great interest in her mediumship. Among the number were Mr. James Wood, Mr. Worthen, the State Geologist, and wife, who had been investigating the phenomena and had found the truth of spirit return and acknowledged it. In this little village many others became convinced of the fact of spirit return—of the truth of spiritualism and its pure teachings, and adhered to its principles and precepts.

She held a number of seances at the homes of prominent citizens, but a wider field was opened for her. The manifestations had by this time attracted widespread attention. Mr. Worthen, State Geologist, was still a resident of Warsaw, but spent much of his time at Springfield, the capital of the state. She held several seances at his home with wonderful results.

CONVINCING DEMONSTRATION.

At one of these meetings a very unusual manifestation occurred. The kitchen was used as a cabinet. Back of the kitchen was the wood shed. The medium was securely tied and had been in the cabinet a long time. The fire had burned low when someone proposed that it be replenished.

The good master of the house said to the controlling spirit, "Can't you bring a stick of wood?" The request was scarcely made when a large stick of wood was thrown out of the cabinet. This gave them positive evidence of

the direct agency of spirits, and their ability to move heavy weights, as they knew the medium was securely tied.

Our medium some time before this had been named "Maud Eugenia." Her parents learning of her great popularity among the cultured and better classes were reconciled to her refusing to conform to their wishes in marrying J. M. B., and now asked her to return home. They promised that she should not be troubled about the marriage any more. She, loving them with her whole heart, only too gladly returned home. There, night after night, she held meetings for the now thoroughly aroused country folks. A wild excitement prevailed. People came from every point of the compass.

On her way home from Warsaw, and the first time she had ever ridden on the cars, she met one, who, of all others, was to play the most important part in her life; who is now known to many thousands in all parts of the country as

CLARENCE WILBOURN, THE CONTROL.

The thousands who, in after years, attended this girl medium's seances, know the control, Clarence, and remember his grand singing and joking, fun-loving characteristics and wise advice. She occupied a seat in the car by herself, a shy, modest, old-fashioned girl, looking much older than she was. Strolling through the car came this handsome, curly-headed young man. "Hello, who is this?" He stopped and sat down in the seat in front of her.

Who can gauge the silent force—the law—that attracts two people? He asked her name. "Maud Eugenia," she replied. "Hey, ho, but that's a high sounding name. It is quite foreign, quite aristocratic. I thought by your old-fashioned looks it might be Jane or Elizabeth," was his good-natured reply.

This brought tears to her eyes, that this handsome young man should make fun of her. She told him of her trials and troubles and why they came to her. He was just out of a St. Louis law school—out in the West looking

up and buying horses for his brother-in-law, Mr. Frank Middleton. He was deeply interested in her recital and asked where she lived. They parted and he said he would come and see her. He has since said he was attracted to her by a strange fascination he could not then understand.

He came on a fair May morning and asked the mother's permission to take her and Esther Anderson, a young girl living at the next farm, to attend the May festival. After attending the festival he took them home and went his way. A romance was then begun that was never to end. Two souls attuned to the same measure had met.

The next time she saw him—a month later—she heard his voice behind her saying, "Little girl, do not look around until I tell you something."

"Why?" she asked. "I know who you are, without looking around."

"Don't look around yet, I have just been shot and I don't want you to see me covered with blood."

It is a curious law of spirit that in resuming its relation to matter it must take on these last physical conditions; and, that the spirit returns with the sensations and desires which were uppermost in mind at the time of leaving the physical body.

These physical conditions and desires persist until corrected by experience in spirit life—until this seeming reality becomes a memory. This is one of the basic facts upon which Mental and Christian Science healing is founded. There is no parole evidence that these laws are operative outside of the spirit's relation to matter in this stage of existence, excepting in so far as these desires are the manifestations of character which persist as distinctive qualities of the spirit until corrected or perfected, as the case may be, by the infinite laws of progression.

Clarence's coming directly to the medium immediately after his murder was in accordance with the same force that first attracted him—even as we move in this life, other things being equal, in the lines of magnetic attraction—lines of least resistance.

As soon as he had become adjusted to his new conditions he became one of her constant attendants, defenders and protectors and has always been such to her. He brought to her buoyancy of spirit and a character of great purpose and power.

So closely allied were they that she delighted in wearing sailor hats and acting much as he acted. Seeing this, and recognizing her needs, he sought his older brother Jesse, who had preceeded him to spirit life by many years, who became her teacher; and, he also surrounded her with other wise spirits of both sexes, many of whom are still with her, probably working out their missions and building their own characters in her life experiences. The Indian control "Kaolah" was already with her. Where the controls do not keep pace in progress with the medium they are changed and others substituted by the chief control.

Kaolah was a chief of the Oneidas and a medicine man and consequently a medium for his tribe—one of the Iroquois confederacy. He had a pathetic history, which seems to be the case with all true pioneers in intellectual progress. He tells how he was wont to retire to his tent and prepare his medicines—as he supposed—doing it himself. Now he knows that he was assisted by spirits using him as an instrument. With the assistance of those wise chemists he was destined to play an important part in the marvelous cures the medium was to perform later in life. He has attended her continuously from earliest childhood, excepting for a few years as hereafter related.

Dr. Peter DeHaven, formerly a resident of New York, a scientist and a very successful physician, also comes to the medium in cases of great importance. At times he calls to his assistance other wise and scientific counsel.

Leotah, or Snow Drop, a French-Indian girl came a few years later, as a mere child who could speak only one or two words. She is to-day, a highly accomplished, mannerly young lady, using the most exquisite and ap-

propriate language. These are the Medium's working band. Other and powerful spirits were added to her band as her field of labor enlarged and their services became necessary—seemingly a specialist in each department of usefulness and in all lines of work. After her work in St. Louis, a lawyer, Vallent Dupree, known as "Val.," a Spaniard and a Catholic in this life, was added to her band. He was shot at the termination of one of his law cases, at Marysville, Mo. Many St. Louis people remembered him. He was well known to Major Mellon, so well and favorably known to St. Louis people. There seemed no limit to his power as a spirit. He was devoted to the medium and never let an injury to her go unpunished and never failed to reward a kindness done her, as many can testify.

Later a miner, named John Gray, came to her assistance, and Richard Le Rongee, George Wilson and others were added. Back of these workers were wise ones, ethical teachers, advanced scientists, Oriental Seers, Masters; and, over all others, directing her destiny, sometimes shadowing upon her the spirit of prophecy and divination, opening the mysteries of the earth and the Heavens, and the marvelous things yet to be given to the race is the UNKNOWN, to whose wisdom all the other controls ever bowed. He comes to her through his emissaries—his spirit mediums. Sometimes in the quiet of the night, when in need of information, she can go to him. In these sleeping visits to his "Mansion of Light" she always addressed him as "Master."

These various controls are mentioned here as they will play important parts in the incidents to follow.

When holding a seance at Mr. Richard's in Keokuk, Iowa, the bay window in the second story had been curtained off for a cabinet. The medium had been in the cabinet and arranged the curtains to exclude all light and had gone into an adjoining room, leaving Mr. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Rose, a prominent doctor of the place, a State Senator and Hon. Daniel Miller in the room.

While waiting for the medium to return, and, as they were discussing the possibilities of any spirits showing themselves, the curtain in front of the cabinet parted and the materialized form of Mr. Richardson's son, who had been dead only a short time, stood just within the cabinet, full formed, dressed as in ordinary life. He greeted his father and the others and told them he did not need the presence of the medium as she had been in the cabinet long enough to enable him to thus present himself. This he thought would be demonstration sufficient to convince them of his reality, there being no possible circumstance or condition upon which to base any other conclusion.

BRINGS NEEDLE WORK FROM A DISTANCE.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley from Ohio, were present at this cabinet seance. Mrs. Kingsley had some fancy needle work which she had left at home. This, she avers, was handed to her from the cabinet, with the needle sticking in it just as she had left it at home in Xenia, Ohio. Of this fact she was very positive. Instances of this kind, while rare, are too well authenticated to be disputed. In many of these cases, in the experience of this medium, but not in all cases, a window or some opening in the room was left open.

While living near Warsaw, holding seances, many soldiers at home on leave of absence, hearing of Mrs. Dean's and the minister's experience at the time of the Methodist revival, came in wagon loads and begged to see the strange girl who could tell them of their dead and their return to earth. They wanted to see the girl who could read their past life and tell them of the future.

A RING BROUGHT FROM THE GRAVE.

On one occasion a man came for the express purpose of mischief. He said it was all a fraud. Maud met him and looked steadily into his face for a moment. The others

all knew something was coming. Finally, with a quick, gasping noise, she jumped forward, reached for his hands, and gave him a sign known only to Masons, and in a strong, clear, masculine voice told him everything he had said on the road; what he had told the boys, and repeated verbatim his jeers and contempt for the subject. She ended by saying, "Now, John Bronson, if you wish to conform to the rules of this meeting you can come in, and welcome, but, if not, you cannot attend." The Captain admitted that his doubts had been utterly vanquished and that he would be only too glad to attend and learn more facts.

Thus was arranged one of the most surprising materializing seances that the medium had held, up to that date. During the seance this same penitent and contrite skeptic was called to the cabinet by the spirit of a young lady. When he approached she eagerly reached forth her hand and took his, saying—"My brother." He recognized her face, and in his excitement almost screamed to her to give her name. She spoke distinctly, "Ella."

"My God! my God! It's my sister," said the now thoroughly convinced skeptic. He almost fainted, and was led back to his seat by his smiling and thoroughly triumphant companions, to whom he had only a few hours before ridiculed spirit return.

The influences were not yet through with him. His sister who had been buried only a short time, came again with messages for those in her far away home in the East. A thought of further identification struck him, and he said, "Ella, what did I give you when I came home on a furlough?"

"A ring set with ruby and pearls," she replied.

"Yes, yes," he replied, "where was it left when you were buried?" "On my finger" said she, putting the hand out and plainly showing the ring to all present. He recognized it at once. He then asked for the wedding ring that had also been buried with her.

She had married a comrade of his company, and

when she died, was buried at Keokuk, Iowa. This ring, he said, was left with her wedding ring upon her hand.

She seemed a little puzzled, disappeared for a few seconds, came back, recalled him, and reaching out her hand, put the ring he had given her upon his hand and said, "Keep it, but show it to Charley." Charley was the name of her husband, and Charley's name had not been called by any of the party.

There are many people to-day in Keokuk, Iowa, who will remember this young Captain Bronson. He attended to show others of his company who had been present several times their folly. On the way to the seance he had scoffed and sneered at his companions for believing anything so utterly ridiculous.

After this strange experience, the Captain, still in possession of his sister's ring, declared he would not rest until his sister's coffin was opened that he might know this was no delusion. He, with several of those present, went to the grave, where, with the sexton, they opened the coffin and examined the hand that had worn the ring. When the coffin was opened, he said, "Boys, look first and tell me." The hands wore no gloves, and strange, but true, the ring was gone! The dead, white hand, they said, bore the impress of the missing ring. The indentation was there. The ring was taken from the soldier brother and slipped upon the finger for the second time.

This incident created a great stir and induced large numbers of thinking people to investigate her mediumship. Among the number was Hon. Daniel Miller, Chief Justice, of Keokuk, Iowa, who ever after proved himself her staunch friend. For some weeks she gave her entire attention to the description of spirits and to the disseminating of spiritual truths. Her wardrobe by this time was depleted, and warned her that necessity would compel her to work again. This she proceeded immediately to do, as she did not receive any compensation for her seances or services in healing the sick.

She had been for some time especially gifted with the

art of healing diseases which learned physicians pronounced incurable. No one had remembered to give her a penny for her time, her lost strength, or her beautiful gift, and she was obliged to return to work. She went again to Warsaw, to Mrs. Richard McDougal, a most lovely woman, who took great interest in her mediumship and gave audiences to her spirit controls, often receiving most remarkable manifestations.

While living with this family a German lady called to see the girl medium. Mrs. McDougal called her and asked her if she could see anything for her neighbor. She at once became entranced, and the German lady was told that her father was dead—had died the day before. She gave his name, age and cause of death. This frightened the woman seriously. In a few days all was verified. The German lady received a letter containing the news of her father's death just as described.

MEETS AND VANQUISHES AN EXPOSER OF SPIRITUALISM.

She was not destined to remain long at manual labor. A message came for her to return home immediately. Her fame had reached Greenbush, Ill., and Dr. Butler and Mr. James, mayor of that city, had sent for her to make them a visit of a week or two.

When she arrived in Greenbush, where an exposer of spiritualism had billed the town, she was told that her name was among the number to be exposed. A sum of five hundred dollars was to be forfeited by this exposer if he could not do everything claimed to be done by so-called mediums.

Here again her guides had opened the way to victory. She arrived at the home of Mr. James, whom she had met before, and was kindly received by his family. She was told that they did not want anyone to know she was there. They had intimated to a few that they would send for her, but they did not want this exposer, S. P. Leland, to know she was in the place.

The minister and the good religious people had given

him the use of their church for his holy (?) work of exposure.

The entertainment was held that night. They told her not to mind what was said, but to sit still and listen to him, and they would right any wrong. They went early and occupied front seats. The medium sat with Mr. James and Dr. Butler, a well and favorably known physician of the place, a man of money, standing and intellect, whose position was respected, as was that of the Hon. Mr. James and his charming family. They were strong in their convictions of right and maintained their position without fear or favor. The braggadocio arose and began in the most denunciatory language to abuse all mediums and nearly all spiritualists. He was the one who had given them all their reputation and position in the world. He had educated them all in their tricks, never dreaming that they would call it supernatural force, or spiritual power. He had written all of Mrs. C. V. Tapping's lectures, and Mrs. H. Britton's as well—in fact, every exponent of the spiritual philosophy owed to him their fame and greatness.

After the tirade against the spiritual speakers came the physical mediums. He stopped suddenly, as if nearly forgetting something, and said: "By the way, I hear that you are going to have Miss Jennie Barrock, of the southern part of the State here. I think if you say to that young lady that S. P. Leland is here, she will fly in an opposite direction."

Good, honest, clear headed Dr. Butler arose and said: "Will Mr. Leland say why this is so?"

"Oh," said he, "she is one of my pupils." He stated that he had taught her how to do his sleight of hand tricks, never dreaming she would palm them off as Spiritual manifestations.

Mayor James then arose and said: "How old is this girl?"

Thinking for a moment, he said: "About 25, possibly 23, but she is past 20."

There sat the much abused medium perfectly ablaze with just indignation. The friends with her asked her if she was sure she had never seen him. The answer was: "Yes, I am sure I never saw him—introduce me and see if he knows me." This plan was adopted. There was to be a committee appointed to pass upon his claims as an exposé.

During the selecting of this committee, Dr. Butler took the girl, scarcely in long dresses and not yet fourteen years old, and walked up to the professor, as he chose to call himself. The girl approached him, saying: "How do you do, Mr. Leland?" He looked puzzled and said: "I don't seem to recall your face; where have I met you before?" She said, "take a good look." He did look, and in the presence of the doctor and Mr. James, said, "I cannot place you."

"No, I thought not," said Dr. Butler. The doctor then stepped upon the platform and said, "Ladies and gentlemen: This is Miss Barroek that this villain has so maligned and talked about; look and see for yourself; not yet fourteen years old, with a clean record—an humble one, but clean." Imagine the intense excitement prevailing in that church. The good and kind old minister, the one who preached there on the Sabbath days, was in the pulpit with this S. P. Leland. When this was said, he arose, and in kindly voice, reprimanded the mountebank who sought to rob a young girl of her good name.

The meeting ended in no satisfactory manner to the professor, who still boasted that he could duplicate all of the so-called spiritual manifestations.

The challenge was accepted by Maud's friends. The time was set, preparations made, the seance, or cabinet to be held at Dr. Butler's. There was a committee of a dozen or more ladies and gentlemen,—skeptics mostly,—only two spiritualists—if Dr. Butler and Mr. James could be called such. They met and placed the medium under strictly test conditions.

First they prepared a long rope or cord by wetting

and making it still softer, and passing it at the last moment over a wet sponge to make it beyond slipping or untying. They then tied her in a chair, and her hands and feet as well. The cabinet was made as usual, using a door leading into a small empty room. The committee lifted her into the darkened room, as this seance was held in day time. Binding her eyes with a large handkerchief, they placed her in the farther corner of the room. They all unanimously decided that she was so tightly tied she could not move. As a last test condition they put a teaspoonful of flour in each of her hands. They took seats and waited in the partially darkened room for what might come.

Hands were immediately thrust through the parting in the center of the curtain. One hand, then two, then three and so on until there seemed too many to count. They were, so they said, of dazzling whiteness, some with sleeves white as snow. Several faces appeared. One full form appeared, that of a man with dark, curly hair, dark moustache, with white shirt and cuffs unlike any of the people present. The seance was not as good as many had been before, but was quite sufficient to show the most skeptical and those unreasonably bitter against it that there was some intelligence, some agency outside of all human power to accomplish these things. When the committee entered the seance room they found the medium tied as they had left her, with the flour firmly grasped in the fast swelling hands. She was still blindfolded and tied.

What, oh what could it be? These white robes, fair fluttering hands? What other solution could be given? The medium had been thoroughly searched, all her garments examined and nothing white left her, not even a handkerchief. No white article of wearing apparel was to be found in the well searched room, yet there was this man with dark, curling hair, dark moustache—a manly looking fellow, with white shirt front and cuffs. Where could he come from? Thus pondered the much puzzled investigators.

Would these hands they had seen untie these hard knots? Skeptically they all answered, "No!" "Impossible!" They left the seance room and stood outside the curtain. What was the noise they heard? They could hear the rope untying in the most amazing way; knot after knot came out with a swish. The committee listened; some smiled, and others looked what they felt,—a little frightened. At last the medium's voice called them to come in, saying, "I guess I am untied."

"All untied?" they asked.

"Yes, I think so."

They let the light into the room and minutely examined her. She was untied, but still blindfolded, and held in her hand the flour into which, unknown to her, had been placed a certain number of shot. In each hand was found the number of shot placed there by the committee. One of the committee was a devout church member and believed spiritualism was a degrading delusion—a wretched devil-sent "ism," and he wanted to stamp it out, even though it be true, so great was his antagonism.

They had rubbed indigo on the rope and the doctor said, "Look here, there is no indigo on the medium's fingers, only a dash across the back of one swollen hand."

Next in order, on their program, was to repeat the experiments with S. P. Leland. They proceeded to his hotel. He had chosen his own conditions. They took a similar rope, but they did not put it through wet sponges, or work it soft. They did not search him or put him through the ordeal that took almost an hour for the girl-medium. They tied him and put him in a room, not blindfolded, not darkened, and not examined. All possible chance was given him.

After a long time he got out of the rope. No hands were shown, no faces appeared, no voices whispered names, or dates of deaths, telling who and what they were. He simply got out of the rope. When he was examined the rope was found cut into pieces in his coat pocket. Even the prejudiced committee said, "You have not ac-

complished with all your years of experience half what the girl did. We shall have to pronounce in her favor," and they did.

Next morning he had left Greenbush without paying the forfeit of \$500 or his board bill. Thus ended the first battle with one of the would-be exposers of spiritualism.

It was always a pleasure to her to recur in memory to the pleasant friendships formed in that village. Mr. James accompanied her home and told her father she had won the battle and come home with victory crowning her efforts. She had begun to understand the grand importance of her gift, although she still met many people who told her how awful she was—that she was a witch, and some good Christian should put her to death, if they did their duty toward God and man.

WITNESSES A SPIRIT'S DEPARTURE FROM THE BODY.

A family by the name of Peebles, living near Hamilton, Ill., often invited her to their home and to their religious meetings. The eldest daughter of this family, Mrs. DeWolf, was sick unto death. The medium was helping them in their work and doing all she could to lift their burden, not only of work, but of sorrow. At last the truth could not be disguised. A spirit told the medium the daughter would pass over very soon. She had given birth to a lovely little boy babe and the penalty was the sweet mother's life. A voice said, "Go, watch beside her bed, and you will see a spirit take its upward flight from its body of clay."

The medium said, "So soon?" The answer was "Yes."

The mother, sisters and husband were told of the approaching change; and as they gathered for the last time around the bedside of their beloved Edith, they saw that the Death Angel was near.

The medium saw a beautiful substance, light and radiant, not pure white but golden and silvery in appearance slowly and silently rising from the head and body lying on the bed. This substance gradually extended upwards.

It lengthened and expanded until it assumed the shape of a person. It still remained connected with, and seemed to cover the entire head. In the center of this connecting substance was a whiter, thicker substance, like a bright, silver ray, or cord extending to the brain. This grew longer and fainter as it extended upward. She then saw what appeared to be the weaving of immortal garments. As this ceased the connecting substance faded out and the startled eyes of the medium beheld the form of the lovely woman on the bed standing just above her, with her beautiful dark eyes looking ever so wistfully into the beloved husband's tear-wet face.

Looking toward the body she saw that the magical breath of life had left it. There stood the spirit, clothed in her immortal garments, in a glory of golden light, like the mystic sheen on the sea at night. About her was a radiant, welcoming host whom she seemed to recognize and greet.

Thus passed the sweet, prayerful spirit of one dear sister, whose faithful duties brought her great consolation and joy, and clothed her with garments which seemed like a silver mist—a halo of glorious light, laden with a perfume perceptible to the medium and to others in the room.

A STRANGE REQUEST.

While holding a seance near Carthage, Ill., one of the living rooms was used for the cabinet. The people were seated in the sitting room. A curtain, consisting of a coat and blankets, was tacked in the usual manner in the door way. The house was old and not in the best state of repair, and was infested with rats. It was at this seance that Mr. Mark Phelps first became convinced of the truth of spirit return.

During the evening, the noise of rats was heard, apparently about the old unused fireplace. This somewhat frightened the medium and caused one of the sitters—a young man—to remark, “What a fine test it would

be if those spirit hands would catch one of those rats and throw it out."

In a very short time they heard a rat squeal and the curtain parted. A hand was extended, holding a large, old rat by the back of the neck and the next instant it was hurled, squealing into the young man's face. This convinced one young man that it was not the work of the medium.

Necessity supplied the incentive for her to seek other and broader fields. A brother had found employment at Quincy, Illinois, and at his solicitation she visited that place. Later on the family moved to Quincy. Her fame had preceded her, and, as at other places, her time was almost entirely taken up with gratuitous work of holding seances and giving descriptions. No one seemed to remember that she had to meet life's necessities. They took her time and scarcely ever thanked her for services.

At last she must do something. Mr. McDaniels, who kept a museum of fine arts, engaged her, through her brother, who was employed by him as attendant at the door. There was but one hope of getting another wardrobe, and that was to work for it. The proprietor offered her twenty-five dollars a week and said he would not give the manifestation any name. Let the people name the phenomena what they pleased and said she need not use her own name. Possibly many may remember what a furore she created at that time in her wonderful cabinet seances, showing hands, faces and forms.

HOW SOME PEOPLE LEARN.

While engaged giving these exhibitions she boarded and roomed at the hotel where her brother boarded. Here she was subjected to many annoying attentions by unprincipled men. On one occasion as she was going to her room and had just reached the landing at the head of the stairs, an arm was slipped around her waist, as she supposed by her brother who had preceded her, and a low voice said: "Come this way."

Quick as a flash, from out of the darkness—out of space—came an invisible hand that dealt a quick, stunning blow that sent a young man headlong down the stairs. He did not stop until he reached the hall below in a dazed condition. He proved to be a boarder at the hotel and who had been very persistent in his annoying attentions. He was completely cured by the blow. She was never troubled again. Such people have no desire to have lightning strike them twice. He had no difficulty in comprehending the full meaning of this lesson that came to him through his physical senses.

On one occasion, the mayor of the city brought with him a pair of handcuffs and fastened them tightly upon her wrists, and putting the key in his pocket, said: "My young witch, I have you now." As she turned around to enter the cabinet there was a snap, snap, and the handcuffs were thrown with a dash outward, hitting the proprietor upon the head, making a serious scalp wound.

The mayor and some soldiers standing and sitting around were somewhat frightened, when one of the soldiers laughed and said, "I believe she is the devil done up pretty."

"I have the key, let me have the lockers," said the mayor. They were examined and found all right—unlocked as with a key.

Among those who witnessed this exhibition and knew the origin of the power, was Mr. A. H. Williams, and a good old Scotchman named Brown. Everybody in Quincy called him "Baker Brown." These two men were spiritualists and knew such superior mediumship should not be misapplied, misused and misnamed. The medium felt that it was too sacred to be trampled under the feet of idle curiosity seekers. These two men appealed to her to leave. She answered saying she would not have accepted the position, but she had no money, no clothes, and her parents were too poor to keep her dressed while she disseminated the truths of immortal life; that her life there with her

brother's care, was just as clean and pure as it could be at home.

The spiritualists conferred together and thought best to pay her for her services that she might give it her best attention.

This she concluded to do. A small hall in Hampshire street was engaged and the first Sunday evening spiritual meeting in that part of the state was commenced. From this time on she never faltered in the work set for her to do. Her parents had at this time disposed of their little farm and moved to Quincy.

People came in great numbers to see her but very few remembered to pay and she, sensitive and shrinking, could not ask for her dues.

Thus one weary month passed after another. Her heart had grown most sad until she prayed to die. The better class of people in Quincy seemed to desire her seances, though they would in some instances request her to come to their homes after dark and come in the back way. When the seance was over they would request her to go out through the alley way and alone, without company to protect her from the insults of rude men and boys. She sometimes reached her home after the seances drenched with rain, tired, worn and utterly forlorn.

The people of wealth and position thus used her as they would have used a slave. Their husbands, brothers and sons were too good to go home with this one so loved and honored by the celestial hosts. They seldom said "We thank you," and never paid a cent or asked if she needed food to eat, or water to drink. Some of these Christian (?) people often said to her, "If you should meet us on the street and we should not speak, pray don't think we are angry; it's only our position. We believe all this is what it claims to be, and that you are a good medium, but it won't do for us to know you or acknowledge it."

Thus, abashed and abused, she could full often, when the cup was full of bitterness, have prayed to die. The seances were beautiful as she grew more implicitly faithful

to her guides, while thus under the ban of society, the ostracism of the ignorant and creed bound. These indifferent people loved their popularity better than their God.

Several ministers had made her the subject of sermons calling her a witch and her followers evil. One, Rev. (?) Whiting, of Quincy Ill., was mean enough to spit upon her in the street when she was pointed out by a lady who had secretly attended her seance held at one of these aristocratic houses. Passing close to her he spat at and upon her, saying, "Go thou child to the devil."

Mortified, humiliated by conditions and circumstances over which she had no control, again and again she would wander down by the old Mississippi river and longingly wish for rest, yet she dare not forget what the angels had told her. Would fate ever release her from bondage, strong as steel?

At this time her healing power, as well as clairvoyance and clairsaudience, was brought into great use for the sick and ailing.

The first case of note to which she was called was to the sick wife of Dr. Burgess, a specialist, but not a regular physician. His beloved wife was dying and two attendant physicians said she could live only a few hours.

ORDERS PHYSICIANS AND THEIR DRUGS OUT OF THE ROOM.

On arriving at the house she found two physicians present. She told the husband she could accomplish nothing with the physicians in the room. They looked unutterable things and did not hesitate to sneer and scoff at the thought that anyone could cure where their skill had failed. It was too ridiculous and especially as the woman was already dying. "Let her try it," they sneered. "Such foolishness, such bosh!"

To her it was a labor of love. After sending every bottle of medicine out of the room and opening the windows, she turned to the apparently lifeless woman on the bed. An eminent spirit, Dr. DeHaven, controlled the medium, treated the patient, prescribed for her and said to the sad-hearted husband, "Your wife will live."

Very soon after the treatment the sick woman came out of the death-like swoon from which the two physicians said she could never recover. In a few moments she asked for something to eat. Her husband asked what she would have. "Cabbage and potatoes," replied this delicate invalid. "Oh, oh," the husband said.

The spirit physician controlled the medium and said, "Give her all she wants; I assure you no harm will follow."

This event was a marvel to the public and even to the two reviling physicians. One, less prejudiced and more intelligent than the other, often employed her clairvoyance in intricate and dangerous cases. When death seemed near his patients he would take her to relieve them. None who sought her aid in after years were denied.

RESTORES A PARALYZED CHILD TO PERFECT HEALTH.

Next door to the family lived an honest, respectable Irish family. Being Catholics they, of course, looked with a great deal of repulsion upon this—as they thought—devil-posessed girl. Their eldest daughter, twelve years old, was a cripple and could not walk a step, and had not for years. Her limbs were completely paralyzed. The little legs were just like sticks with the skin drawn tight and close to the bone. Shapeless, fleshless little legs, without any sensation whatever. The little toes had been badly burned against the stove. She had not discovered the fact from any feeling, and did not know it until her eyes saw the burned feet. This child was a great care and trouble. She required constant moving. Our medium, one day, said to the mother who had called, "Mrs. Shanahan, I can cure Maima." Oh, the dire hate that flashed into her eyes as she said, "Don't you dare touch her." Saying this she left the house. Her mother said: "There now you have offended a good neighbor." Little Maima's angel guide was not sleeping, but heard the words and saw the necessity of doing something to save and succor the winsome little cripple.

When next the medium saw the cripple she asked her if she would like to be cured. "Oh, yes," came the eager reply. "Can you keep a secret, Maima?" "Yes, yes, I can." "Well, then, I will take you over to our house every day when your mama goes to market and cure you." Her mother kept boarders and went to market every day at nine o'clock. Thus began a good and holy work. The first thing that was done, by order of the controlling physician, was to bathe her thoroughly. Then she was taken out of the bath and rubbed gently at first. The medium was told to pray earnestly all the while. The prayer given to her was beautiful beyond description and seemed to come from someone standing to the right of her and over her head. She was then told to place her right hand upon the child's spine, the left hand palm to the bottom of the feet. This she did, causing instant vibrations that grew stronger and stronger until both medium and child shook as if by some mighty power that had intruded to force life and vitality into the little useless limbs.

The desired effect was produced at last, the child, crying, said: "I feel; I do, I do; I feel something tingle and burn all along my legs." All this time the medium knelt prayerfully; now she arose and made a few passes up and down the limbs that seemed to be conscious of a new life tingling through them; then she carried the little cripple home and said, "Silence, dear, and tell no one." She said, "Oh, yes, I will not tell."

Next day, when the experiment was repeated, the child could move her legs and stand for a few moments at a time. She laughed so in her joy she would fall in spite of the remonstrance from her new doctor not to do so. The medium's soul was so filled with delight that she also laughed.

After the third treatment she could walk several steps at a time and would then totter and fall. She was told by these wise and efficient controls to get up and walk when no one was looking and to keep up the electrical and magnetic influence by constant action when alone.

These treatments commenced Monday morning at nine o'clock, Saturday the little girl's relatives were all gathered in the parlor of her home talking, when the medium said: "Now, Maima, get up and walk through the house."

Can you, readers, imagine the joy of her parents, and relatives who were numerous and all Catholics? When asked, after falling on their knees in fright and thanksgiving, who did it, she answered, "Maud cured me." Then the medium, for all this new joy, was called in and thanked heartily and kindly by the mother.

The priest had to be called in and told of the miraculous cure of his little devotee. He believed it of the devil and told them to have nothing more to do with it. He sprinkled holy water over the child and about the house, repeated a litany and told them to put on the child's neck a witch charm—a scapular to keep evil spirits away.

Others, hearing of this marvelous cure, brought in the maimed, the lame and the blind. In nearly every instance her controls would cure them. As a general thing these cures were accomplished with three treatments, while some were instantaneous. At one time a poor woman brought her only child, a little boy of five years old, with one leg paralyzed and useless. Her name was Mrs. Ryan and she was also a Catholic. The medium was preparing to go out. The woman came in with the boy in her arms and asked to see the girl who healed the sick through the evil one. She was told that the medium was to leave in a few moments. The woman began to cry bitterly and said she had come such a long distance, carrying the boy all the way to have her touch him.

The medium was told the pitiful story. She went in and laid her hand only for a moment on the shriveled limb. She then touched the hip and back only for a few minutes, and said: "Stand up, my little man."

The little fellow stood up on both feet. She told him to go to the door. He walked off steadily, as if the use of the leg had never left him.

The good mother fell upon her knees and said, "Good devil, I thank you." The medium told her to stop, that it was not the devil, but that it was God's power; that He loved little children and had, through her faith, restored her little son's limb to perfect health. That night the little boy, well and strong, ran to meet his father when he came from his day's labor. This case can be vouched for by many now living in Quincy, Ill. Some of this family, whom the Lord had thus blessed, are yet living and willing to tell the world of their blessing.

HER FIRST AND LAST DECEPTION.

At this time in the life of the medium, an incident occurred, which many have heard her relate, when in after years great popularity had come to her.

She had been invited to spend the afternoon and evening in the country, at the home of Mrs. Jenkins one of the few daringly independent families not ashamed to acknowledge this great and glorious truth. Her recreations were few indeed, and the anticipated delight of this visit was beyond expression. To get out into nature among the trees, the flowers, the cattle and sheep, was her great pleasure. Her busy brain was filled with joy, for she was a worshipper at nature's shrine in the holier significance of the word. Her whole soul was filled with the brightest anticipations of her visit. She was wonderfully happy while getting ready to go. Her winged feet fairly flitted from room to room, until all was near completion, the household put in order, her best dress on and wrap on her arm. The door bell rang, and, upon opening it, she found an old German standing there, asking for the witch who told strange things.

She answered, "I am the one you want." He said, "I lose somedings, you tell me?" She said, "I cannot, I am going out of the city and have not time." He begged her just to tell him a little something. Like all mediums she was negative and could not turn him away. Neither could she forego her visit to the country. She decided to

tell him something, even if it was not true, to get rid of him. So she said: "You have lost a dog, yes two dogs." "Yah, yah, that be him." She told him they would come home on the ferry the next evening at 6 o'clock; for him to go to the wharf and await their coming.

She thought: "Oh, God, forgive me. What a lie, what an awful lie!" The man left highly pleased. He had lost two valuable setter dogs and grieved over their loss as if they had been his children.

The medium went out in the country, which she had so longed to see but her heart was heavy and sad, beyond words to express. "Lie, lie, lie," was written everywhere. The bitter, mean lie she had told the good old German. The shadow crept over her heart and touched her whole being and left a gloom that nothing could dispel. She was paying the penalty for her first deception. It robbed the day of its glorious sunshine. The company of friends could not imagine what made her so sad, unhappy and restless. She would not tell, fearing they would hate her as she hated herself. The day, with its sunshine and anticipated pleasure that came not, wore away.

That night they had a remarkably fine seance. The spirits seemed in great good humor, and when the guides were asked what caused the trouble in the medium's heart, they said they knew, but would not tell just then, but told them to wait and see. That night the tired eyes would not close in sleep, for she felt guilty. God had given her a beautiful gift. Because she desired pleasure to duty she had told a big falsehood to a believing old man who would watch and wait at the ferry for his stolen dogs to come home, and perchance would find them not. Oh, what misery. How bitter the retributive thoughts came and went until daylight with its splendor brightened her mind. All that day she began to plan how she could leave the city, so the honest old German could not confront her with the dreadful fact that he went and waited in vain for his dogs.

The next day and night passed leaving her most

wretched and restless, with well defined plans of absconding until there was no danger of meeting her victim. True, he had paid her no money, but she had lied to him. She had given her mother instructions if a German called, she was not to see him under any circumstances. She would surely die with shame to look in his honest face.

Thinking she was safe she was sitting by the stove in the kitchen when the front door opened, and through the room came steps to the kitchen. She looked up and caught her breath in one big gasp and said, "Oh!" It was the honest old German, who, in his voluble way said, "I come pack to pays you for mine togs." He went on to say he had found them just as she said he would.

Oh, dear heaven, what did it mean? How could it be? She nearly fainted in her wild joy that at least he had the dogs and she had not told him an untruth. She then heard a voice saying: "You meant to tell that good old man a story. In your eagerness to get away, you would not give him a sitting, and thus give us a chance to tell him. We saw your purpose and conversed with his spirit relatives who knew about the dogs. My little lady, we worked hard indeed to clear you of the vilest of all vile things—a falsehood. We knew, and let you suffer, that you might know that real falsehoods will bring you pain, shame and bitter, degrading humiliation, such as will consume all that is good and loyal within your soul."

This experience was sufficient. She never forgot the pain and disgust and terror of that first attempt at deception.

A COUNTRY BOY CONSULTS THE DEVIL.

A boy, named Silas Green, came to her with a useless leg, bent almost double. He wanted to be very polite and he wanted so much to be cured. He asked the medium if Mephistopheles would cure him. He did not want to be rude and say devil.

The young man had hurt his knee while working in a corn field and the doctors all told him he could not recover

the use of his leg. They told him the sack containing the joint water had burst, causing a stiffness impossible to remove. The spirit directed the medium to place one hand on the knee, the other under the knee and hold them there about five minutes. She then took hold of the foot and gave one sudden pull. The young man fell back in a spasm of terrible agony, moaning that the devil had surely killed him.

In a few moments the control's voice greeted him kindly and said: "Get up and stand upon both feet." "I can't," he said. The voice said: "Oh, yes, you can." He struggled weakly to his feet. When lo! he could straighten out the poor, crippled drawn up leg that for five years had given him a world of pain. It was all right and he could walk. No need for the unsightly crutches; no limping through life. How gratefully he thanked the devil for the marvelous cure. He said, "I can't quite believe it's angel power, for they don't take any care of us. They are too busy singing songs in Heaven at the feet of Jesus."

Blind, blind world! Ignorant humanity! Souls made strong and glad in the light of immortality have much more useful tasks than singing hymns and psalms in glory. No, it is not strange that angels find it hard to reach human souls and break away the barriers of the old superstitions, to enable them to enter into our domain of thought.

The great religious world, dominated by creeds, both taught and inbred, prefer to live in the shadow rather than in the light of God's best providence. They prefer to live in darkness rather than accept a truth, or any scientific fact, outside of their teachings and contradictory of Milton's epic story of man's fall, and of their especially devised plan of salvation.

There is nothing more pretentious in the world to-day than to ask thinking men to accept by faith what can be so readily and easily demonstrated as a fact—what can become positive knowledge.

Faith is well, knowledge is better, when that know-

ledge is natural; positive because scientific, and is the one great hope of humanity. We readily accept the latest and greatest achievements of science in commanding the ethereal of currents, irrespective of storm and tempest, to register, in the fraction of a second of time, its thought thousands of miles across seas and continents—a phenomenon more marvelous than any we here record, which, after only a few trials, is accepted without question. Why deny this older and so often demonstrated fact? Why require more demonstration of the fact that there is an interchange of thought between this stage of existence and the next? Is not the same magnetic force used in one instance as in the other, only differently generated? Does the religious world wait for the hand of science to reach into the great laboratory of nature and devise some plan, some material apparatus by the use of which these communications can be had, instead of receiving them through God's living instruments? Must it have such a method of communication before it will cease to raise barriers to spiritual messages, before objection and persecutions will cease? Such an invention is possible, is contemplated, and will be forthcoming in the near future. Why so impervious to divine spirit working through matter? Why so blindly trample under religious feet the celestial flowers that would grow beautifully in our lives and replace the bitter thoughts of deceit and hypocrisy by the sweet thoughts of truth, charity and love? Why beat back the wonderful visions of our loved ones and reject their words of love and peace, as they come over the weary night of time illumining our darkened pathway with the wonders of their celestial homes? Why close our hearts to the splendor of their glowing thoughts, radiant with the beauties of the after life?

THE INDIAN MAKES PRAIRIE QUININE.

Our medium, now most happy in the exercise of her healing gift, on one occasion, accompanied her father who went after wood to what was known as the Mississippi

bottoms. Her father left her with a German family. Nearly all of the family were ill with chills and fever.

She could not speak German, and they could not understand English, but the invisible host immediately stepped in and conversed with them in German as lively as one could wish. All their ills and complaints were speedily poured out to this girl, under what, if they could have understood the stupendous fact, would have been to them the devil's influence. She hastened from the house to the woods nearby and began a systematic search after herbs, and found them. Her father saw her, followed and watched. She cleaned them quickly in a brook, took them to the house, steeped them, and, in the German language, all unconscious, gave them instructions how to take the preparations. They carefully followed instructions, and when she visited them shortly afterwards, taking a German girl with her to talk, she found them all well and profuse in their gratitude for her timely assistance. They told her about their neighbors who were sick with the same trouble and appealed to her to help and cure them.

The same angel of guidance and charity controlled her, found the herbs and took them to the other sick and wretchedly poor people. No less than half a dozen families suffering from that disease were thus cured. The plant was then cultivated by many. The medium's control called it "prairie quinine."

She possessed so much of the curative power and was so successful that people from far and wide sought her. She often spent hours in the woods gathering roots and herbs to make into syrup for the afflicted.

EXPERIENCE AS A NURSE.

She had a remarkable experience with a lady, Mrs. Black, who had black erysipelas of a very malignant form. The doctors told her it was contagious but she did not forsake her post. When death had released the sufferer and the medium was preparing the corpse for a lonely burial,

the spirit of the woman stood by her side and said, "My dear, what is that woman doing there?" The medium said, "where," almost forgetting that it was a spirit and not Mrs. Black in the body, who thus spoke to her. The spirit pointed with indignation expressed in every feature to the body and said: "That woman there with some kind of disease, pointing to her own body." Greatly excited the spirit again said to the medium, "Get out of here quick, my dear; she has some kind of a malignant disease and I am afraid we will catch it." The face of the dead woman was badly swollen and covered with terrible blotches so that the spirit failed to recognize her own body.

The spirit had taken its departure so suddenly from the afflicted body that she did not know she was dead. In life Mrs. Black was a woman about thirty-nine or forty years old and quite prepossessing in appearance. She soon became aware of her demise, and was taken away by her spirit friends.

On another occasion, when two beautiful children passed over with scarlet fever, she was their sole attendant. The mother lay at death's door. The father who had to work to keep the wolf from the door, earning a mere pittance by his long day's labor, was away from home. The doctor came and looked down upon the two little ones who had been the sunshine of the home, so bare of all comforts. The day was dark and stormy. The mother was so ill that she could not lift her head from the pillow. There was no light except the sputtering weak flame from a piece of rag in a saucer of oil. The room seemed filled with some mighty presence.

The doctor looked around, spoke kindly to our over-taxed girl nurse, and asked: "What is it that makes this room look so bright? Look! it's all aglow!" Over the heads of the two children rested a celestial radiance. "Is it not the reflection of Jessie's golden hair?" asked the medium, naming one of the girls to avert the doctor's skeptical mind from what was now quite familiar to her—the presence of the angels who had come for the dying.

There was a glorious light in that humble room. The doctor could not leave. He took off his coat and rubbers and sat down for the first time in earnest in his examinations. With a startled voice he said, "My God, they are both dying." One little hand of each of the children lay in his, growing colder and colder. Presently the father came in from the mud of the streets, from the tedium of work, with every nerve strained because of his dire necessities and his watching and waiting at the bedside of his wife and his sick and now dying children. The radiance in the room remained. The father was not left without hope. Though desolate in his yearnings to again see the little golden and brown heads resting on his breast, he knew they would come again and again to cheer him on life's road. The mother recovered to find her birdlings gone.

When Dr. Lewis told her of the glorious light that had filled the room, and of the fragrance, as if some visible throng had brought flowers of beauty and left them with her loved ones, she sighed and said: "All is well done in the will of the Father."

Maud was invited to visit in Hannibal, Mo. She went to the house of the well known Judge Archer, who so kindly received her. There, pretty much as in her own home, she held cabinet seances for full form manifestations, independent slate writing, found lost and stolen property and convinced many skeptics. She reformed several drinking men who had no hope that reform was possible. Her powerful and kindly guides surrounded them with care and strengthened and released them from their terrible habit and appetites.

The general public at this date was most bitter and denunciatory over spirit phenomena. The church people and especially the ministers, were exceedingly abusive of all mediums and those accepting this great truth.

Not infrequently she would be approached by church members who would try and crush her with their mighty

wrath and predict a terrible ending for her, saying it was of the devil, and that she had sold herself to him to gain this power of insight into human lives.

None came to pray with her. They reviled and lashed her with vengeance for this, the soul's best gift, that which had saved her from madness, from death in the waters of the old river, saved her from absolute ignorance. No need for her to picture to them her past despair before this blaze of living light crept slowly into her life and was now lighting up the horizon of her darkened sky. They told her that God did not hear her; that she was so wicked.

Wise, most wise to thus know God's will and purpose so well! The angels heard, and always after these rude, but possibly necessary combats and conflicts, would try to render some service to her young soul thus grown desolate under the lashings of religious hate.

ENCOUNTER WITH A MINISTER.

One day a minister called upon her and abruptly asked her if she was the young lady possessing the devil. She answered, "No, sir, but if you have angel friends that are with you, I can see them."

"You lie," he said; "you lie. You see devils, for angels are with God. I am a minister of God and I should know whether angels come back or not. I have not seen them and I know you see the devil. You should be put in prison and kept there. You are inoculating hundreds with your infernal teaching."

This religious tirade brought tears to her eyes. Her heart was gentle, loving, forgiving and so tender towards all God's creatures; she could not trample out the life of even a flower, and this rude, wrathful talk from one who professed to be a follower of Jesus made crucifixion in her heart.

He continued and fairly hissed his accusations in the most condemning, abusive and vindictive words. He gave her no chance to reply, so fierce was his wrath.

It was nearly dark, and as he started to leave, there came from the corner of the room a sound as of rustling garments. Out of the shadow of the corner came something white as spotless snow. The minister looked and fairly shrieked. "My God, what is this?"

As he grasped at this something white in front of him, his fingers clutched only the air. He looked and acted like a madman. He shook his finger in her face and said: "That was one of your lying tricks." Again a chair moved from the farther part of the room, moved close up to the enraged clergyman. Frenzied with anger and fear, he started up as if to annihilate anything that dared to assume shape in his august presence. He clutched the chair and held it fast. Again the form showed itself, this time clear and distinct. With a startled cry he said, "My God, it's my mother!" and fell back speechless.

For some time there was not a word spoken. At last he broke out with terrible indignation, saying that the devil had brought his dead mother, Mrs Lucinda Dunn, from her grave and from her winding sheets where they had laid her.

This reverend gentleman lived in, or near, St. Louis.

At another time, in Quincy, several church people came together to ask that she let them support her and she renounce her teaching. With dire threats they told her that many were being led by her devil power to believe in spirits and that she must cease to teach such dreadful things. She told them that it could not be of evil origin and smiled at their threats, saying: "Imprison me if you wish, load my good name with odium, hurl at me all your wrath and rage, pursue me with torture and lacerations of heart, yet will I teach and preach, if only to the spirits in prison. They will heed and hear my prayers. You can torture and wound me, persecute and make me wretched, but you cannot take from me my light and my *Life*. This light may fall in barren places, even as now, but in time it will cause the seed of immortal life and beauty to spring up and bear fruit."

They thought her lost and bent upon her own destruction. The Reverend Mr. Jones, who later became a spiritualist, was among the number to send members of his congregation to persuade her to cease what he thought were evil teachings. But this was only a drop of the wormwood and gall she had to drink from the proud and foolish who believed their wisdom was sufficient to fathom the laws and secrets of the universe.

Of these men believing themselves wise beyond all measure, assuming to have drunk the fount of wisdom dry, it might be said as has been said before:

“Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet, cry, if Man’s unhappy, God’s unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heaven’s high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge His justice, be the God of God.”

The workers on new lines who question dominant religious thought must accept the bitter with the sweet, and must be prepared to take the abuse that ignorant and prejudiced souls may hurl at them. They must be prepared to receive the venom, the sneers, the malice and the thoughts that seethe and wound, and hurt with bitterest pain—wounds that prevent honest and struggling souls from arising on the wings of lofty and holy inspirations.

FOUR WISE MEN.

“Four wise men” came one day while she was busy with her Monday’s work and asked her to show them what she could do. She told them she was very busy and could hardly spare the time. “We thought so,” said one of them, with a sneer. “We have brought something the devil cannot work through.” Being thus positively and insultingly addressed she became conscious that her guides wished her to reprove them and show them how ignorant they were to thus boast.

She said, "Come in gentlemen." Rolling down her sleeves she gave them chairs.

"We hear you get raps, almost anywhere."

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"Well, do you make them with your toe joints?"

Laughing heartily, she replied: "Hardly, sir, as they will rap on your head, if you wish."

One, a most devout deacon, as he proved to be, did not want to be so familiar with the devil.

"As long as you do not make them with your toes, or feet, or hands, you can have no objection to our experimenting and showing you that it is the devil, and lead you back to a better life than teaching people this delusion?"

She cheerfully assented and they brought in from their vehicle four large bottles and a large piece of glass. Taking their four hats they wisely put each bottle into a hat. They next took the glass and placed it upon the bottles, with a look of "There, Mr. Devil, if you dare." They then said, "Now, Miss, ask them to rap on this glass."

She touched the glass and asked, if any spirit was present to please rap. No rap came.

Pleased and exultant one of them said: "There, I told you so."

Again she said, "Please rap three times." This time three soft and distinct raps came, "one, two, three," on the glass.

Their faces changed, one nervously said, "Gentlemen what is this that defies all laws of electricity and magnetism?" "Ask again, Miss, if they will rap."

Immediately three loud and distinct raps came on the glass. Three more came on the bottles; brittle, snapping raps. They all started back in amazement.

The medium said, "Do you wish to communicate?" "Yes," came the quick reply. She repeated a, b, c, and so on until the right letter was called; and this message was spelled out.

"These men are spiritually blind and without wisdom

sufficient to comprehend the divine laws controlling mind and matter. In their superstitious blindness they deny all evidence of this manifesting, deific force and call it, 'The Devil.' They are babbling fools, acknowledging nothing outside of their own fathomless stupidity, knowing nothing beyond their own limited senses, let them go."

This astonished one of the gentlemen considerably, and he said, "Are there things that you could tell us that would benefit our lives?" Readily the answer came, "Yes." Then more messages, names of friends and dates of their deaths were given.

Finally the elder one of the party rose in great excitement and said, "Miss, you have treated us to an exhibition of diabolism."

This was hardly said when the glass was lifted from the bottles. It went up suddenly and with a swift, quick dash was shattered into innumerable pieces as it came down upon the bottles.

Thus ended the seance with the four wise men of Egypt. One gentleman, Mr. Beckwith, declared it could only be of evil origin and that the medium would some time burn in a literal lake of fire and brimstone.

Without thanks or recompense of any kind for her time they took their departure. They came to interview the devil and went away marveling at his sagacious wit and wonderful knowledge of their lives.

UNUSUAL TEST CONDITIONS.

The next day following this experience the medium was called to Mr. Hoekenberry's in Warren County. They had made all arrangements for a cabinet seance. They requested her to come alone so they would know that she had no accomplices. The company was mainly composed of their immediate family, eight or ten in all. They had prepared a board through which they had made four holes. They tied each hand and each foot with stout cords and passed the ends of the cords through the holes in the board and knotted them on the other side. She was thus tied

so she could not move hand or foot. They then laid her and the board flat on the floor and tacked her garments to the floor.

They had scarcely closed the curtain before hands were shown and faces of their loved ones appeared, recognition and hand-shakings and exchange of greetings seemed to be the order of the evening. Little toddling children, so small and tiny the parents had to kneel to touch their hands and see the cherub faces. Lights large and luminous came, sometimes fleeting, sometimes coming slowly and staying for several seconds. Sometimes there were faces, sometimes the entire form of some loved one appeared. They asked and received this glorious light. Like a blessing it fell upon those who sought to understand.

They examined the medium and found her as they had left her, tied and tacked to the board and floor. It was impossible for her to move, get up, or duplicate any of the manifestations.

These manifestations were evidence to their senses, and to their reason. Their minds were flooded with the glad tidings of great joy that there was no death, that God, the great essential soul, a power ever present and ever felt, had given his angels command over matter as well as given to every atom its inherent condition of divine life and place in the realms of being; had given to every flower its living and exquisite individual life and form of beauty, and had endowed all organized forms with individualized, ensphering, cosmic force that calls atoms back to recognizable forms of life and beauty.

By these laws build we our bodies and formulate out thought—form them on lines of beauty pure and good, or with evil intent to hurt and wound. Thus equipped these thoughts go forth winged with potent force and purpose to ennoble or demean the spirit in its own eyes.

When memory, the great recording angel, accuser and judge—from whose decision there will be no appeal, shall, in that after life unroll her living palimpsest and reproduce every line, there will be no intermediary, for this

harvest of bitter and sweet will be ours and ours alone. Such is the testimony of all who have come from beyond the Golden Bastions of Eternal Life, and such have been the precepts of all the great ethical teachers of humanity. As Juvenal says: "Himself being the judge, no guilty man is acquitted."

Did not Jesus—the Christ—say: "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; nothing hidden that shall not be known.

Confucius—the philosopher—said: "Man cannot be concealed from the consequences of his acts."

Gautama—the Buddha—said: "The thing is followed by its shadow."

The same spiritual laws and great moral truths were taught by all of the sixteen crucified saviors of whom we have record. Of these, Chrisna, Gautama and Jesus, each in his epoch, have left to humanity three imperishable religions which have withstood and always will withstand the assaults of skepticism and materialism. So long as man has a knowledge of a continued existence, so long will he continue to be religious.

Chrisna the savior of the Hindoos, is the oldest and, like Jesus, died on the cross, while Gautama, the savior of the Buddhists, Tartars and Chinese escaped crucifixion. They all taught a spiritual religion and lived lives of simplicity and purity. They possessed great healing and clairvoyant powers. Their mothers were immaculate and had holy conceptions, the same as that of Mary, the mother of Jesus, who, with Joseph, was controlled or entranced by spirits, or as the Bible states it, by the Holy Ghost, at the conception of Jesus. So the wiser intelligences now explain and so was it explained to Joseph by the angel of the Lord. They performed miracles, cured the lame, healed the sick, made the blind see; cast out devils, or cured obsession; showed themselves as risen, materialized spirits, and were worshipped by their followers.

According to the most reliable calculations, Chrisna lived about 6890 years ago, and Gautama about 2560 years

ago. None of these three ever claimed to be God, but all taught the same high spiritual truths and moral responsibilities. They were mediums as was Appollonius of Tyana, who was a contemporary of Jesus and confined his work to the rich while Jesus confined himself to the poor; so were Socrates, Cicero, Esculapius, Zoroaster, founder of the fire worshippers of ancient Persia, and Sosioch the Persian Savior. All these great teachers and mediums, even in earliest history of humanity taught a moral responsibility. All taught a continued existence, recognizing this stage of existence as preparatory to the next.

Our own science also teaches us that nature's laws are not vicarious. All is cause and effect. Action and reaction are equal in mechanics, in intellectual and spiritual realms,—in all forms of force. Why refuse to recognize law, why build codes of ethics and formulate lines of thought and action contrary to nature's divine law?

The upward way of eternal progression is already blocked by centuries of ignorance, ecclesiasticism and intellectualism gone mad. Why not accept the natural, logical deductions of reason and listen to the voices that whisper to our inner consciousness? Why not hearken to those whose lips are again falling into speech in conformity to God's eternal laws? These laws are the same to-day as when Jesus spoke to His Disciples in the closed room. These laws are unchanged and unchangeable forever, and cannot be adjusted to man's creeds.

These teachings, with the poverty, humiliation and sorrows that she had to endure, made our girl medium strong and brave in the great battle of life. They gave her power over the hearts of the people who were mourning over the loss of family and friends, and who feared that grim terror called death. Her mission was to teach such that there is no limit to this God-given power of the soul. That there is no boundary line to soul forces—no limit, only God, who permits the loved ones to come and tell of the greater birth which death brings—who permits them to return with memory of the past and knowl-

edge of the future, and to establish beautiful peace where fear existed. Nothing so destroys capabilities, cripples human energies or palsies courage as this fear of death.

People came from all parts of the country to see these strange manifestations. The church people continued to talk to her, to write threatening letters, to hurl bitter denunciations from the pulpit upon her defenseless head, and by their prejudices and bigotry, to make her life at times almost unendurable. Others came to learn, but more came out of curiosity. Very few remunerated her for her time and again she was obliged to seek employment.

She found a place with Mrs. Seaman who had never heard of a medium and did not know of her peculiar gift. From the first meeting with the new girl she discovered in her something different from all others and something the good lady could not fathom. The household consisted of four members, Mr. and Mrs. Seaman and one son, eighteen or nineteen years old, and an old servant, the cook. They were people in good circumstances financially, and staunch church members. The medium gave her middle name, fearing that possibly they had heard of her and might not want her.

She had been at this place about two weeks and all went well until one evening the old lady was left alone, her son being away upon a hunting expedition; her husband down street on business and the cook out to a dance, so she sought Maud for company and to break the monotony of the loneliness. The medium, not expecting her and believing she was absolutely secure from intrusion, sought communion with her guides and teachers, chatting and laughing at their witty sayings and repartee, as was often the case when she was left alone with them. Mrs. Seaman went to Maud's room, knowing all the household were absent.

In Heaven's name what can this be? Company in her room! A crowd of people! Astonished and indignant, she listened and heard voices repeating lessons in spelling.

When the voice she knew to be her new girl's failed to spell rightly there was a big laugh, a gentle reprimand and another attempt to spell and so on until this good old church member was horrified and her brain wild with fear that her young son had returned home and was in the room giving her new girl spelling lessons.

Without even a knock upon the door, she rushed in. The room was in stygian darkness. She called to the girl excitedly to get a light immediately that she might see what was going on. She felt surprised that such a nice appearing girl should be so untrustworthy. The lamp was hastily lighted and the room examined. There was but one door and one window. It was a little room upstairs only one outward access to it and the good old lady had her back against this door. She looked into the closet and then into the hall for the culprit.

All this time Maud stood in dismay and silence, that she should be thus caught. What could she say and what would be thought? Mrs. Seaman turned from her fruitless search and said indignantly: "Who did you have in this room? I am sure I heard two or three voices talking." Maud answered: "No one, I was amusing myself, that was all. Please believe me for I do not know any one and would not invite any one to my room without your permission." The lady had to be pacified but was still suspicious. This passed off without any further comment except to the husband who laughed at his wife's fears and fright.

Another week slipped by and one evening the medium was again surprised by a rap upon the door, and Mrs. Seaman's voice saying angrily: "Open the door quick—I have you now." The medium opened the door more frightened than Mrs. Seaman could have been. The same dark and dreadful aspect of the room presented itself to the now thoroughly indignant mistress. That her girl had a gentleman in the room she was now fully convinced. As she entered she placed her back against the door at the same time turning the key that none might escape. She

looked under the bed, in the closet, everywhere and no one was to be found.

She turned to Maud and said, "What is this dreadful thing? I am positive I heard a man talking to you. Where has he gone?" The medium was young and her spirits were easily aroused to mirth or depressed to tears. It was merriment this time. She laughed at the rueful countenance of the good mistress who had been so kindly drawn to her.

This laughing set the madam in a better humor, and she laughed too, and asked that she tell her all and she should not be scolded. The medium said: "I will tell you all about it, and you shall condemn or approve me, censure me, or like me. You shall have the whole truth."

Seated at her feet, she told the story of her mediumship, confided her whole history, told all that others had said in commendation and censure. She was not allowed to retire that night until it was repeated to son and husband when they came in and found them so confidentially closeted together. They must see something for themselves, so they sat around a table. The raps and moving soon claimed their attention and convinced them that the girl was true, and that her trials and tribulations of mediumship were also true. These good church people, honest and true, accepted the facts presented to them. They then wanted a seance. The following evening a cabinet was arranged after the usual manner of cabinets and the preponderance of beautiful evidence of spirit manifestations and return, was verified by convincing proof, by the glorious utterances from lips that they supposed to be cold in death and hidden from sight.

This worthy family was convinced of the continuity of personal, individual life. Death had no more terrors. Their loved ones were not lost in eternal night. Belief had become knowledge. This good soul now proved Maud's benefactress. She provided her a comfortable wardrobe, even elegant, and started her out with a "God bless you, my child,

go and sow the seeds of immortal life, and falter not, and fall not by the wayside. When weary, come to us."

This noble woman and her kindly meaning husband **are** among the angels now, administering to those in spiritual need and darkness. Thus equipped and encouraged, the medium went forth again, visiting many homes and places, and bringing, even to the most bitterly prejudiced and the most obstinate bigots, the light and truth of the brighter side of life. Not infrequently these loving spirit companions would spend hours in teaching her the common things of life, as well as instructing her upon scientific subjects; explaining the laws underlying all life and all things.

Many listening ears have heard these voices delivering grand lectures to this strange child of seemingly unfortunate conditions, in language more choice and elegant than ever fell from human lips, with a vocabulary selected from all tongues and embracing all science, instructing her in laws and principles not then—and some not now—formulated into philosophies, or found in text books of the most advanced colleges.

The possession and the involuntary exercise of these spiritual gifts caused her to be debarred from school and condemned by the church—by those whom the Master is supposed to love and hold in his especial care and keeping, who claimed to be predestined as "Heirs of Salvation from the beginning."

How did these chosen few, these elect—and there **are** some of them still living in this glorious twentieth century of advanced thought—treat this gifted child?

Did she have to climb with bleeding feet and bruised hands to reach the summit, to receive the wisdom from celestial teachers, to place this light so high that men and "spirits in prison" could catch the gleam and not lose the way of eternal progression—this God-given light of the soul, the only light that can illuminate the dark depths of materialism and unbelief, for surely the shortest road to materialism is through the church?

CHAPTER IV.

EXPERIENCES OF A. H. WILLIAMS OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

"I have no creed. Creeds are but words.
Good is the only rule: and, yet, I fear no death;
Or, if a creed, but this; I love humanity, and require
The Fatherhood of God—the Brotherhood of man."

A. H. Williams, who conducted a series of spiritual meetings for many years on the West Side in Chicago, was one of the first in Illinois to recognize the fact of spirit return. He organized and conducted the first spiritual society in the southern part of the state, at Quincy, where our medium, just a mere girl, took charge, spoke under control, gave tests and held public seances. Their meetings were held in Hampshire Hall. After the speaking they sometimes sat around a table and received communications by raps, and, sometimes they had a cabinet.

At one of the cabinet seances, the spirit of a woman came and said she was from New York state, and, while passing through Quincy she had been murdered by two men who had followed her from New York to rob her; and, that the two men were still in the city. She said they had murdered her and dismembered her body in a small hotel near the depot, where she had been induced to stop when she arrived. She also said if they would look back of the old Quincy House they would find one of her hands, and would find a portion of her body in an abandoned well in another part of the city.

Mr. Williams made search the next day and found the hand and gave it to the authorities with a full account of how the information came to him. When this became publicly known it caused great excitement, and the curious

became so interested that search was made for the old and abandoned well. This was at last located and a portion of the body found as told by the spirit.

Everybody was now talking about the murder, the strange way in which it was discovered, and the still stranger girl medium at the Sunday evening meeting. If the spirit could tell so much, why not tell who were the murderers, and point them out, was the universal query.

The next Sunday evening the hall was crowded. Quite a number sat around the table for raps. On such occasions, the rule was, when raps came, for each to say, "Is it for me?" and so on, around the table.

Raps came during this evening which did not come for any one at the table. Mr. Williams asked others present to repeat the question until the spirits should designate the one to whom they came. This was done by a few of those present. Two men, when their turn to ask came, said they did not believe in such things and refused to ask if it was for them. Mr. Williams then asked the spirit to spell out the name. Immediately the name of the murdered woman was rapped out.

All eyes were turned upon the two men who had refused to ask if the raps were for them. Greatly excited they arose and commenced to abuse and deride the whole matter and instantly left the room.

The next day a man reported that two men came hurriedly to the river and paid him five dollars to row them across. From their talk he knew they had been at Mr. William's meeting.

Mr. Williams and his family of girls were all musicians, and singers. He had arranged to travel with them and give musical entertainments, and concluded to take Mand with them. He made a contract with her father for her service for a year. On his musical program he advertised "Miss Jennie Barrock" to give cabinet seances for spiritual manifestations, materializations, clairvoyance and clairaudience. He boldly challenged the world to investi-

gate. He went forth to battle for the truth, conscious that his medium could fully demonstrate the facts. His courage and ability were destined to be severely tested. Few had heard of spiritualism, and fewer still dared to admit its claim, because it was not popular.

THE WISE MAN OF THE TOWN EXPLAINS.

Mr. Williams writes as follows: Our first stop was at Camp Point, for two evenings. Here the important man of the place was a doctor whose wisdom was great in the eyes of the people. He would show that it was all humbug, so wise are many people in pronouncing upon a subject concerning which they know nothing.

On the second evening this doctor came with several yards of surgeon's silk. They were twenty-seven minutes in tying the medium under his directions. She stepped into the cabinet, and in just *three minutes* stepped out freed from every knot. The audience shouted and the great doctor, who had told nearly all present that he would expose the humbug, was invited to step up and be as frank in explaining how it was done as he was careful in tying the silk. Only one supremely ignorant would have so promptly attempted an explanation.

He stepped forward and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the girl never untied herself. This I know, for I have experimented with this subject until I know what can be done with electricity, magnetism and will power. I have three times the electricity, magnetism and will power of anyone in this room. She brought her electricity and magnetism to bear upon the knots."

I then said, "If that is true, will you please step forward and let the balance of the committee tie you as you tied the girl, and you step into this cabinet and see what your will power can do?"

He stammered and said, "No, I did not come here to give an exhibition; I have not the time to go over the ground it would require."

The audience cheered and said, "Doe. you are down. Go on with your show, Mister."

After a week's absence we returned to Quincy, where we gave several seances, and then started for Pike County. Arriving at the town of Berry, we found the only hall in the place occupied by a sleight of hand performer, who I will call "Mr. Brown."*

Mr. Brown invited us to visit his entertainment, saying that as we were traveling as spiritualists, he would omit from his program his exposure of the rope-tying of the Davenport boys.

I at once said, "Not on our account. We can back everything on our bills, and you can tie her if you want to do so." He was quite anxious to try it.

After his performance he came to our hall and was permitted to tie her. He did it very effectively, saying: "She cannot get out unless someone unties her." She stepped into a darkened room; and, in exactly two and a half minutes, stepped out and said to Mr. Brown, "Is this the rope with which you tied me?" He examined it and answered, "Yes, and I am beaten. You beat the world on that line."

After the performance we were all seated together in the hotel parlor when suddenly she looked up to him and said: "Mr. Brown, I see a spirit man standing by you." "Can you describe him?" he asked. "Yes, he says he is your brother," she replied. She stopped a few moments and, putting her hands over her face, ran from the room.

When we adjourned to our own apartment, we found her reading. I said: "Jennie why did you not tell Mr. Brown more about his brother?" She said: "I could not, he looked so badly. His throat was cut from ear to ear, and he said his brother did it for his property."

*NOTE—All the incidents of travel with Mr. Williams' family herein related are furnished by Mr. Williams, written by him before he passed over. For reasons which will be understood, in the following incident he gives the name of this sleight-of-hand performer, who is still alive, as "Mr. Brown."

After this night's revelations he became more interested in us, and left, after learning our route and all the particulars of Jennie's parents and where they lived. He went to Quincy and tried to effect an arrangement for her to leave me and go with him.

When Brown left Quincy, he came directly to us. He watched his opportunity to talk with Jennie and found her an excellent hypnotic subject, and at once took advantage of it. Under his direction and suggestion, she showed great hatred towards me. He told her that her father was willing she should go with him and his wife. And he said he would give her one hundred dollars per week. What was I to do? He had told one of our company he had come for her, and he would have her, if he had to go through hell and steal her out of the back door. It was a problem for me, how to free her from his influence. A thought came to me; I must use strategy. I said to him: "We are billed at Mount Sterling for Monday night and this is Saturday. I propose that you go to Mount Sterling and bill for a joint exhibition." He agreed to this and left, but not until he had an interview with Jennie. The next morning we started for Quincy. She fell asleep and rode sixteen miles before she awoke. Then she looked around and inquired the direction of Mount Sterling. The driver answered, "It is north." "You are not going north," she said. "I know it, but I shall turn north soon." She looked at him steadily for a few moments and then exclaimed, "How are you Mount Sterling," and began crying. "What is the matter, little girl?" asked the driver.

"Oh, you are not going to Mount Sterling, you are going home and I must go to Mount Sterling. Mr. Brown made me lay my hand on the Bible and swear I would meet him at Mount Sterling on Monday." "So you shall," I replied, "if he has not lied to me: if he has, I am under no obligation to carry out my engagement with him." Jennie then said: "He did lie." "How do you know?" I asked. "Clarence tells me so, and he stands laughing at

me, and says: 'How is the back door through which he was going to get you?' "

On arriving I called on her father and learned that his story was all a fabrication. Jennie persisted in saying that Mr. Brown was coming to Quincy.

On the following morning a boy came to my home and said, "Mr. Jones wishes to see you at the entrance to the park." I said: "Tell Mr. Jones I am at home, and if he wishes to see me he will find me here." I asked a member of my family to step to the top of the hill, and see if "Jones" was "Brown." He did so, and I was correct. He was there. At the same time Jennie was in the basement dining room with my daughter, and all at once she started saying, "They are calling me. I must go." My daughter called to her mother on the next floor to look out for Jennie, for something was wrong. By this time she had gained the second floor. My wife immediately locked the doors, and for three days and nights we had to guard her constantly.

The second day her father came to see her, and said she was crazy, that she always had the devil with her, and he would now send her to Jacksonville to the insane asylum. I argued with him that she was not crazy, but under hypnotic influence, and to leave her with me and I would bring her out all right. He insisted on sending her away, until I told him he could not, for she was mine for several months yet, by a written contract.

That settled it, and he said no more. I told him to find the man Brown and drive him from the town. He did so. Brown had made all arrangements to kidnap the girl.

After he left the city her excitement died away. We were obliged to remain at home for three weeks before we could resume our work. Our trouble was not ended, although we watched her constantly. When she would go out and was in danger, her control, Kaolah, would bring her home. When he got control there was no trouble with either mortal or spirit. He was supreme. Nevertheless, she

would sometimes take the reins in her own hands and would always suffer from it.

On the day of our first seance after this trouble she went to her father's house in the afternoon with the promise that she would return in time for the seance in the evening. This was on Thursuay and we did not see her again until Sunday night at eight o'clock.

According to her recollection she went home, and from there started to go to a laundry. To shorten the distance, she passed into an alley, intending to enter the back door. Some one came up behind her and threw something over her head. In a few seconds a buggy drove up, and she was lifted into it. That was the last she remembered until she found herself confined in a room, but, where, she could not tell. She knew she was a prisoner for she could hear men drinking and talking in the next room, saying they must telegraph to him. She heard them say that she had the devil with her, and they could not keep her very long, and they might lose their thousand dollars if she got away. Clarence, her guide, told her not to eat or drink anything they might bring her and to hold herself in readiness to go when they should say the word; that they would open the door and take her home, but she must do as they told her.

Sunday night we found her lying across my door-step in an unconscious condition, with her clothes torn and rent, a most painful looking object. When she was brought to consciousness, she remembered the direction from whence she came. Her controls brought her across the cemetery, which was enclosed by an osage orange hedge six feet in height, and across a ravine which it would have been impossible for any person to cross in the night.

This we verified, as I went back the next morning and found parts of her wearing apparel where they had caught on the brush. Her gloves, hat, scarf and clothing told the story of her perilous flight. She knew the direction, and distinctly remembered crossing the cemetery. Her guides kept her in a straight line while her pursuers were obliged to go around by the road.

LOCATES BURIED MONEY.

At one time a lady came for a sitting, but made no statement as to her identity or what she wanted. Jennie at once said: "Oh yes, I see, your husband is dead; he passed away suddenly, by accident, but you did not come to hear from him. It is for something lost, or it seems as though it was hidden away. It looks like money. It is gold and there is considerable of it and in large pieces."

"Can you tell me where it is?" "Yes it is buried in the old log house that stands in this direction from the house in which you live," pointing in the direction in which it stood. "Go to the southeast corner and dig and you will find the money." The lady went home and found it as directed. Her husband was killed by walking out of a second story window in the night.

At Monmouth and Galesburg, we met a few professional men, who, with no knowledge of the subject, expected the phenomena to be produced under any conditions they might prescribe. On the second night of our engagement at Monmouth, a committee consisting of Dr. Clark and Dr. Field, of Galesburg, attended our seance. They had been sent to engage us to come to Galesburg if they found our performance genuine. We had rooms at the American Hotel, kept at the time by Geo. S. Robinson, a fearless, independent thinker, where we held our meetings. At these seances we were subjected to every imaginable test, even to putting mittens on Jennie's hands; taking her garments to the floor; tying her to the chair; people sitting and holding her hands remote from those receiving the manifestations; putting flour and a certain number of shot in each hand—all done with only one thought in their minds that it was a trick, a fraud.

On invitation of Dr. Clark and Dr. Field we went to Galesburg where for two weeks our seances were satisfactory to all, excepting to a few who thought their claim to wisdom and smartness would be questioned unless they could detect fraud.

No two cabinet seances were ever alike. No manifestation was ever duplicated, excepting the untying of the medium by her controls. With such an endless variety of facts; such varied and unexpected manifestations, for, if genuine, it is the unexpected that always occurs, with such a wide range of manifestations covering nearly every experience in human life, the proofs were astounding. It is a wonder to me that this child, so sensitive and self-sacrificing, convinced so many of immortality, and the return of departed spirits.

THE CONTROL GIVES HER A LESSON.

On our first night at Knoxville, Illinois, the committee had securely bound Jennie and placed her in the cabinet. For full thirty minutes we waited. She did not come out. What could be the trouble? Such a thing had never occurred in all her experience. The committee went in and found her just as they had left her. This created quite a sensation. The committee untied her and asked her what was the matter. She said, "Clarence is not here." One of the committee stepped forward and said it was one of the best proofs to him that the young lady did not untie herself. If she could untie herself, she would not have stood in the cabinet that length of time.

Just before we had finished our program, Jennie came to me and said: "Clarence has come, and if they will tie me again, he will untie me." The committee readily responded and after she stepped into the cabinet we could hear her asking where he had been and why he was not attending to business.

In a very few minutes the rope was taken off. I asked her what Clarence meant. She said that the night before, she commenced or attempted to do some things herself, and he left her this night to teach her a lesson. He told her he would leave her if she attempted such a thing again.

A SPIRITUALIST DEMANDS HIS CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS.

At Maquon, I was arrested for not having a license. The gentleman who had engaged us appeared in court and said it was his religion, and the Constitution of the United States gave him a right to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience. This was his revival meeting. The justice answered, "I cannot see that these people have broken the law, and if I fine them, I must also fine every minister who holds his meetings of whatever name they may be." I was discharged.

KAOLAH CURES A CRIPPLE.

At one of the seances held at Vermont, Illinois, a man came on crutches having one leg badly crippled. During the seance, the Indian, Kaolah, came to him and said, "White man have bad leg. I cure it." "I wish you would try," said the man. The Indian commenced to treat the crippled and drawn-up leg. After rubbing it some little time, as all in the seance could hear, he put his hand on the knee and taking hold of the ankle with the other, gave a quick, sharp pull and instantly grasped the knee with both hands and rubbed down towards the foot. This is as the man told the story. He walked away without his crutches.

At a seance in Canton, Illinois, held at Mr. Porter's house, the controls lifted the medium, chair and all to the ceiling, where she made marks with a red and blue pencil. Seventeen years after this incident Mr. Porter told me he had never permitted the marks to be erased, and that they should remain there as long as he lived.

Sometimes the spirits would themselves do this marking with the pencil. On one of these occasions while holding a seance at the house of Dr. Boggs, in Havana, Illinois, a pencil was given to Clarence with the request to mark on the ceiling above. Suddenly the pencil hit me on the hand, and I knew something was wrong. The pencil had been blackened. On examining Jennie's hands, no signs of the lamp black were found, although the ceiling was marked.

In this case the pencil was blackened by the gentleman having charge of the seance, showing that our own friends were anxious to test the medium. Had she not been true she would have been detected every night, for we gave them every possible opportunity to satisfy themselves.

The Indian, Kaolah, would often lay his large hand upon the heads of those present. On one occasion, a man came with his hair full of lamp black, thinking he would surely catch the medium. The Indian rubbed his head good and hard, and did not forget to rub his face. In a few minutes the gentleman called for the light. He then walked up to her and said, "Will you please let me look at your hands?" She held them up, and he exclaimed, "I don't understand this; there is not a bit on them." He was asked what he expected to find. This caused the whole company to look at him. He was greeted with a roar of laughter. His face was completely covered with the lamp black.

At one of the seances a stranger came. As soon as all were seated a spirit came to him and said: "Please give me the ring." He took one from his finger and said, "Here it is." The spirit spoke again, and said, "Not that one, I want the ring your mother gave you." He placed the ring back on the finger and held up his hand, and said, "Take it off, please, if you know it." That particular ring was immediately taken from his finger. He said there was not a person within one hundred miles who knew anything about him.

At Havana, Illinois, and at one other place we had experiences that were disastrous to the medium. We could not make the people understand that all materialization in nature requires negative conditions; neither could we make them understand that darkness is one of the essential conditions for these phenomena.

At a seance held at Dr. Boggs', in Havana, Ill., someone fastened a parlor match in one end of the pencil and gave it to the medium. When the control lifted her up to the ceiling, we all heard her mark. When she turned the

pencil and drew it across the ceiling, there was a flash of light, and the sitters all saw the medium and the chair fall to the floor with a scream and a crash. She was terribly injured and severely bruised in her back and sides, and was incapacitated for work for some time. Some of the sitters were very indignant and there was considerable talk of legal prosecution, but the medium would not hear to any retaliation. She would always suffer rather than cause others any distress.

While holding a seance at Bath, Illinois, by invitation, an incident occurred, showing that the controls were not always on the watch for the tricks played upon us. The people had heard how the Indian pulled off boots; and on this particular occasion, they all wanted their boots pulled off. Some of the boots were muddy, some were smeared with tar, others had spurs, and one had a row of sharp nails five-eighths of an inch long completely around the heel.

As soon as the circle was formed they commenced calling for Kaolah to take off their boots. He finally took hold of one and pulled it about half way off and left it and would not take hold of it again. The next one called with the same result, and so on, until five had been started and all left. The sixth one called, but he said, "I will not, your boots are dirty."

Then came the boot with the sharp nails. Kaolah was not in any hurry to take hold of it, but at last he caught hold of it with such force the gentleman was obliged to break the circle and hold to the chair. He curled his foot up to prevent him from taking it off. He told me afterwards, he felt sure, if Kaolah got it off he would have thrown it in his face. He said he would have given ten dollars if he had not tried the experiment, for he saw the instant the hand touched him, it was not the medium's hand.

When the spirit let go of the boot, he gave one leap to the floor that made the whole house tremble, and spoke so

as to be distinctly heard by all. "White man one big d—n fool."*

I immediately inquired what it all meant. The man said, "It is Kaolah, it is all right." I replied, "Do not lay anything to him or to any other spirit that does not belong to them." He answered that it was all right.

Before leaving he brought the boot to me and said, "I will make you a present of this, that you may remember this place and have it to show through what tests you have passed."

SATISFACTORY TESTS.

Our next visit was to Princeton, Illinois, where one of the sitters brought a dark lantern into the seance, and while the manifestation was at its best he turned his light on the chair where Jennie was supposed to sit, expecting to find her out of it, but there she sat in full view of everybody. He was beaten and his lantern was knocked to the floor by the spirits. This stopped all further manifestations.

After we left the seance, a minister and some of the others talked it over, and wanted to come again. The minister said, "We will catch them yet, if they were too smart for us this time."

I told him they would have to comply with essential conditions, if they came. I told them darkness was necessary, and they must not produce any sudden light as the shock, or change, was disastrous to the medium. I told them I would place the medium where they would know whether she was up or not. This pleased them.

*NOTE—This incident so disgusted Kaolah that he left the seance. The medium did not see him again for several years. When he returned she hardly recognized him, so much was he improved in dress, appearance, deportment and speech. He never again left the medium, and has been her constant protector ever since. His services have been inestimable in all cases of indisposition and in the many accidents that have so persistently attended her. Very many times he saved her life and caused her to recover from illness in the most remarkable and surprising manner. In some instances these interpositions of his skill and power have been prompt and instantaneous.

The seance was held, and, at the given time, she turned and said, "Here Mr. Chrystopher put your feet on mine," and she placed her hands on his. "Now," said he, "If we receive the manifestations, I can tell you what it is," He had hardly spoken when a spirit took off his glasses. He said: "Some one has my glasses." Mr. Reed, ten feet from him, spoke quickly, saying, "I have them." I then asked: "Mr. Reed, were those glasses thrown at you?" "No, sir, was the reply, "a small hand opened mine and placed them in, and closed my hand over them."

"Now, Mr. Chrystopher," I said, "are you holding the medium's hands?" He answered, "I have both of her hands at this moment." Mr. Reed said, "Some one has my store key." Mr. Chrystopher said: "I have it."

I asked him how it came to him, and if he still held the medium's hands. He answered as before. At this moment, Mr. Reed said: "Some one is taking off my neck-tie." Instantly Mr. Chrystopher said, "I have it, they have hung it on my little finger." I said: "Who placed it there?" He replied, "I do not know; and if there is not some one of you up and doing this, I am beaten."

"Have you hold of the medium?" I asked, and at the same time I struck a match. Everything was all right, and everybody in their proper place.

"Well," he said, "Miss Jennie, you can sit back for it is an uncomfortable position for you, and I am satisfied that you do not do it."

I asked him if he would say so on the street the next day; he said he would and so he did. I then said to Clarence, "I want you to take this watch and chain, lay it on top of the tambourine and carry it fully around the circle, holding and shaking it over the lap of each one long enough for them to put their feet out in front and to feel around, above and below them, and let them see if they can find anyone holding the tambourine. This was done and they could not discover anybody near them. The hands that held the tambourine were not attached to any physical, or materialized body.

A HYPNOTIST AGAIN MAKES TROUBLE.

Our next place was Peru, Illinois. A hypnotist here again made us trouble. It must be remembered that she was young and that her controls had not the experience they acquired in later years, and could not defy these operators as they did later. This man had drawn her from her seat, and hypnotically held her until I struck a match.

To convince all present of the fact, I took her by the shoulder, turned her away from him and let her go. She went back to him like the bound of a rubber ball.

This satisfied all in the seance of the law that controlled her. She felt much hurt over this incident, and would not sit again, and said she would never hold another seance while she lived, and we could not prevail on her to try again. I was obliged to abandon further performances. I had become tired of the fight against religious bigotry, ignorance and stupidity; tired of trying to convince people who would not accept the evidence of their own senses, who could not think, who were not mentally qualified to investigate anything beyond their five senses, who were neither fair nor honest, and whose vanity was always a plus quantity.

She, however, went bravely forward to greater victories, many times weary unto death, yet she has never faltered. Under all the most unreasonable demands of the skeptical she was always cheerful, obliging and charitable. She would deny herself actual necessities to help the sick and the unfortunate. I remember of her coming to me at one time and saying, "Father, I know you do not owe me any money, but I want a dollar." I insisted on her telling me for what she wanted it, as I paid all her bills. She told me she wanted it for a poor, sick woman. She had seen a little, poorly clad boy carrying a chicken to town, and had stopped him and learned his story. His mother was sick and had sent the little fellow to town with the last and only thing they had that could be sold for money. I gave her the dollar and then watched her. Never was a child more

delighted. She hastened to the little fellow and told him to take the chicken back to his sick mother, with instructions to cook it for her. With the dollar she bought medicine and delicacies for the sick woman.

All the money she could earn went in these charitable ways, when she hardly had suitable clothing for herself. She seemed to find more cases of deserving charity than I ever supposed existed, or else these cases were attracted to her by some occult law beyond my comprehension. Her cheerfulness under all circumstances was the marvel of everyone. It seemed so natural and a part of her very existence. She made every one about her happy and was herself most happy in giving to others, and in helping the unfortunate. She did not have a selfish thought. Lessons of charity and unselfishness were constantly impressed upon her by her guides and teachers. Very often, at night, we could hear them instructing her and explaining these moral lessons, urging her to the exercise of greater patience and courtesy to the public, and more attentive complaisance to friends and family. These lessons—these thoughts could but form a character such as Shakespeare pictures:

And then I stole all courtesy from Heav'n,
And dress'd myself in such humility.
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts.

I write these early experiences as the light of the twentieth century commences to illumine the ecclesiastical tyranny, scientific dogma and public prejudice that met us at every step in presenting the spirit phenomena.

I have related only a few of the facts in the early life of this child-medium, now grown to womanhood, and to whom all spiritualists point with pride, conscious that she has never trailed in the dust the glorious banner of spiritualism on which she has helped to write God's last and best revelation of immortality to His people. She has never hesitated or failed to proclaim the truths, precepts and instructions received by her from the spirit world. I have watched her work for many, very many years, and I know

that few, if any, have done as much to demonstrate the great truth of immortality, and to establish unquestioned proof of the continuity of existence hereafter.

A. H. WILLIAMS,
Chicago, Illinois, 1886.

CHAPTER V.

Returning home from Peru, Jennie, or “Maud Eugenia,” as she chose to be called, again commenced her work among the poor people. One of her first cures was when the spirit of a beautiful boy, apparently about eleven years old, came to her after midnight, weeping, and said: “My grandma said you can see spirits.” She told him she could sometimes see them. “Won’t you come with me to my mama? She is very sick.” She hastily dressed and went as directed, and found a woman by the name of Eliza Ray in a mere hovel, dying, to all outward appearances. No one was near but the angels who had sent for her.

She began to rub the woman, when a control took possession of her and continued the treatment, and, at the same time talked and encouraged the distressed woman whose husband had deserted her. Imagine her joy when she was told that it was her Robert—her so-called dead child—that had saved her life; that it was he who brought this girl from another part of the city to administer to her soul as well as body. The medium continued to help her until her strength and health were restored sufficiently to enable her to resume her labor, when she told to the world her wonderful recovery.

“Try the spirits and see whether they are of God.” This we are commanded to do by the good Apostle Paul. Yet the church people blindly close their eyes to this wondrous truth that, like a golden benediction, rests upon the hearts and in the souls, of those knowing and accepting this divine ministry of guardian angels—these evangelists of truth. The grand courage of sincere convictions, accepted and boldly stated, is rarer than the choicest jewels.

Very few of the so-called great men are brave enough to exhibit this courage. If possessing it, they are not brave enough to avow their convictions. There have been, all along down the ages, a few brave souls who have dared to think and act and move the wheels of progress; and, like our child-medium, have paid the penalty for their courage. The destiny of these thinkers has always been beyond their control. They have built palaces of light and delight in which to dwell, while others, out of the same material, have built houses, or intellectual hovels, and must thus remain until the master-workman can make them something else.

In the case of our medium, the moulding and changing process seemed hard and grievous to bear. Possibly it was best. They left nothing undone, and overlooked nothing. Recognizing the old Roman proverb—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*, they cared for her physical health so well that she was never sick and never required the services of a physician. She never suffered from aches or pains like other people; and, so perfectly adjusted were the magnetic forces that she seemed impervious to disease. Seemingly, not for a moment was this watchful care absent. Thus equipped and attended, what might not a spirit accomplish in the Master's vineyard? With a tender heart, and a most sensitive conscience—God's best gifts to his workers—she was sent out into the stern-realities of life to trace upon the hearts of others the beautiful imagery from the other side of life, where spirit is measured, not by wealth or station, but by spiritual worth and merit, by its beauty, grace and gentleness—by the good it has done, not to itself, but to others.

When a mere child, and later in life when almost blind, they so completely controlled her destiny, her habits and her appetites, that she seldom evinced much, if any, interest in what the years would produce. They often told her and her family that some day the hearts of the earnest, good and true would open gratefully and receive these evidences then so greatly misunderstood and misapplied.

VISITS ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

In 1867, Mand was called to St. Louis where she met Mr. Charles Levey, who lived at the Southern Hotel and who received many beautiful and striking evidences through her mediumship. All of his past history was revealed. They predicted the death of two relatives near and dear to him. He was told of certain financial changes and misunderstandings, and the date he would pass to spirit life.

One day he called with a slate and asked the medium to hold it under the table with him. They sat some five or ten minutes without obtaining the desired result. Finally an independent voice spoke loud and distinctly, saying: "Put the slate upon a chair, take your coat and put over it." This he did immediately. The result was a long and beautifully written communication from a friend of whom he had not heard or seen for years, and did not know he was dead. He later verified the fact of this friend's death. The writing was unlike his own or the medium's. The sentiment expressed in the communication was most exquisitely delicate, and the writing cursive and graceful. Each heard the scratch of the pencil as it moved swiftly across the slate. They could hear the crossing of the "t's" and the dotting of the "i's." This was all done in broad daylight. This proved to him that this force was intelligent, accurate and personal.

A NOTED CHARACTER.

Old Pappy Price, of renown in the South as a general, often made his presence known to his friends and relatives. At one time while the medium was securely fastened to an iron bar in the cabinet in Mr. J. J. Outley's Gallery of Fine Arts in St. Louis, the cabinet curtain parted and Mr. Price came into view. One of the family was present and said, "If that is you, make your presence known by some positive sign, you know what." He retired into the cabinet and came out again with his trousers rolled up above his knee, exposing a wound that had troubled him greatly while in earth life.

One time standing in the doorway leading from the street to Mr. Outley's gallery, a stranger passed by. She called his name, "John Canfield!" He turned and looked quickly to see from whence the call came. She called again.

"Who speaks?" he almost gasped, for he recognized the voice of his dead wife. This call, coming from the lips of this girl, whose face he had never before seen, startled him. He went back and said, "Did you call me?"

The voice said, "John, you have grown heartsick trying to find our Charley. He is in the poorhouse," naming the street and house. "I am Celia, your wife, dead, yet strangest of all things, I see and hear you and know that I am not dead; your brother Charley is with me."

With a pass or two over her face the influence was gone and the mystery solved. She told him her name and that she was a medium. He said he would test the matter and see if he could find the boy. He had been separated from them during the three years he had been a soldier. While he was absent and in prison his wife died. He had searched far and wide for the boy. He investigated, as he promised, and found him just as he had been told.

A few nights after this, while in the cabinet, spirits materialized in full form and stood in the doorway of the cabinet and beckoned with white hands for their loved ones present to approach. Mrs. Strong came forward after the voice had softly called her. There stood her loved husband, who had but recently departed this life. He told her of private matters of great interest and of papers mislaid, both useful and valuable. They were found, and the truth was gladly made known. Neither creeds nor conservatism prevented this woman's honest acknowledgement.

Before the medium left the cabinet upon this memorable evening, more than twenty skeptics were convinced. Some said: "Surely human ingenuity cannot accomplish these wonderful and most convincing results." The identity of each was different and positive. One spirit spoke German, another French, and with many words each con-

versed with their friends present, using their respective languages. while the medium spoke only English.

From St. Louis she was called to New Boston, Illinois. She went there with the Reverend A. J. Fishbaek, a noble-hearted convert to spiritualism, convinced by proofs that he could not argue away or deny. He did not even try to deny them as many do who fear it might bring shame and disgrace to admit the truths of this God-given philosophy.

A VENTRILOQUIST GIVES HIS OPINION.

While in New Boston she was accused of being a ventriloquist, and was called "the girl with many voices." At this place the enterprising and wide-awake skeptics secured, without the medium's knowledge, the services of a celebrated ventriloquist, by the name of Biggs, to witness these manifestations. He came after his entertainment was concluded. For the first few moments, he sat quietly, then he spoke to those who had invited him, and said, "Are those the voices on which you wished my opinion?" Someone whispered, "Yes."

"Well," he said, "let them come from whom they may, or from what, they have no bodies attached to them. It is not ventriloquism." The voices then addressed him and he exclaimed, "I don't know what it is, but it is not the girl, of that I am certain."

The manifestations at these public seances were never twice alike, which fact perplexed the skeptics. The unbelievers and bigots were all against her. All were trying to find a theory by which they might explain the things that confounded all the teachings of the past.

VISITS WISCONSIN.

From New Boston our medium went to Black Earth, Wisconsin, where she again encountered S. P. Leland who was still traveling and pretending to expose spiritualism. He had the same old bills stating that he could duplicate everything done through mediums. Among the names men-

tioned on his bills, with other well known mediums, was our medium's name. At her suggestion the spiritualists sent to Monmouth, Illinois, for copies of papers he had been forced to sign wherein he acknowledged that he had falsely vilified respectable people. On receipt of these papers the people broke up his meeting and he took the first train out of town.

Leaving Black Earth she went to the homes of Mr. Larkin and Mrs. William Warren of Madison, the capital of the state, where she held a test seance for Governor Fairchild and a company of investigators. At this seance a committee of ladies was selected to hold the medium's hands, to place their feet upon her feet at the same time and to otherwise give their undivided attention to the medium while the others noted the phenomena.

At this seance beautiful lights filled the room with a soft effulgent glow which, at times, made it possible for those present to see each other. Many voices spoke, at the same time the medium's voice was heard describing for others in the circle. Forms were seen in the radiance that, at times, filled the room. Sometimes these forms were tangible and at other times seemed to be etherealizations. The committee repeatedly exclaimed, "It is not the medium. We have her hands and feet. She is here by us." It was a new experience to these highly intelligent ladies and gentlemen.

What was it? How was it? From whence this all potent, magical, mysterious power that takes upon itself in such solid possession this matter and form, such positive individuality, separate and distinct from the girl who seemed so utterly incapacitated by the conditions under which she was being held and by her youth and inexperience in life, to produce these things?

If these men of science failed to answer, failed to understand the great, eternal, vibrative laws; if they could not grasp and solve the problem, why should they not accept the only hypothesis that explains *all* these facts? The intelligence apparent in these facts could not be attributed to this

young, fifteen-year-old medium, whose soul had scarcely awakened to the full magnitude of her mission. She had never been trained in school or seminary to delve into the mysteries of science, or reach up into the eternal, living currents of ceaseless life for these inexplicable mysteries. She thought them only very natural, as we think of the things that have always been with us.

Man in the acquisition of knowledge, should aim to know something of this spiritual intelligence and power. It is the paramount force of the universe. It reigns supreme throughout all the eons of eternity. It is well to know something of this force and its laws—to know at this point in your experience for fear you may be on the wrong track, headed the wrong way, speeding into disaster and losing valuable time. The maxim, “Know thyself,” remains forever a dead letter to him who knows nothing of the laws and forces of the spirit world. Many wondered how their secret lives, their past and forgotten thoughts and acts were so minutely told; and, unwilling to accept the only natural, logical explanation, they wandered into hazy, far-fetched theories and became lost in metaphysical absurdities.

Some of these scientists, wishing to deny the real cause, disputed the only logical theory and attempted to refer all these phenomena to involuntary cerebral action—to a subliminal self which they confidently asserted, without any reasonable warrant for such assertion—knows everything! Stupendous intelligence confined in a physical body! No necessity for reincarnation—no use for progression—a most satisfactory affirmation! Too bad that it is not true! Why take refuge in a theory more difficult to explain than the one you seek to contradict?

There are a few who, recognizing only a small part of the phenomena, claim that for every thought there is a brain cell upon which blind force acts to produce these results. A very happy thought on the part of inanimate atoms and ions to arrange themselves in the form of brain cells for the manifestation of blind force!

The church people, more logical, attribute it to the

devil. The agnostic creeps in behind his "I don't know," afraid to think, for fear he may know, and thus lose his classification.

The scientist asks for more time to decide, and continues to look with the aid of his microscope, his scalpel and his chemical resolvents for this something which works out these hidden and marvelous results.

They are all looking in the wrong direction and searching too far away. Close beside them is one who attends them most. Ever present with them is one who guards and guides their wandering footsteps, one who is in close sympathy with their mental and physical needs, who measures the intensity of every thought, and gauges every motion. This guardian angel, who has been "given charge concerning thee," turns back life's many pages and permits the things meet for you to know to be communicated to you. Other attendants permit the telling of incidents known to them, but never known to you, thus removing the solution beyond telepathy and all illogical theories. We live; and, living, must continue to live, with no chance to escape from the consequences of the thoughts and acts stamped upon the program of our eternal lives.

SAVED FROM THE MACHINATIONS OF AN UNPRINCIPLED WOMAN.

An incident, showing the methods used by spirit attendants to protect their instruments, occurred at Ripon, Wisconsin, where Maud had been engaged to hold cabinet seances. She was obliged to go to the hotel unattended. At this hotel she was threatened with serious harm from an unprincipled fellow who had attended her seance and had learned that she was at the hotel alone. She did not know her real danger, yet she was fretted and vexed beyond measure at her dilemma.

The first night, after arriving late, she found that the window sash in her room had been removed. It was too late to make a change, or enter a protest, so she went into the parlor and sat up until daylight. She complained to

the kind-hearted landlady, who gave her a safe room, where she could not be molested. She knew not, under the circumstances, what to do, and had almost wept herself sick, when there came a rap upon her door, which was securely locked.

She asked, "Who is there?" A familiar and kindly voice said, "Mrs. Martin." The angels guiding her inexperienced footsteps had not forgotten her in her sore distress and need of a true friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Martin, of Fondulac, had been warned by a holy angel, that their child, as they called her, was in danger. They forthwith drove to Ripon. The situation was told to them and a plan was laid to escape. Immediately after the entertainment, she was to slip out through the hall, and meet them outside at a stated place, where, with her trunk securely strapped on behind the buggy, they would start immediately for Fondulac. All this was carefully carried out and they went joyfully on their homeward way, having started about half past nine o'clock. They had not driven many miles before the Indian, Kaolah, seized the bridle and turned the horse from the main road into a lane leading into a farm yard. Scarcely had they reached this place when they were told to listen. They could hear the voices of officers who were sent to bring back the fugitive. The party sending the officers claimed she had been abducted. After the officers passed they were bidden to drive on again. They were thus guarded all the way home by many white-robed forms watching to ward off danger.

Arriving safely at an early hour in the morning, they retired. Daylight brought the officers, who demanded the girl. Mr. Martin refused to let them take her from the shelter of his home, where he said she should remain. When he explained the situation to them they desisted. They said, "You did not have much the start of us and we were on fleet-footed horses, how was it we did not overtake you?" They were told how the Indian had taken the bridle, even against their will, and led them to a place of

safety at the time they passed. This both frightened and surprised them.

A short distance from Fondulac on the Greenbush road lived Mr. Robert Wilson, his wife and daughter Minnie. While visiting at the home of these excellent people a new development commenced—that of manifesting in the light. Voices would be heard, furniture moved, doors opened and closed, and musical instruments played. Very often these manifestations were better and more pronounced than those occurring in the dark.

Among those present and witnessing these manifestations, in addition to the family were: Mr. Fayette Gillett, George Pflegher and Mr. Patley.

One Sunday as the medium sat upon the sofa with the daughter, Minnie, a guitar, standing some little distance away in the corner of the room, began to move toward them. Finally it quietly slid under the sofa upon which they sat. The strings commenced to vibrate. Presently it moved out into the middle of the floor still playing. Some of the company, who had just come in, tried to hold the guitar under the sofa, but like a thing of life, it persisted in remaining on the outside, on the floor, playing and rapping intelligent answers to questions, and giving names of an invisible company, many of whom were relatives of those present. When near the close of this unexpected seance, a small, white hand reached out from under the sofa, which was shaded a little from the light, and grasped the instrument and took it under the sofa, at the same time playing softly and sweetly as the strings vibrated to the touch of invisible fingers. It moved restlessly at times, almost violently at others, and then sounded as if dear little fingers swept the strings.

Several times during Maud's stay in this home, these manifestations were repeated. It is often asked why these things cannot be done by all instead of by a few favored ones? It is probably some strange and unusual peculiarity of constitution, temperament and organism, or chemical constituents of the body that makes these things possible.

This answer may not seem adequate or definite for so important a question. It is, however, as far as our knowledge of the subject extends. These developed faculties, if so called, are possessed by exceedingly sensitive and finely organized people. Only through such people can spirits manifest, make known their presence and formulate their thoughts into language. Not all sensitive and finely organized people possess these faculties, hence the inference that other requisites are necessary. In some the magnetic conditions are so perfectly adjusted and so strong, that they are natural mediums. Others need to acquire the necessary physical and mental conditions by change of habits, diet and mental conditions. In other words, perfect the apparatus that generates and directs these essential forces and qualities. Gross conditions, coarse food, meats, narcotics and stimulants are never conducive to desired physical conditions, nor are the proper mental conditions acquired through profanity, vulgarity, licentiousness, or by vicious, arbitrary, passionate, *selfish* or angular thoughts. All these things noted and corrected, there must then be harmony between the controlling bands; and harmony, confidence and affinity between them and the medium.

Negative conditions are necessary for all growth, and so it is in the production of these phenomena, in all phases. As an entirety it is a chemical, magnetic, electric, intellectual and spiritual problem which cannot be solved within the limits of any one or two of these enumerations. The axioms, theorems, proportions and equations of its solution must come from them all; hence the failure of physicists and scientists to solve this problem, or to account for the phenomena on any other than the one natural hypothesis.

In the light of these statements it is not necessary to answer the oft repeated question, "Why do not these things happen in my presence, or at all times?" Not because you possess any superior or transcendent quantity or quality of body, mind or spirit to prevent. Quite the contrary. Why not happen at all times? My dear egotist, phenomena never happen on this or any other planet, nor is it produced,

excepting under conditions peculiar to each class of phenomena. Not such conditions as man makes, unless his conditions are in accordance with the laws of the universe. With all these conditions, the operator, the spirit control, must be well versed in the handling of these forces or failure follows, and, sometimes disaster. Death makes no marvelous additions to the spirit's knowledge and ability. Not all are master-workmen over there, any more than here. Even Jesus, the great medium, was unable to perform marvels freely and at all times before his own people, and the absence of condition was best expressed by Jesus in the word, "Unbelief."

TEACHES SCHOOL ONE DAY.

While visiting a family named Van Curen in Fondulac, Miss Mary Van Curen, who was teaching the school at Tayeheedah, became ill and Maud volunteered to take her place. A horse back ride of three miles and the novelty of teaching the school was a temptation to this girl who had never attended school but an hour in her life. Her control, Clarence, came and said he would help her, and away she went in high glee. All that day she taught the school, and carried it on successfully, hearing lessons from scholars much older than herself.

Upon her return they were eager to learn of her success. Greatly elated she recounted her victories of grammar and spelling. Fearing she would not fill the bill, at noon, she bought apples, oranges and candy and distributed them freely. The teacher was ill for many days, and was obliged to resign. The school committee was anxious to secure the new teacher, but when told who she was, a fearful consternation took possession of them. Possibly she had even then inoculated the children with her diabolism. One of the committee, Mr. Nutting, a little more independent than the others, attended one of her seances and was greatly pleased and convinced and was anxious for the rest of the committee to attend. They did not have the courage to do so. To them it was the devil's work.

CHAPTER VI.

EXPERIENCES OF MRS. LAURA A. HOOKER, M. D.

(Written by herself in 1886.)

Among the many friends who gathered around our medium in 1867, was Mrs. Laura A. Hooker, formerly Mrs. Lord, a practicing physician of Fondulac, Wisconsin. She relates her experience and tells of the peculiar phenomena she witnessed while the medium was a member of her family, as follows:

One night in 1864, soon after the decease of my mother, I heard a little sound like the ripple of a silvery stream, which brought vividly to my mind scenes of my girlhood. As I listened and wondered the thought came to me: "Could it be a spirit?" My mother was immediately suggested, when instantly there came a response in distinct raps upon my pillow. I commenced asking questions and, instead of raps, we were talking mentally and as satisfactorily as with outspoken words. The conversation was as clear and distinct as though words had actually been used, and, what was most surprising, I did not think of the strangeness of the phenomenon until she had gone.

In the year 1867, we became interested in the subject of this sketch. She was holding a series of public seances with Mr. and Mrs. Ferris. I had not attended as I did not believe that disembodied spirits could do the things purporting to have been done through her mediumship. Several lady friends desired that I should accompany them.

At the appointed hour we went to Armory Hall. A committee was selected to search Miss Maud before the seance commenced.

The first spirit to appear was that of a beautiful young lady. She came to the little curtained window in the cabinet and drew the drapery aside with a hand on which

sparkled a beautiful diamond ring. She remained long enough for us to observe every feature of her angelic face. She spoke to those near me who evidently recognized her, for they gave a little start and whispered loud enough for me to distinctly hear that it was Miss G—, the daughter of a prominent physician of the city.

An opportunity soon offered and upon inquiry I learned that several recognized her. One of the ladies on the examining committee stepped boldly forward and said she was not a spiritualist, but that she had made a careful examination of the medium and had found nothing that could in any way aid in the demonstration. And, in justice to the young woman and the audience, she must say that she saw a diamond ring upon one of the spirit's hands and she was sure there was none upon the hand of the medium or about her.

The test of strength was the greatest marvel. The manager of the seance informed the audience that he would like to have three of the strongest men they could select come upon the platform and hold a table upon the floor, if they could, while the medium would merely touch her finger tips to the table. Three men volunteered and they were very fair specimens of manly strength. The table writhed and twisted and up it went. They tugged and pulled and flung themselves upon it, but it turned and let them slide off, and then turned legs up. They caught it again, and in their efforts to hold it they literally tore it in pieces. While it was up over their heads, Miss Maud stood on tip-toe, with her hand uplifted, occasionally touching it as it surged and rocked like a tall tree in a tempest.

I sought an introduction to this very natural and unsophisticated child and invited her to spend a day at my home. She accepted, and gave us some very pleasant and interesting tests of which we knew she had no prior knowledge. In a few days she left the city, and I saw no more of her for a few weeks. I next saw her when, by a singular circumstance, she was brought back to this city by Andrew W. Martin, who succeeded in rescuing her from an

unprincipled party, a woman, who had engaged her to go to Ripon, Wis. They brought her to their home and protected her.

In the month of October, Mrs. Martin brought her to our home. In a short time, an attraction sprang up between her and my son, Albert A. Lord, and about a year later, I became the possessor of a daughter in this rarely-gifted girl. The marriage took place on November 5, 1868, with many misgivings on my part that they were not adapted to each other. He was of a very selfish and jealous nature, and, as is usual in such cases, wanted her quite to himself. While she with her gifts was as thoroughly incapacitated, as a child could be, for domestic life and its duties. She was a combination of strange forces. She possessed the deepest vein of affection and sympathy, was very religious and at times was extremely positive. At other times she was very negative and would suffer so deeply as to distress the whole household. She was not educated domestically and could not so adapt herself. Her life's interests and unfoldment lay on a higher and broader plane. We were not slow to recognize her most singular gifts. We soon realized that she could not be fettered or held by any binding, however silken; that she was grandly and supremely individualized; that she had a work to do and was destined to stand before the world as one of the brightest teachers to expound the beautiful truths of a transcendental philosophy that had already found root; truths whose growth must be as broad as the earth and as vast as eternity. We had gained a daughter whose presence filled our home and hearts with a joy and satisfaction so new and rare, that happiness was unrest, if such a feeling is possible.

At her first visit and while at dinner the heavy extension table was visibly rocked to and fro. Questions were asked and intelligently answered by raps. Something was said about her peculiar life and classical name "Maud Eugenia," when I related a little dream, or vision, which I had some years previous, in which a young girl whose name was Maud became identified with my interests, and her

coming was brought about in some way by a man whose name was Henri DeCoriche. She looked surprised when I mentioned this name and said that she was in some way related to a person by that name, and she had the impression that he was of French or Spanish birth. She told us that for some reason which she could never divine, her mother had always treated her unlike the other children, and when she was about twelve years old had destroyed a letter written to her by a person calling her his niece and subscribing himself "Your Uncle, Henri DeCoriche." She told us how she was treated differently from any of the children because of her peculiar gift.

In 1869 Maud and her husband spent some months in Sheboygan, Michigan. During this time she frequently sent us splendid tests, telling us of some of our plans, and of persons who had visited us. One time she sent us a message saying Clarence had been home and had discovered that the horse had slipped the halter through a fastening and was very likely to get cast. Mr. Hooker said he frequently found a change in the tying, giving much more length to the halter, and he had been trying to ascertain the cause. He obtained a chain with a catch and it did not occur again.

During Maud's stay at Sheboygan I was arranging to visit her and was to leave on an early train. Late in the afternoon, I passed into an unoccupied room and heard distinctly the words, "Maud wants her new black dress and lace hat." I took them with me; and on my arrival, after a few moments conversation, I asked her if there was anything she wanted from home? She said yes, but guessed she could get along without them. I questioned why she did not drop me a line stating what she wanted. She said, "I did wish that I had my black dress and lace hat, as I should occasionally wear them, but it does not matter." I stepped into the hall and brought the package and placed it before her, much to her astonishment. When I told her what Clarence said, she was not a little surprised for she

did not think he could make me understand, although she asked him to try.

The next day I saw some goods which pleased me and after my return I decided to send the money to her to obtain the material and forward it to me by her husband, who was running on the railroad between Fondulac and Sheboygan. I handed him the money and a note to Maud specifying that I wanted twenty-eight yards of the goods at which we had looked. When he arrived at their boarding place she confronted him with the goods—just twenty-eight yards—and answered the questions specified in the note, and even repeated our conversation. This convinced him that spirits are substantially individuals. Maud wrote me that Clarence was present and heard the conversation between us and thought it a good opportunity to demonstrate what a spirit could do. On one occasion, while at dinner, Maud being absent, a napkin ring, in its flight across the table dropped into the pitcher of water. On Maud's return, Snowdrop—while holding her medium in trance—begged pardon for her carelessness in allowing it to fall in the water.

RED LETTERS ON HER BODY.

One morning Maud came down stairs and astonished us all by her appearance. She seemed to be covered with what I first thought to be red rash. On closer examination it proved to be letters and landscape sketches, red in color, and raised on the skin. On further examination her arms, shoulders and back were found to be covered. Under microscopic examination the skin seemed to be raised and discolored. No unpleasant or painful sensation attended the phenomenon. The lettering was an attempt at Bible quotations. The work of the artist was of landscape, with trees, rivers and valleys. This phenomenon remained for several days and gradually faded away.

CLARENCE HELPS THE MEDIUM TO PIE AND CAKE.

It was my custom to keep pies and cakes in a refrigerator over which were slats about an inch apart. This I

usually kept locked. Maud would quite often return late at night and hungry. Her controls preferred she should not eat dinner or supper on the days when she held seances. When the people for whom she held seances did not know this condition to which she was subjected she would come home quite exhausted and hungry. She was always too sensitive to ask for anything. Coming home late in the evening she would usually eat what she could find to her liking in the pantry, and then ask Clarence to give her a little cake or pie. Ever faithful Clarence! He would tell her to put a knife through the slats and he would cut off a piece and pass it out to her.

CLARENCE HIDES THE VELVET.

While Maud was from home for a week, I thought to give her a surprise by having a garnet, cashmere dress remodeled. It had been taken apart, and I had a quantity of velvet laid on the goods in the desired pattern for trimming, when dinner was announced. When we returned to the room the velvet had disappeared. Knowing positively it was on the table when we left the room, I supposed it must have been taken while we were at dinner. I wrote Maud immediately, telling her of our dilemma. She replied saying that Clarence said it was on the upper shelf in the closet. We looked in several closets, but not finding it concluded that Clarence had made a mistake. On her return I expressed my regret over the loss, when she said, "Oh! mama, I am so sorry you have worried about it. It is in *your* closet in the side hall." We both went to the closet and found the velvet on the shelf. She informed me that Clarence spirited it away as he discovered that the party who called while we were at dinner intended to take it.

MAUD'S NAME CUT ON THE GLASS OF A CAR WINDOW.

Soon after this incident I concluded to take a trip to Plymouth, Michigan, and return by Sturgis Prairie. Clarence said he would go with me. While en route a very

singular incident occurred. On entering the car, which was very well filled, I was offered a seat by a young man who was well informed on the general topics of the day. We discussed various subjects, among others Elizabeth Stewart Phelps' new work, "Gates Ajar," and from that to spiritualism. I told him of my investigation with this young girl who had so recently become my daughter, and his apparent interest caused me to relate many items of my experience. While we were talking he asked for her name. I looked toward the window and saw "Maud E. Lord" plainly cut in the clear glass. I was surprised and called his attention to it by saying: "There is her name on the glass." This surprised him equally as much. I somehow thought he might have written it, and said: "Perhaps it will wipe off." He made the attempt, and found it was cut deep into the glass as if done with a diamond. He said he knew it was not there when he took the seat. He surely did not write it, and I did not. He gave me his name, as Howard Wright.

That evening I arrived at my friends', Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, in Plymouth. One night while there my suffering from heart trouble seemed unbearable, when I said: "Clarence if you are here, can't you bring the relief I so much need?" I immediately felt an electric thrill sweep over me and I was soon asleep.

A few nights later I awoke about midnight with a feeling of suffocation. I fully realized my condition, but was powerless to move or call. I thought of the excitement my death would cause with these friends with whom I was stopping, and of the opinion as to the cause of my death. These things passed rapidly through my mind; and, as I felt the hour of approaching dissolution nearing, I sent out, as I supposed, the last loving adieu to friends and family at home. To my surprise, a hand was laid upon my side and I was briskly rubbed over the region of the heart. The hand was on my side convenient for my arm to close upon it. I did this, and felt the hand withdrawn as natural as any human hand. It seemed as proportionately large and natural as one

attached to a physical body. I could not be mistaken; such an experience leaves no chance for fancy or delusion.

On my arrival at Sturgis Prairie I spent Friday night at the hotel and retired in good spirits. Some time in the night I awoke with the same trouble with my heart. At this crisis my mattress was lifted and shaken so vigorously that I was thrown upon my right side and thus brought out of the attack. This was unaccountably strange to me, but why did they not speak? My door was securely locked. Could it be a spirit? I remained till Monday and was soon back at my home.

After tea we sat down for a visit when Clarence and Snowdrop controlled and reviewed every incident connected with my journey, including my conversation with Mr. Wright on the cars. Clarence asked me how I liked him as traveling companion. I told him it was my first positive venture with an invisible, but I had learned much of inestimable value, for which I was under many obligations. He then related how he had summoned certain powerful spirits to aid him in bringing me out of that most critical condition at Plymouth, when I was so near leaving the body. He said that when I had the second attack at Sturgis Prairie he had left me in care of other spirits who could not materialize a hand with which to treat me magnetically but they could lift the mattress and turn me over.

SEANCE AT THE HOME OF A. G. RUGGLES.

About twenty persons met at the residence of Mr. A. G. Ruggles, a prominent banker, for a seance. I was one of the number. During the seance a spirit called for a thread and needle. Mrs. Ruggles brought the needle and some white thread which she placed upon a table without threading the needle. Presently the spirits called for a light; and, to our astonishment, we found a large pearl button had been sewed on Mr. Ruggle's vest. We also found where they had removed this button from a lady's garment for the purpose of demonstrating what they could do. Two others of the party had their garments sewed together.

At this same seance, a lady came and addressed one of the sitters as her affianced, and told us she was burned to death by the explosion of a lamp. A gentleman quickly recognized the spirit. I learned that this gentleman, though well advanced in years, was waiting for the time when he should journey over to claim her as his bride upon the other side.

I was again privileged to sit in a seance with a part of this same company when a spirit came saying: "I am so hungry, oh so hungry." Mrs. Lord said: "Mr. Ruggles, this person gives his name and says he is your brother; and that he starved to death in a Southern prison." He was at once recognized by Mr. Ruggles, who asked: "What can I do for you?" The answer came, "I am so hungry." Presently each felt a wolf robe drawn over their laps and hands. Mr. Ruggles said his brother had just completed a soft robe, when he concluded to go into the army, and gave the robe to him, and he still had it; that the voice was perfectly natural and that his brother was one of the unfortunate prisoners at Andersonville.

"O say shall I meet on the unseen shore,
The loved and the lost who have gone before?
I have lost the gleam of their eyes of light
A sadness shrouds my heart to-night."

—Neville.

AN INDIAN PREDICTS CUSTER'S MASSACRE.

One beautiful Sabbath morning, in the early part of June, 1876, Maud came home for her first visit after our return to Fondulac from our three years' residence in Chicago. There was something impressive in the quietude of that Sabbath day. We were happy and lingered long at the breakfast table. Maud was the first to leave the room. As we passed into the sitting room we heard the voice of Snowdrop. She seemed very happy that she had taken us by surprise. After she had prepared the way, other spirits, one after another, took control. One trilled an Italian air; another sang a Spanish song; then a German master musician pealed forth in German, in melodious strains that

filled every part of the house and could have been distinctly heard out in the street.

I never had such an intellectual feast; never witnessed just such phenomena, and wished again and again that others might be permitted to hear such grand recitals. At the close, a well-informed Indian chief came in the interest of his people. He expressed in well selected and telling language the regrets he felt that his people should be driven from territory to territory, regardless of their attachments and rights, regardless of their being human and a part of God's creation. He said his white brother seemed to forget they were endowed with strong feelings of friendship, hatred and revenge like unto the pale faces. He said they had prayed to the great Father at Washington, but he did not heed them; that they had held councils and sent petitions, all to no purpose; that even now they were holding councils around their camp fires, preparing their young men for war. Their women and children were sending up prayers to the great Father, for they feared that the warfare would be long and severe, and the contest a bloody one. He counted the time to the very day when the great general and his army would suffer defeat. He said they would all bite the dust, and their blood would flow like water. We counted the days and found it would be on the 25th and made a note of it at the time.* He prayed that the Great Spirit would deal out mercy to his people and interfere with the plans of burning revenge with which the white man and the red man are actuated. He pleaded for justice to the pale nation and equal justice for his people. He prayed that peace might wave its banner of eternal friendship over his people. He prayed that blood should not be spilled to compel the Government to keep the treaty

*NOTE:—On the very day named by the old chief the massacre of Custer and his men took place. The records of the War Department state that General Custer and his company were killed at the battle of Little Big Horn, in Montana, June 25, 1876. A monument marks the place where Custer fell. Only one man, a scout, escaped.

which was entered into for the protection of the Indians. He said the trouble was almost at the door.

THE ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHER'S PROPHECY.

Before our Sabbath morning's devotion closed, a wise Oriental spirit came. His manifest culture, deep research and breadth of intellect gave us some idea to what perfection a soul can attain. His expanse of thought and world-wide range of knowledge enabled him to look into depths all unknown to us; to see our lives and the conditions that have and will surround us through our sojourn here; to know so well the ins and outs and the course in which we will drift with a determination as though fixed by the laws that govern the constellations.

I cannot lightly pass this most important and memorably event in this one great dream of my life. His strange prophecy; the foreshadowing of events, seemingly so improbable; his statements concerning another unusual character to be brought into our lives, seemed so strange and unlikely that I concluded they were, figuratively speaking, scenes in the other life. Yet I know miracles are no part of the Oriental philosophy. I know this philosophy relegates everything that happens to law, immutable, eternal law, and that its initiated adepts can read from the entablatures of life all things that have been, or ever will be.

After speaking of the many facts in our experience, with a superior knowledge and interest, he pointed out the fields of usefulness which lay as broad as creation before every human soul, and the advantages to be derived by living active, useful lives, saying that very few people realize that every hour is fraught with divine, as well as natural matter drifting along the avenues in which their feet have found pathways. Few realize that their thoughts and daily acts are the written record of their own destiny—the monument they are rearing to live after them.

After this beautiful address he offered a few selected words to my fair-haired niece, telling her that changes awaited her; that her life would not be just as she had

drawn the picture, but the changes would bring experience, and from experience and from the lessons which come naturally in their turn she would receive her best growth. He told her that she would be married to a much older man than the one she expected at that time to wed; that children would come to bless her life; that strange experiences would come if she was true and faithful to the teachings now given her. Nearly all he said to her has been most truthfully verified as the years have passed, leaving their indelible finger prints upon her fair young life.

He then addressed me as the silver-haired matron to whom had already come many, many changes and deep furrows that had found their pathway to the soul; but, that my faith had saved me from the despair so common to humanity. He said that the powers were working out their own plans; and, stranger than fiction, that my scattered family would come from the East and the West, from the North and the South, and would dwell for a brief time under my roof; that a reunion would take place, and a new element would come into our lives, bringing new conditions; and, in time, each would go accordingly to plans that lay in embryo, but which would come forth matured for acceptance. He added, "We are sometimes many years in perfecting a plan, as in the case of bringing this medium to you. We have now in view and have selected a man we feel sure will be just the person to carry out the plans we are projecting. Plans that will make the voice of spiritual science echo and re-echo throughout the land; that will enable anxious inquirers to satisfactorily solve the question regarding the continuity of life and spirit return, and make men know that when they die, they will live again, and know that the soul, divested of its physical armor, can and always will exist as an independent being. The man of our selection shall stand for our cause and we will bring him success in all our battles. By the laws of ethereal vibrations, by which thought and vision may be flashed over seas and continents, we will reveal him to you in "visions of the night." Already in a distant city where he stands so

distinctively alone and individualized, young in years, he is contending with voice and pen for freedom from priestly rule and the domination of ecclesiastical thought. We have caused believers in this beautiful philosophy to touch his image with indelible pigments that you and our medium may recognize him, when in the perfection of our plans, he shall cross this threshold and become a potent factor in the life of this instrument, whom we love and designate as "The Daughter of the Orient," whose life has been fraught with so many strange adventures and thrilling scenes; with the greatest achievements and most brilliant success as a medium; and, who has justly earned the crown that awaits her, for work already done, and yet to be done, from ocean to ocean and from the gulf to the frozen seas of the far north. To her shall be given the spiritual gifts and graces known to nations not considered in your category of civilized people; and, the secrets of the Veiled Isis shall yield to her marvelous psychometric sense. The epoch when these spiritual gifts will be understood and appreciated is fast approaching, for this planet moves in a spiritual as well as in a material cycle. Remember that all important epochs in human lives and in the life of nations are shadowed upon the spiritual atmosphere just as certainly as your material atmosphere portends storms. Listen, ye, then, to the language of spirit; learn its purpose, interpret its message. Does it come with an oppressive feeling of uncertainty and dread? Then go no farther in that direction. Does the way seem clear and free? Then go on. These premonitions are permitted, if you but heed them."

Much more was said but I have not the power to voice his thoughts or the eloquence and elegance of his expression. I have treasured this extraordinary visit as the most eventful of my life. I could not then understand that the things predicted were the well defined letter of our lives. Seemingly it would not be that my family would be scattered and would again all meet under my roof. This sounded like a fairy tale, yet out of the depths of undefinable mystery it has nearly all come to pass.

Is our life in the keeping of the invisibles? Then why so much trouble and sorrow?

Discipline, development, progress. Is there not some easier road to these goals? How are these happenings foretold? I have questioned the theory of accident and foreordination without satisfactory answer. The voice that vibrates to my inner life and whispers to my soul answers that it is neither. The logical deduction seems to be that the masters of advanced spiritual science, seeing and understanding cause and effect, and knowing that we move in the lines of least resistance, divine what will follow certain conditions.

It is now, as I write, ten years since this Grand Master of Oriental Wisdom came to our humble home. The seemingly impossible prophecies have nearly all been realized. Maud and her husband, my son, have separated, each going their own way for the past few years; he to the material things of life, and she to her grand and glorious work. Yet, we have loved her all these years as truly our own daughter. This Oriental Master said a reunion should take place, *when the stranger should come*. When? "In the perfection of their plans."

We continue to call Maud our daughter and love her all the more. She comes to see us when duties permit, so we have not lost her or her attendant spirits who are all very dear to us.

More remarkable than all else is the stranger who is to come. Yes, I have seen him—just how I do not know. This much I know, I shall surely recognize him when he comes. Will he come? That is to be seen. As shown to me he was a man of serious mein, with full, long, brown beard: a little stooped: about thirty years of age, possibly thirty-five. He always came with a daily newspaper in his hand. We could never see the name of the paper.

Maud would very often come down stairs from her room in the morning, and say,—“Mama, I saw the stranger last night. He said he was to be my husband. He had a

newspaper in his hand. I don't like men with full beard anyhow."

We used to talk about these visits and wondered if the prophecy would come to pass, and how he came and how she could hear him talk. The theory of Astral visits somehow never seemed quite scientific or logical to me. Especially when "doubles" or Astral visitants do not retain any memory of their visits. The data for such a conclusion seemed insufficient and unsatisfactory, much more so than the theory suggested by the Oriental Master that there are ethereal currents on which thought and visions can be conveyed over seas and continents. Surely some of us will solve this problem and the greater Riddle of the Universe before the century closes.

A SPIRIT LOCKED AND UNLOCKED THE DOOR.

On my return from my visit in Michigan, I was informed that our pears were ripe and had been nicely cared for by our spirit friends. My husband said the door to the room where the fruit was kept had become fastened on the inside. He thought our friend Clarence had something to do with it.

When we tried the lock we could hear the bolt fly back, but still we could not open the door. I said, "Clarence, can you open the door?" Immediately the latch on the inside flew back and we entered. We found each decayed pear had been wrapped nicely in paper by the spirits and placed on the table. All that remained on the floor were sound.

At our next sitting Clarence told us that Snowdrop and some other spirit friends had taken care of the fruit, and by using the inside latch they were able to protect it. I thanked them for their kind attention, when Snowdrop said with a merry laugh, "You are very much obliged."

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS AT HOME OF J. R. TALMAGE.

Mr. Hooker, Maud and I went to Calumet for a visit and a seance at the home of our friend, J. R. Talmage. During the seance Maud described a woman in her work-





THE STRANGER OF THE ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHER'S
PROPHECY. (June, 1876.)

(See page 156.)

ing dress with such accuracy that a little laugh passed from friend to friend. She was the wife of a prominent State official and was prone to luxuriate in easy shoes, and wore no collar. It was these striking features that provoked the mirth with those who knew her best and loved her most.

A young lady came, giving her name, which was readily recognized. She placed her hand upon the shoulder of a gentleman and related her grief in the past with an earnestness which indicated more than ordinary trouble. This gentleman, aided by his good wife, was instrumental in making her life seem less dark and tempestuous. This was her first opportunity to express her gratitude and to voice the tender memories which she had carried with her beyond the wild blasts and incongruous elements that had crushed all hope out of her young heart; to tell her benefactor that kind words and kinder deeds not only live in memory, but will greet him on the other side, like a golden benediction from out of the past.

CLARENCE LOCKS THE DOOR AND BUILDS THE FIRE.

Leaving Maud at Mr. Talmage's to return on the train, Mr. Hooker and I drove home; and on arrival, found our night key would not unlock the door. Mr. Hooker tried the second lock, which was only used at nights and which we knew had not been locked when we left home, and thus opened the door. On entering the sitting room we both heard a low, soft strain of music which seemed to fill the whole house. At the same time we saw with great surprise the fire burning brightly in the coal stove. What could it mean? The door double locked; the fire burning brightly; the house filled with such a cheerful glow, and those peculiar musical vibrations just barely perceptible to our senses!

There was no one in the house and no way for anyone to enter, besides, there was no one who could be expected to come in during our absence. Search as we did we could not find the key which was usually left in the

lower lock on the inside. It was not in the lock where we had left it. While waiting for Maud to come my attention was attracted to the front hall by a slight noise; and, on going to the door, there was the key in the lock! Instantly we knew that Clarence could explain. After Maud arrived Clarence came, and the first words he spoke were, "Did you find the house all right?" "Yes, indeed," I replied, "and I was never more happily surprised." He then said, "I came home several times to see if all was right; and, fearing the door was insecure, I locked the lower lock and put the key on the moulding of the base-board. I then opened the stove damper, intending to return in time to unlock the door and be present when you came, but I went to look after Maud and did not return in time. When I arrived I found you had made better time than I expected, so I put the key in the door and have been much amused over your conversation and question."

I spoke of the happy feeling I experienced when I entered the sitting room and heard the music and saw the cheerful fire. The room seemed to be made brilliant with a halo of beauty and exquisite soul rest as though spirit fingers had touched everything around it. Clarence said he did try to leave a glow of spiritual magnetism in the room. We thanked him and our sitting closed.

CLARENCE GOES TO THE CELLAR AFTER BUTTER.

Over our kitchen table we had a rack for knives and spoons used in cooking. One knife in particular we used for cutting rolls of butter. I was preparing tea, and knowing some butter would be needed, had just wiped this particular knife and placed it in its usual place, expecting to visit the cellar in a moment. Just then Maud appeared at the door opening into the kitchen, at least ten feet from where I stood, and asked me if she could assist me. I replied, "Yes, I will hand you the knife and butter dish and you may get the butter from the cellar." She

had not taken one step towards me when I reached for the knife and it was gone! I told her she might take a dish and a knife from the dining table. I was looking for the missing knife when I heard her scream.

I rushed into the room, thinking that she had either broken the lamp or it had exploded. I expected to find her enveloped in flames. The door to the cellar was at the extreme end of the sitting room and she had only time to reach it. Imagine my surprise when I saw her holding the lamp above her head, and in her other hand she held the lost knife with a large roll of butter attached to it. She stood looking down the stairs with as much wonder and astonishment as any person who had never seen a white robed spirit.

As I took the knife from her hand I saw that Clarence had written his name plainly, as if done with some sharp instrument, on the butter. Maud said when she opened the door that a beautiful light rested upon every thing, and she saw Clarence dressed in a white robe kneeling at the crook of butter. She said that the knife was handed to her with such speed that she could not help screaming.

It was my constant delight to visit flower gardens and conservatories with Maud. If there were any especially exquisite flowers that Maud admired, they would, by chemical laws unknown to us, extract perfume from such flowers and place it upon her hands. This was often the only way she knew that such flowers were in the garden.

I remember a performance much stranger even than this. I, as well as hundreds of others to my certain knowledge, have been in her seances when the spirits brought rare and exotic perfumes, such as the aroma of the orange blossoms, tropical plants, or the scent of the hay field, when no such plants or flowers were within many miles, and when none of the company had any such perfume about them. These flowers were real and were not the result of suggestion. Such facts are well authenticated and known to hun-

dreds of people, from all over the world, who sat in her seances in those busy days.

On one occasion in Chicago the lap of each one in the seance was filled with wild flowers, and we could never learn from whence they came; certainly there were no wild flowers within many miles of that city.

Our ablest physicists are not able to explain the laws, or the application of the laws under which the simplest of these things are done, and therefore they prefer to dispute the facts. The Eastern Adept—the initiated Brahman—on the contrary, has for centuries studied the intellectual forces and their controlling laws, and understands their application. They realize their spirits' possibilities while still in the body.

DELIVERS A MESSAGE TO A STRANGER.

In 1869 Maud was coming from Sheboygan to Fondulac and had to wait at a station several hours for friends who were to join her. The guides took her into a stranger's house and she began to address the lady of the house as mother. The lady said, "Who are you?" "Why, mother, I am George Russell," was the reply. "He was my son," she said, "and you are a woman." "Yes, but mother, it's I, truly it is. May I go up stairs and show you the things I sent you from the army?" "Yes, you may go, and I will believe you if you find the things up stairs." The spirit then took the medium up stairs to the lower bureau drawer where the mother had put away the things that he had fashioned with his own hands. A pin-cushion, a bone ring, a bone toothpick, and a tidy beautifully beaded by his own hands for the dear old mother so far away. When he had looked them all over, all the while smiling and chatting familiarly about them and concerning the loved ones with him and those left here, he said, "My coat, mother, may I show it to you?" He went directly to an old trunk and, taking from it his soldier coat with its tarnished buttons, he pointed sadly to a bul-

let hole and said, "Mother, through that rent passed the minnie ball that robbed you of your boy's body, but not his spirit, for I am here with you." The facts of presentation were so positive, so assured and so unhesitatingly asserted that the mother could not doubt his presence.

A SPIRIT RETURNS A LOST RING.

One evening Maud came down stairs from her room under control of Kaolah to treat me for heart trouble. She took a ring from her finger when she first came into the room and laid it upon the corner of my dressing stand. I put my hand out to get it, fearing it might get brushed off. It was not there! She left the room in a trance; and after she was gone I got up, and with a light looked for the ring, but could not find it. I knew she did not pick it up when she left the room. In the morning I looked over every inch of the room, but it was not to be found. Evening came and the ring was still missing. Maud came down stairs about seven o'clock and passed out through the library. As she left the room she said to me, "Aunt Abbey is here and wants you to go over there," pointing towards the dining room door and opposite to the direction she was going. I heard her close the door as she went out, and knew the domestic had shut up the dining room for the night and had gone. The door of the dining room creaked, swung open and shut a little, just enough to attract our attention. As we looked in that direction a beautiful white hand appeared over the door, with the back towards us. We all noted the style and make of the white sleeve, the width of the hem at the wrist, and the delicate trimming. When the hand snapped a ring out into the room, we were all fairly paralyzed with amazement.

While at Sheboygan, Mrs. Lord became interested in a bright, pretty, rosy-cheeked German girl. She was the picture of health and worked at the hotel. The clairvoyant eyes of Mrs. Lord discovered the shadow of death around

her, and asked the girl if she felt well. She answered, "Yes."

The third day after this she saw that the dark shadow lay all about the girl. That afternoon the girl complained of a serious headache and went to her home some little distance from the hotel and went to bed very ill. She grew rapidly worse. She had formed a great attachment for Mrs. Lord and implored the family to send for her. They did so and upon her arrival at the sick bed she found the girl in a delirium of fever. When the soothing and mesmeric hands of Mrs. Lord touched poor Minnie she regained consciousness; and, looking up with a sweet smile of joyful recognition, said, "Oh, my dear Mrs. Lord, you have come to see your poor Minnie die."

Only too well she realized the truth; and, kneeling upon the bare floor of that humble home, she told the dying girl the truth. The girl's awakening soul caught the glory of the far off, living light and said, "Oh, I am so glad, and I can come back and be with you sometimes, and I won't have to work so hard morning, noon and night, always work, work." The fevered lips murmured, "Will you hold my hands until I go?"

During the hours of consciousness the gentle, tender-hearted sick girl said, "Mrs. Lord, I have seen your angels and they are beautiful. Please stay with me; maybe they would go away if you leave me." The gray shadow that had followed her so persistently now had control. Life had succumbed to its inevitable sway. A heavenly smile lighted up one of the most beautiful faces imaginable; the eyes grew startlingly set and fixed, a little tender clasp of the toil-worn fingers, and dear little Minnie had joined the angelic throng.

Thus ended a beautiful little incident that revealed how near heaven is to earth, and that its shadow and sunshine closely commingle. Who can gauge the dividing line and scientifically measure the distance? Those who come to us from their angelic homes, who come on love's white wings to show such souls the way, measure all dis-

tances. To know that they come, as did this simple, uneducated, hard-working German girl, makes the world better, braver, nobler and wiser.

During Mrs. Lord's stay in Sheboygan she met a stranger on the street and said to him in German, "Go to your garden, your wife is dying, if not dead." Frightened and not knowing to whom he spoke, he asked what she meant and who she was. She said, "I am a medium and the spirits make me tell you." "Mine Got," he said, "Ish dot so?" Mrs. Lord said, "I am stopping at the Testweed House: go now, and when you come back call and tell me if it is true." The German hurried home and found his wife dead from heart disease.

DRIFTING ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

Another serious incident happened while she was at this place. She had wandered down to the lake, and espying a skiff tied to an anchorage, she thoughtlessly untied it and stepped into it without oars or anchor. She began to rock the boat, and it began to move out from the shore like a thing bent on mischief; farther out it went at each rocking motion from the delighted occupant, who thought she could as readily rock herself back. There was quite a breeze and this gave her a dangerous but delightful sensation, in this her crazy flight out upon uncertain waters. The afternoon was well-nigh spent when her foolish reasoning came to the test. The boat resisted all coaxing and all attempts to rock back to the shore. The sun was fast sinking out of sight. She was near sighted and could not see the shore. The skiff, as though winged, seemed to fly out and out farther away as the wind freshened. Maud did not lose courage, as she believed her spirit friends would come to her rescue.

Mr. John Gill, working on a pier some distance away, heard a voice distinctly say, "Look out upon the waters and see a skiff oarless, with an occupant; go to the rescue." He accused his fellow workmen of speaking the words, but they declared they had not spoken. "Hark, I hear

it again." They all strained their ears and eyes seaward, but could not discover anything. Again the voice spoke and said, "Look good." They procured a strong glass, used for sighting vessels, and distinctly saw the wayward little skiff with its lone occupant.

The sun had gone down, and darkness was closing in, when a cheerful voice called to her that she should be landed safely. She told her rescuer her version of the reckless escapade and how she had foolishly imagined that she could as easily rock the skiff back as to go out. He told her how he was directed to come after her and she said, "Yes, I knew they would save me." "Who?" he said. "Oh, my spirit friends," she replied. She explained the wonderful gift and its teachings. In after years Maud met this rescuer in Philadelphia and he joyfully told her that he was quite a medium and had been one for sometime.

SPIRITS FIND A LOST SCARF PIN.

Her husband, upon their return home to Fondulac, one day said, "I wish the spirits would do a certain thing for me." Maud had given him a valuable scarf pin. Coming from Fondulac to Sheboygan, and while passing over the tender from the passenger car to the engine, he had lost it.

A few mornings after his loss, reaching out to unfasten a window sash, he ejaculated, "Look at this! Here is my pin!" Some of the settings were out, and pieces of tamarack adhered to the pin.

DR. DEHAVEN USES SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

I had a patient from Milwaukee by the name of Jack Kinderlin, who was troubled with a vicious carbuncle. He came to have me operate on it, when Dr. DeHaven volunteered to do it for me if I would wait a day or two. My patient readily consented to this arrangement. We darkened the room and I placed my case of surgical in-

struments on a stand and the patient took his seat beside the stand. We formed a circle around the patient and the stand and awaited results. Our ears were attuned to every movement. We heard the instruments move as if some one was taking them up for examination. Less than three feet of space intervened between us and the patient. We could plainly sense every movement. We heard the instruments laid down on the table and heard some one treating the patient. In less than five minutes Dr. DeHaven's voice said: "I am through. You can now examine." We lighted the lamp, and there on the stand lay the instruments, which had been used, not clean as I had placed them on the stand; and, by their side lay the core of the carbuncle.

Mrs. Jane Campbell, visiting me at the time, was present at this operation. Some months after this she stepped on a needle. I could only find a small portion of the needle, although I made several examinations for that purpose. Here again Dr. DeHaven came to my assistance.

We made the room dark as before. I placed my case of instruments on the stand as before, only I did not open the case. Mrs. Campbell took her seat beside the stand. We heard the case open and the sound of experienced fingers running over the instruments. We heard the patient give expressions of pain; and, finally, she said, "My foot feels better, anyway."

Dr. DeHaven's voice told Maud to put out her hand, which she did, when a piece of rusted needle, about an inch long, was placed in her hand. This piece just matched the piece I had taken out. On lighting the lamp, we found the case of instruments open and I saw that the proper instruments had been used. They were on the stand stained with blood. These operations showed superior intelligence and skill in operating so successfully and so quickly. They show an ability to see, not only in the dark, but far enough into more solid matter to locate the foreign substance. My instruments were

not cutting into these patients under any hypnotic hallucination, or to satisfy any unconscious cerebral theory, or any theory of apparitions, visions or vibrations recorded upon the astral light, or any theory of blind force acting through or upon organized matter, or any force acting in any way excepting on the theory that it was the ex-carnate, personal, individual spirit force of Dr. Peter Dellaven performing these very difficult and delicate operations.

FACES ON THE FROSTED WINDOW GLASS.

The frost is at work on the pane tonight,
Tracing his fancies—the Artist Sprite!
His fancies so exquisite, dainty and rare,
- They might be the dreams of the sleeping air.

—Anon.

In the winter of 1869 a new and marvelous development came to Maud. We first noticed faces apparently etched in the frost on the window panes. My attention was principally attracted to the details. These manifestations continued for some two weeks or more. Sometimes there were pictures of soldiers carrying guns; sometimes landscapes were worked out in detail. Some of the faces were recognized by friends. There was one very notable case where a woman who had become separated from her mother when quite young, was told by Mrs. Lord that the face on the glass was that of her mother, still living. Later on she found her mother from her remembrance of the face on the window.

People came from all parts of the city to see these spirit pictures. Photographers came to take and preserve them as rare curiosities of art and skill. These faces were often perfect, even to the details of beard, moustache, eyebrows and features. Sometimes they would appear on the margin of newspapers, three, four or a half dozen at a time. Sometimes they would fade and others come in their place while we were watching them.

I knew then that behind the scene were invisible artists, whose well defined lines of taste and beauty had

marked an era. I knew that God had sent His angels to dot the crystal canvas to induce thought. These beautiful frost sketches appeared from time to time at my husband's place of business, and sometimes in our home, when Maud had scarcely graced the room with her presence through the day.

REMARKABLE HAND DRAWING.

About this time we experienced another phase of spirit manifestations. Maud could not herself make a drawing of any little image that most children delight to indulge in with their pencils, and yet we could throw a shawl over her lap, place paper and pencil beneath it, and she would sketch faces with wonderful skill. One evening she made a picture of a man who was recognized by his daughter, Mrs. Annie Remington, who was stopping at our house, and she begged the privilege of keeping it. Several times Maud made sketches of a bust with a composite head, so that it represented a new face in any and every way you might turn it. Each face was in appearance of a different nationality.

One very cold winter evening in the year of 1869, some pretty little flowers were brought in and given to us. We wondered where such flowers could have come from, and questioned Clarence. He said they visited all the hot house gardens. They could get into them all with ease, but could not get the flowers out until at one garden they discovered a broken window. The next day I proposed to Mr. Hooker that we drive over to this particular garden and if possible find the broken window. We went and looked very carefully and found the place where a pane of glass had been broken, as stated by Clarence.

A NEW ERA IN OUR HOME.

A new baby in the house was not a common event, nor was it the mere idea of being grandma that made the event more memorable. They had foretold the sex, the day and the hour of her coming, and had selected a name

for her. They gave us a new surprise by attending at her birth. We were told to leave the room and to wait in the sitting room below. Our curiosity and our anxiety was too great, and we tarried just outside the door. We could hear all that was said and done. Suddenly there came a heavy rapping all about us and we made a quick retreat down stairs. In a short time Clarence's voice called us to come. On entering the room there was our tiny baby girl, as foretold, nicely wrapped in a warm cloth which I had left in the room, and with a shawl folded about her. Dr. DeHaven, by whose direction I had made many wonderful cures in my own practice, aided by Jesse and Clarence, were Maud's attendants. There might have been others, but we could hear and recognize only the voices of these three.

Two days after baby's birth, my sister-in-law came for a visit. She was taken suddenly ill and lost consciousness very unexpectedly. Maud was not yet up and I had been quite reticent in speaking about the sick woman to her. I was alarmed and quietly summoned two of our neighbors, Mrs. Owen Townsend and Mrs. Smith, wife of the Presbyterian clergyman, from Maud's room. In the greatest possible haste I reached the room with restoratives, but before I could make use of them we were nearly paralyzed with astonishment by seeing Maud come into the room, in a trance, with a blanket wrapped about her in Indian style. She came to the bedside, stood as if listening to directions given by some spirit, then she cautiously placed her hands upon the dying woman for a minute, and then rubbed her over the region of the heart quite vigorously, turning her head occasionally as if to hear instructions. Maud then picked her up as easily as she would a child and placed her upon her back, and treated her again. The time seemed an age as we stood and looked on, unable to offer any assistance. The patient made a gasp or two and then respiration, though feeble, was established. We were silent in the presence of a superior intelligence and power. This startling and beautiful dem-

onstration of spirit power was like a benediction from above,—like a glad glory-ray from the fountain of all wisdom.

Still in the trance, Maud returned to her room, placed herself in bed and was sleeping when we arrived there a minute later.

Clarence assured us that she was so thoroughly protected by magnetism with which they had surrounded her, that she would not suffer from it, and she did not.

SERENADE THE BABY.

The baby was in due time apprised that she was to bear the name Maude Alberta Lord. We all thought her a little the sweetest and dearest baby in the wide world. Our spirit friends were equally pleased with her, for on the night when they christened her, they took possession of a closet adjoining Maud's room, where we kept the musical instruments which were usually brought into the seances, consisting of a music box, bells, tambourine and guitar, and gave the mother and baby a royal serenade. The most wonderful part of the performance was their bringing the guitar from down stairs. Our sick woman thought our friends from the city were congratulating us upon the advent of a new baby in the house.

- SPIRIT CLARENCE STRIKES A MATCH AND BUILDS A FIRE.

We were surprised one evening about six o'clock, by finding a fire in Maud's room up stairs. There had been no fire in the room during the day and no person had been in the room. I had cleared all the ashes from the stove and placed the wood and kindling in the stove ready for the match. This was a puzzle till Clarence told us he did it, as conditions favored his doing so.

A CONCERT BY A BAND OF INDIAN BRAVES.

Many times we were awakened during the night by music, both instrumental and vocal, which did credit to the spirit band. Usually, when these concerts commenced,

Maud would be asleep; and, on being awakened, she would ask what was being done, and Clarence would tell her to keep still as a few friends had called for a concert. We could, from our rooms below, hear all these preliminaries. Sometimes we would not be awakened until the music commenced. We were not permitted to enter the room, for fear of disturbing the conditions. On the occasion of an entertainment given by our Indian friends, we heard all that occurred, as their coming was by no means "on noiseless wings."

I was awakened by screams from the room occupied for the night by Maud and a young woman, Miss Lind, visiting us. The Indians were in full force in the room, as I judged from the sounds. They danced and used the guitar in beating time upon the bed sufficiently hard to alarm the girls. Both girls awoke with the thought of burglars, and screamed in their fright. The scene was surpassingly ludicrous. They called to the girl in the adjoining room. She went to the door, when an Indian told her she could not enter. She opened the door a little, when something was thrust through the opening which deterred her from entering, and she gave vent to a scream, and calling to me, said, "Oh, dear, the spirits are in Mrs. Lord's room and won't let me go in."

I took a light and went to the room and found Maud and her friend buried in the bed clothes, which were tightly wound around their heads. It was with some difficulty that I could uncover their heads and make them understand, or recognize my voice. The room looked as if a cyclone had visited it. The bed was tossed and tumbled, and the furniture and the chairs were turned upside down. The tambourine, bell, music box and guitar were piled upon the bed, while other articles were strewn over the floor in all directions. If our incorrigible skeptic, or any other person, had witnessed this work of the invisibles, they would surely have been convinced of spirit materialization.

DO SPIRITS TALK, AND WHY DO NOT ALL HEAR THEM?

There is no guess work about this question. I know that spirits talk, and find the elements that enables them to articulate so that other than clairvoyant ears can catch the vibrations. I have never entered into an investigation of the processes by which the voice is formed, but I reason that, as there is no death, the spirit must be invested with all of its inherent faculties after its transition. With the completing of the mysterious operation of gestation and birth, comes the unfoldment and development of the physical body; and it must be true that the greater the development while in the physical body, the more advanced and complete are the spirit forces for the work of manifestations. Death is just as natural and necessary to spiritual existence as a natural birth is to an earthly existence, and is a part of the grand process of perfecting the individuality of a spirit.

DEATH IS THE CROWN OF LIFE!

“Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, e’en fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign;
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;
This king of terrors, is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I die?—then shall I live forever.”

The spirit, having passed through the natural conditions, is at once invested with all the faculties belonging to it in spirit life, and is ready and equipped to acquire the knowledge and ability to which it is entitled. If it is not able to use these faculties, why not? It is true that all spirits have not mastered these laws, and only a few can accomplish this wonderful phenomenon of speech, as we hear it, but the fact that some can talk so that ordinary ears can hear, when conditions are right, is too well established to be successfully questioned.

THE NATHAN MURDER.

This tragedy, which occurred in 1871, will be recalled by many. The murdered man was in independent circumstances, a Hebrew by faith, living in his own stately home in New York, and was murdered in his bed and robbed.

The evening this terrible tragedy took place in New York our family were alone in Fondulac, Wisconsin. Maud was entranced and commenced to describe a man approaching a house. She also described the surroundings, the parlor, and commented upon a couple of pictures upon the wall. She then said, "There are some mattresses piled up in one room; it looks as though they were house cleaning. I see this man stealthily ascend the stairs; he passes through one room into the other and approaches a bed. There is an old man lying there asleep; he creeps close up to him." At this moment she threw up her arms and with a wild cry of "Murder! Murder! Murder!" suddenly became rigid and fell from the chair like one dead. The description she gave of the house, the appearance of the room, the style of doors, the number of pictures on the wall of the parlor, and the ill fated room did not vary from the description of the Nathan residence given by the papers the next day. From day to day she clairvoyantly kept pace with the investigation, and gave us many details which the papers did not have, but which were corroborated some months later by detectives who visited her. She described a woman in a straw colored silk dress, wearing a magnificent bracelet containing a secret spring. She even traced the bracelet to the manufacturers, Ball & Black, of New York. Within this bracelet, she said, there was an important paper connecting this woman with the murder.

The detective found a perfect corroboration of these statements. She also described the missing watch and its place of concealment. Gave the name of the Benjamin Hotel and the number of the room where important busi-

ness was transacted between the guilty parties, and much more that would not be well to mention here.

The following year, 1872, we took up our residence in Chicago, when a detective named Sam Felke came to consult Mrs. Lord about this murder. Her memory of the vision was very clear and she went over the former statement with wonderful accuracy. He was deeply interested, as it all accorded with what he already knew, excepting her statement about the hotel. She must have the name wrong, as he knew every hotel in New York. He was sure there was no such house. She insisted that there was a hotel there, as she described it; also as to the appearance of the room. The detective visited New York and returned with the information that he was thoroughly beaten, for he found the Benjamin House, the room and all, just as Maud had stated. He was then anxious for further knowledge. She told him she could go no further with him under the stimulus which incited him in the matter.

DR. DE HAVEN'S MARVELOUS SKILL.

While living in Chicago our baby was vaccinated and as a consequence became very sick. We sent for her mother, who was away holding a seance. She arrived to find her beyond the help of all earthly skill. I had had many cases in my practice, seemingly more serious than this, and yet this resisted all my efforts. I called in other and eminent practitioners, but nothing could be done. When the mother arrived, the baby was unconseious and to all appearances she was then dead. The physician I had called pronounced her dead. When Maud arrived she insisted on taking her in her arms and in holding both her little hands in her own. Hour after hour passed,—the day lengthened into night and the hours slowly passed until two o'clock in the morning, and still the anxious, heartbroken mother held her treasure,—her all. None could relieve her, she would not permit any of us to take her precious burden for one moment. Only a mother can

measure the agony of that long vigil. All her weary feelings,—such weariness as comes to mediums in the exercise of their gifts,—were forgotten in that great overmastering mother's love.

Cheek all hasty, impatient thought, especially to mothers. By the insuperable law of compensation will you pay, at some point on life's way, for every thoughtless word and act. It is *the law* from which there is no escape. Nothing so crushes and agonizes the spirit as regret, nothing so exalts and beautifies it as truth told and duly performed.

Language fails to picture any devotion on the part of children that can compensate such mother love as great souls all over the world are daily, hourly giving: such as only a mother can feel and know. It is the perfected manifestation of the primal, creative force of the universe.

Her wise controls were not idle. She held the living citadel until the conditions permitted the preparation of the remedy for the blood-poison, caused by this modern, barbaric practice of putting into our veins that which nature never intended should be there,—all because this modern, experimental science knows no better. Dr. De Haven then took control and directed me to take a sheet of foolscap paper, place it outside on the porch and to go after it in fifteen minutes. When it was time, I looked for the paper, but could not find it.

In a few minutes Dr. DeHaven told me to look again. This time I found it just where I had placed it. On the paper was quite a quantity of dark brown or black powder. He told me to give the baby a certain amount every fifteen minutes, and await the effect. In a short time, probably five minutes after the second dose, we detected a slight pulsation of the heart. He then told me to give the same dose again and when the baby regained consciousness, she would ask for something to eat and for me to give her all the sponge-cake she might want.

There were no conditions, no "ifs" about his directions, nothing empirical; he knew what effect his remedy

would produce. It resulted exactly as he said it would, and we gave her the cake for which she asked. The next day our baby was well and playing about the house. She had been called back from the other side! For what? Time would tell. She had been held in the body all those long, weary hours by a mother's love—the greatest force in all the universe—and a mother's vital forces, until darkness opened nature's great laboratory and permitted spirit intelligence, with its matchless skill, to prepare the remedy. I kept some of this powder for years and used it with absolute success in cases of blood-poisoning. I could never get it analyzed.

Many times, when my cases baffled me and I knew not what to do, Dr. DeHaven came to my assistance. There were never any experiments in his practice,—in his science. Positive results were predicted and were as sure to follow as night follows day.

The Indian guide, "Kaolah," who seemed to have been with Maud from her very earliest recollections, often prepared remedies in daylight, in our presence, seemingly out of the invisible air; and at other times would suggest herbs and roots and direct us as to their combination and method of preparation which were always effective.

A SPIRIT BATTERY—ELECTRICITY, OR WHAT?

Without attempting to answer the question, it is sufficient to state that the force was magical, whatever it was. Many people will recall the figure of a fair-sized, well-dressed man wheeled about the streets of Chicago by a colored servant in '72 or '73. Mr. Ethmer Rogers had suffered for years with a rheumatic trouble that had drawn his hands out of shape and crippled his legs so that he could not dress himself or walk. He visited many specialists and noted physicians in this country and Europe. Meeting him in the streets one day I was impressed to stop and talk with him. He told me of his efforts to obtain relief and that not one of those he had employed at great ex-

pense had done him the least good. I told him I had a daughter who was a medium and whom I considered the greatest magnetic healer in the world. I related how she had relieved and cured many, and all kind of cases that our profession could not correctly diagnose or successfully treat, and that I believed she could cure him.

He came to see us, and as soon as Maud saw him she said, "Yes, I can cure you." He begged her to try it; anything to be released from his terrible suffering and helpless condition.

When she commenced to treat him, a peculiar buzzing sound, like that of an electric battery in operation, could be distinctly heard, apparently coming from the corner of the room, up near the ceiling, about ten feet from where Maud stood. This continued during all the time she was treating him. We were all very greatly surprised, as nothing like it had ever occurred before. Maud could not tell what it was. She could see what appeared to be a little white box, six or eight inches square, up in the corner against the dark wall paper, which was manipulated by two white hands. None of us were able to see anything, but we could all distinctly hear and locate the buzzing noise. When she ceased her treatment, the sound stopped. Almost from the moment she placed her hands upon his crippled and partially paralyzed hands and limbs, we noticed a change in his expression and general appearance. He said that sometimes the current from her hands caused him excruciating pain; at other times he felt as though paralyzed. She diagnosed his case so accurately, as to the time the trouble commenced and its progress up to the time he came to her, that his faith in her was completely established. She told him it came from a fall received years before, in which his spine and brain were injured. This, he remembered, but had never connected it with his trouble. She gave him only three treatments. During each treatment the same buzzing sound from the spirit battery was heard as long as she was treating him.

The three treatments resulted in a complete cure. My

own conclusions are that all magnetic healing is dependent upon the aid of spirit power using the magnetic aura of the physical healer.

LOST ARTICLES RETURNED.

On one occasion, the baby had lost one of her new shoes, when out riding with Maud and Mr. Hooker. The loss was not noticed until she was brought into the house. Mr. and Mrs. Draper had called, and as she sat visiting with them, Maud suddenly looked toward the back parlor doors and said, "How strange! There comes a trio of spirits from the back parlor, clapping their hands and saying: 'We've done it, we've done it.' " I could not then understand what was meant, but it was made very plain to us a little later. When the hour for retiring came, my husband found the little shoe under the pillow.

At another time, when getting out of the carriage, on Madison Street, Maud lost a fur-lined glove. That evening a German friend named Wymann, a jeweler, called. He left his overcoat in the lower hall and came up stairs, where we were sitting. During the evening, Clarence told Maud to ask Mr. Wymann to look in his overcoat pocket. We all rushed to see what had happened. When, lo! Mr. Wymann drew from his pocket the missing glove. Surprise reigned supreme and Maud appealed to Clarence to explain. He said the glove was dropped in such a manner that they could secrete it until this gentleman passed, and then they slipped it into his pocket.

PROPHECY VERIFIED.

In the month of August, 1886, the shadow of the Death Angel fell upon our little cottage. There was a vacant chair at the head of the table. We had no power to stay the tide that for eight long months had been carrying Mr. Hooker out towards the other shore. A little while previous to his demise our Maud came home and brought with her Mrs. Ladd of the Catholic faith, a lady of culture

and most pleasing manners. Her mediumistic powers were very beautifully unfolded and blended so finely with Maud's that the angel band seemed to meet with no resistance in accomplishing their most sacred and wonderful mission. After pleasant greetings, dear Clarence controlled Maud and gave Mr. Hooker a joyous greeting and outlined to him the beauty and activity of spirit life, the joy and pleasure awaiting him, and told him of the friends of other days who stood ready to receive him.

In the evening Maud gave us a beautiful address, after which, Mrs. Ladd addressed a few words to Mr. Hooker, and then sang an Italian air with exquisite sweetness and pathos. The next evening we invited the attending physicians and sat around the bed. Soon Jesse Wilbourn, a brother of our Clarence, came laden with beautiful thoughts, voiced in choicest language. Mrs. Ladd's control chanted some peculiar foreign and spirit airs. Aracco, one of her advanced guides, rendered in his native tongue, and, in an *independent* and powerful voice, a grand musical selection. While this was being done, a beautiful white canopy, with trimmings of silver lace and tassels, seemed to be suspended over the bed. Bright lights floated everywhere around us, and faces came so near that Mr. Hooker was overjoyed in the recognition of a sister who was very dear to him in this life, and who thus watched the hour when she could greet him upon the other shore. The next day they bade us good-bye and left for New York.

HOW WE LOVED HER.

In all the years that Maud was an inmate of our home, and in later years, when she came to visit us, under all conditions, and in the most trying circumstances, I never heard an unpleasant or complaining word fall from her lips, or saw a frown on her countenance. She was always pleasant and gracious to all people. She was grateful for any slight act of kindness, and was constantly doing for others. She gave freely to other's needs and never took a

thought for herself. Her joy was in making others happy. She was always happy in the country, in the woods among the flowers. She would talk to them and attend them as though they understood and appreciated her tender solicitude. She seemed to be in tune with, and attuned to all the infinite forces of nature. She seemed a part with, and of nature's melody and of its grand anthems. We all loved her with a holy adoration,—as something different, something beyond our comprehension. She could not be measured by known standards, or understood from our standpoint. No wonder she was called "The Daughter of the Orient." She did not belong on our plane of action. A strange, exotic flower on foreign soil, doing the Master's work.

It is impossible to write all the startling and important incidents that came to me during those years of investigation. I would as soon doubt there was such a person as Mrs. Maud E. Lord, as to doubt what I have seen and written. There was a time, however, when I would have been afraid of persons believing as I do. My good old, shouting Methodist mother tried to educate me to believe whatever our teachers and ministers told us; that we must not think and act independently or contrary to their interpretation of the Bible. If the continuity of life be a fact,—be the *law*,—we are all subject to it, and must carry with us the likeness of ourselves and reflect just what we are and just what we have been in this life. Each one must personate himself. Death cannot possibly change our characters, or our individual selves, so as to make us appear what we have not been, any more than a canary can become an eagle. Our individual lines of life are definitely marked. Thought and consummated action have made our characters. If we are bad and designing persons here, we must begin where we left off, where death and the new life finds us. No affirmation of faith can change our condition at the time we enter the new life any more than the leopard can change his spots at will. Spiritualism teaches me the grandeur of a true and unblemished life; to never defile,

or profane the residence of the spirit; to be true to every conviction of right.

Fondulac, Wisconsin, 1886.

CONCLUSION.

It is a year later. Our Maud has returned from **her** first visit to California. The Spiritual Camp Meetings in the East are closed and she has been with us once more, and I resume my pen to relate the fulfillment of the strangest part of the strange prophecy of the Oriental Master, made on that beautiful Sabbath morning in June so long ago, yet seeming as but yesterday, so rapidly do the years go when we have passed the three score mile stone. Eleven years have passed since Maud, for good and sufficient reasons obtained a divorce from my son. She is now in California with another husband, living in a beautiful home among the orange groves. Our blue-eyed baby, now a beautiful young girl of fifteen, was also with us. My son and I are living at home alone.

Is Maud's husband the stranger so minutely and indelibly impressed on my mind?

I will tell you that you may know as I know, that "Angels are given charge" over Maud and her glorious mission.

What a royal benediction her coming was to me.

In the pleasure and excitement of her visit, I entirely forgot the prophecy, so unlike was her husband to the image of the stranger who had come to us in those visions and dreams of the night. We had a most delightful visit, and I, claiming Maud as a daughter, also claimed him as a son. We discussed the events of the past; and, in reviewing the incidents we recalled the prophecy. All was correct, excepting he did not resemble the stranger. Maud and I laughed and said we guessed, if the prophecy was to be fully verified she had married the wrong man. Everything else was as predicted. The new husband was a contractor and builder of waterworks and railroads, and was

not a newspaper man. He did not fill the description in this particular, neither did he wear a full beard. He listened to our story with evident incredulity. We described the stranger and told him about the prophecy, as I have related it. He smiled, but made no answer. He was a consistent believer in our philosophy, and I imagined our story might cause him to think it foreboded a separation for him, if that part of the prophecy was yet to be completed.

He left us for a few days to visit Rock Island, Ill., and Davenport, Iowa, where he had formerly been in business, leaving Maud and our granddaughter, now his daughter, with us. He returned and in a short time they left for California.

A day or two before they left, on going into the parlor, I saw a blue plush ease on the center-table, containing the photograph of a man. The photograph was done in India ink. I put on my glasses to take a better look at it. I knew there was no such ease in the house.

To my great astonishment, it was a beautiful likeness of the Stranger—perfect in every detail!

I started with it in my hand for Maud's room and met her at the door. "Oh, Maud, where did this come from? This is the man you should have married."

"Why so, mama; what makes you say that?"

"Don't you see, don't you remember that face? It's the Stranger of our Oriental's prediction and *so true a likeness*."

"So it is," she said, "but, mama, it is Mr. Drake's picture, taken when he lived in Davenport."

So it was. After hearing our story, he went to Davenport on business and brought it back with him. Without saying anything to me, he left it where I could see it, to test my memory and the accuracy of our story. The photograph, as he then told us, had been taken by a photographer in Davenport, named P. B. Jones, whose gallery was on the corner of Brandy and Third streets. Jones was a spiritualist, and in later years, not liking the name of Jones, changed and took his middle name, and is now

known by the name of Dr. P. J. Barrington. He is the author of several spiritual books and well known to the spiritualists of the country. The photograph was finished in India ink by another spiritualist named Pryor. Both were believers in our philosophy, as stated by the Oriental. Both of these men were very persistent in taking his photograph and doing it in ink, and then they presented it to him, when, as he told us, he did not care for it. Barrington, or Jones, was a very able man, a clear logical thinker. Everybody in Davenport held him in high regard as an honest, conscientious citizen.

Mr. Drake was, at the time the photograph was taken, city editor of the Daily Davenport *Democrat*, and later, from 1870 until 1880, was owner and editor of the Daily Rock Island, Illinois, *Argus*, at which time he went to Texas and engaged in other business. Thus it is that our prophecy was verified in detail, and I now await the incidents yet to come.

I close these, to me, strange, marvelous and deeply interesting, incidents in the life of a daughter whom we always loved and whose mediumship covers the whole range of spiritual phenomena. She never lowered the moral tone of our beautiful philosophy, and none stand higher in the estimation of the public. That the other incidents foretold by the grand Oriental master will come to pass in the fulfillment of their plans, I do not doubt.

Yours very truly,

LAURA A. HOOKER, M. D.

Fondulac, Wis., Nov., 1887.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE IN CHICAGO.

In 1871 Mrs. Lord moved to Chicago and gave all of her time to the demonstration of spiritual phenomena and philosophy. Some of the wealthy people of that city offered to purchase a home on the "aristocratic" South Side and present it to her, if she would exercise her gifts exclusively for the select, the wealthy and the fashionable, as Appollonius of Tyana did in Christ's time. They argued that such a course would make spiritualism popular: that she was just the one to do it. They were delighted with her personality and the genuineness of the phenomena in her seances, with the principles she taught and the example she set for them. But they did not feel at home, or at ease, in the presence of those of extreme poverty who often attended her meetings, and who were sometimes given more attention in the seance than they received. Jeweled hands could not clasp with ease the hard, calloused hand of toil, and they could not meet God's poor and the unfortunate in the spirit of universal brotherhood. Poverty, humiliation and trials had never come to them, as they had to Mrs. Lord in her young days, to touch their souls with Charity's magic wand, or to illuminate undeveloped recesses in their being. To the credit of some of these people, be it said, they approved Mrs. Lord's refusal of their well-meant offer.

He, or she, who has never known sorrowful adversities has only half lived, and does but in part know the world.

Mrs. Lord's doors were open to all classes. The poor were always welcome to the full exercise of her gifts, and the needy never went away empty-handed. She was eagerly

sought by people of all religions, all beliefs, all isms, and even those with no belief. The wealthy and fashionable continued to seek her. The learned and those who imagined themselves learned came to consult her upon all questions, foolish, wise and otherwise. People sought her from far and near. Some came to expose, and others to know the truth. Many who came to jeer and scoff, went away to rejoice in tears of repentance that spirit return was a proven fact. Thousands of Chicago's prominent men and women were convinced, while the unthinking and illogical were completely mystified.

In the very beginning of her public work she adopted a plan to which she always adhered and which gave the public great confidence in her. She would never permit any one to pay anything for her work, unless she and they were both thoroughly satisfied with what they received. Thus she disarmed skeptics and won her way to great public favor, as a thoroughly Christian woman, in thought and act.

When she lived at 251½ Park Avenue, a gentleman named William Tilden called and stated that he represented the M. E. Church. He came to ask what would be her price to give up her public work for the devil.

She listened to his reasons for such a request, and then replied, "In your ignorance of the truths and precepts we teach, you are mistaken. You have acted without reasoning and without first seeking any explanation of the subject you condemn. In the truths and facts we demonstrate there is nothing inconsistent with Christ's teaching and practice. We only demonstrate to your reason what you so earnestly ask us to believe. Neither is there anything in our demonstrations inconsistent with good morals, cleanly lives and Christian conduct. Nor is there anything contradictory to the laws of physical science."

She was then controlled and spoke in a voice most exquisitely attuned to the melody of the celestial spheres, as he afterwards related. She told him of all the important changes and leading incidents of his life. In the full light

of the noon-day sun, his dear mother came first, independent of the medium, and placed her hand upon his head so that he felt and recognized the old-time touch. Then followed his father, brothers and sisters, and the friends he thought safe within the limits of his theological heaven, all of whom he recognized. His soul was touched with the God-sent truth, and in after years he came again and again to seek instructive and holy communion with his loved ones. To his belief he had added positive knowledge. It made his religion all the more beautiful, and made him a more devout worshipper. He recognized the universal law of spirit return and he did not fear to talk it to his many friends.

THE INVOLUTION OF GENIUS.

"Almighty Wisdom never acts in vain,
Nor shall the soul, on which it has bestow'd
Such powers, e'er perish like an earthly clod."

Thus wrote Jenyns, and thus think all those who claim that the race is the product of all that has passed. The mingling of all races, all forms of belief, all modes of thought on this continent, has produced results that are already reacting upon the old world. Here, it has produced a new man and a new woman, with new thought. The new man has correlated his facts taken from all sources, and has dared to proclaim his conclusions. The new woman has ignored the old Roman law and dares to be heard in public. Recognizing the dynamic force of thought in creation,—the intelligence that creates and beautifies all things, she is applying this magic force to the production of genius. All geniuses have great mothers.

Handicapped by customs and forms, nature has been obliged to take woman unawares, to seek the simpler walks of life to produce the geniuses and thinkers who have startled ecclesiastical domination and dared to provoke science into new and untried fields. Spiritual science, from the bright other side of life, is opening the way. The coming of these angel teachers has long been delayed by

prejudice and ignorance. They are now here to stay, to help those who have developed sufficient brain and acquired faculties and courage to reason. They are here to help humanity to greater progress, to higher and better thought.

Thought builds character and is all the enduring wealth we can acquire in this stage of existence. Thus counseled Mrs. Lord's more advanced guides. They urged her to hold out a strong hand to stay the feet of the weak and erring. They gave her the wisdom to claim the attention of the thoughtful, and to confound intellectual vanity. They gave her to understand that thought vibrations once set in operation move on eternally and whoever comes within their limits must be influenced and modified by them;—that they will produce their legitimate result somewhere and some time. The mother's thought may not be so directly appreciable in the child as in the third and fourth generation; but, once involved, it will be evolved some time.

Thoughts become acts. Every act must be preceded by a thought, and these operations form character—the only desirable consummation of life. Let no mother doubt these laws and their far reaching effects. Call it heredity, if you will. The first cause is thought,—a deific or demonic force set in operation, and according to the dynamic energy you give it so will it bless or curse the race and you as well. There is no place where you can escape from it.

There are those still living in Chicago, and at other places, who remember the lessons taught by Mrs. Lord's controls and who listened and applied them, and have beautiful children as a result. How? She repeated to them the lessons given to her and told them her experience—told them how her inspiration of unalloyed joy knew no bounds when she thought of a young soul to be born into the world, mantled in glory and sweet perfection. The mysterious, magical law of thought,—the spirit's selection and impress of matter, moulding it into forms of beauty and organizing it according to its kind and quality must

produce the results for which she did so devoutly pray,—if no other environment and deleterious forces are present to check and delay for a generation,—possibly a second generation, the beauty and perfection for which she so fondly hoped. Prayers unceasingly rose to the mother's lips, from the hope-inspired heart, that her child might be all that nature's God could make it.

Out in the severest storms went she to pray; out into the sunshine where the songs of birds seemed to make life more sentient and beautiful; out beyond the great city's limits to peaceful fields abounding with life that only sanctified and glorified the soul within—the double life—that she might bring all good and potent conditions to develop the dear babe so precious to the hungry heart of this inexperienced mother.

She sought places of art; she listened to the murmuring brooklets, singing birds and rippling waters, and lingered wherever and whenever she could find the beautiful in nature. She listened to the soft melodies of human souls that loved her. She reveled in nature's rhythmical swells of grandest elevation and inspiration, and prayed for the fulfillment of *the law*. The controls desired her to keep herself in a negative condition, to let nothing trouble her, to look to the sunny side of life, that the grand incomprehensible magnet called LOVE—a primal, potential, creative force—should so sensitize the child-life as to make it most beautiful.

This is the law, and its fulfillment must come somewhere in the line she was creating. Her prayer was for its direct and immediate fulfillment in the generation within her time,—within her reach. There were other vibrations about her which her controls and she sought to neutralize. Time alone could tell if they were not also a law unto themselves. She was, however, assured that her efforts should bear golden fruit at some point on the line of the life she was thus individualizing. If not in her child, by reason of law, then by the same law, they must manifest in a later generation. Nature's laws make no

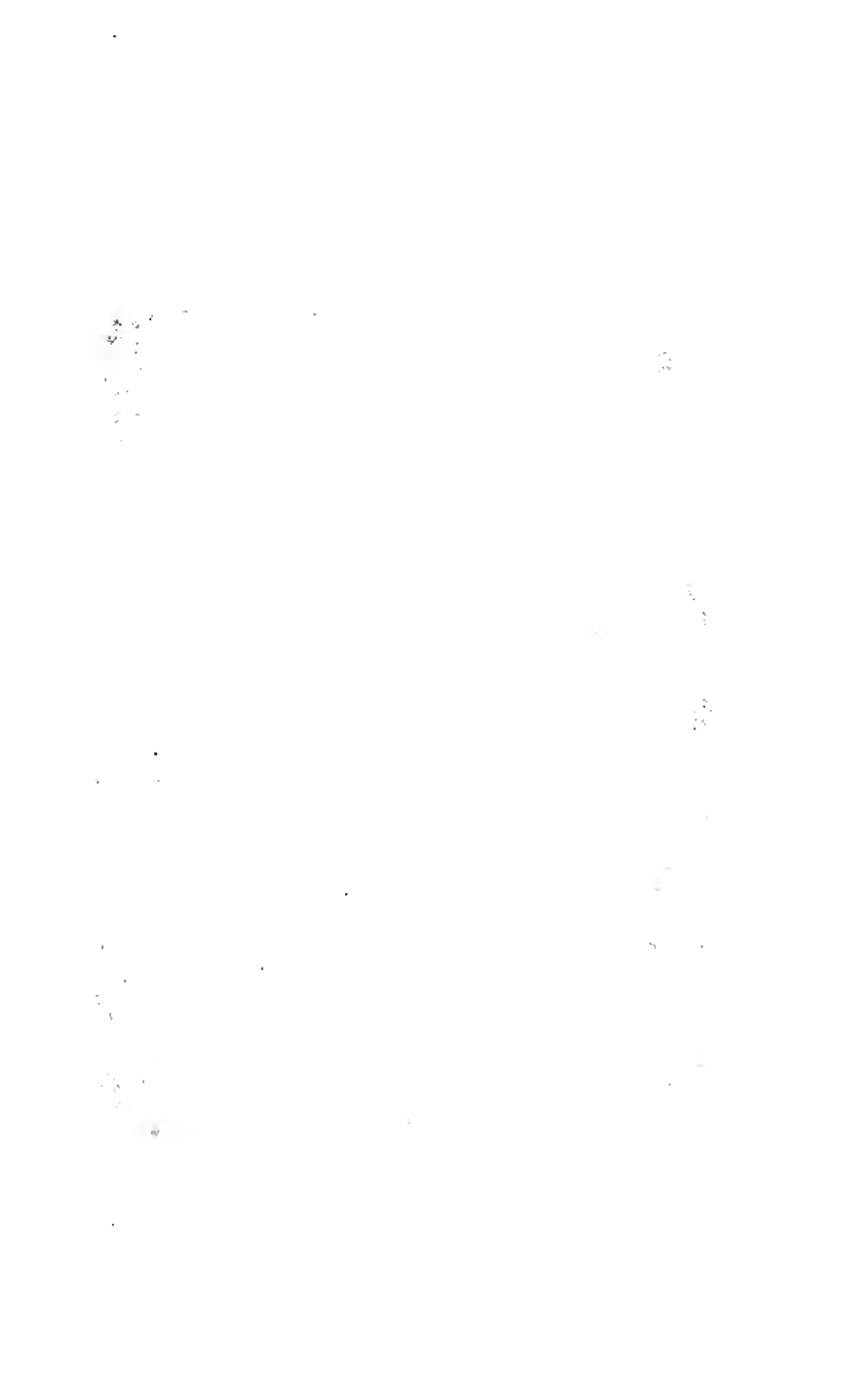
mistakes. In their continuity they span all existence—and are but modes of infinite intelligence.

Thus she bowed at the shrine of *Eros*; and, attuned to love's ways and laws, she learned that they who conquer by force overcome but half of their foes, while those who think and live in harmony with nature are superior to all conditions.

In time, as sweet a child as God ever gave to a mother was born under the guidance and care of spirit influences. This second medium showed mediumship from the first hour of her birth. Spirits attended both mother and child throughout. They came to Mrs. Lord, lifting her tenderly for four days, dressing and undressing her with the ease of experienced nurses. At the end of a week the band controlling the medium christened the child, and gave an independent musical. This has been told by the grandmother, but it will bear repeating, as the mother remembers it.

There was a guitar in the parlor, down stairs, immediately under their sleeping apartments, and in the closet adjoining their bed chamber was a banjo, a tambourine and bells. Through combined forces they managed to get these instruments together. After the household had retired and when all was ready, a voice, that all in the house recognized as Clarence's, said: "All ready, boys." The music began. First, low, sweet and tender as a soothing lullaby; then it broke forth into quick and jubilant measures. Several spirit voices joined in the jubilee. After speech making by Clarence, Snowdrop, and several other controls immediately interested, they at last said: "We have the supreme pleasure of presenting this little exhibit of our power in honor of our little medium on whom we now bestow the name of Maude Alberta Lord."

They played, walked about, strong and loud enough to bring the whole household in listening wonder to the outside of the door. Servants, who were Catholics, Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, and a sister of Mr. Hooker, all heard the revelers and enjoyed the entertainment.





THE CHILD MEDIUM.

(See page 195.)

CLARENCE DRESSES THE BABY LIKE A BOY.

Mrs. Lord often said she did so wish her baby had been a boy. One night, after they had gone down stairs to tea, Clarence thought he would make her look like a boy. When they went to get the baby to show her off to a neighbor, behold a dainty little mustache was marked on her upper lip, a neektie was tied under the chin and on the pillow was pinned a card, signed by Clarence, on which was written, "Here's your boy."

She had complained that her baby did not weigh enough. Every time they tried to weigh her,—no matter who held the scales,—they would register all the way from four to twelve pounds. They tried it many times in the full light and with the scales in the most skeptical and careful hands. It was impossible to get the same weight twice. It was finally decided that eight pounds was a very good guess.

One day when baby Maude was three months old she asked, in a perfectly distinct voice, for a drink of water. This almost frightened her mother out of her senses. When the water was given her, she drank thirstily and appeared transformed and transfigured. In a few moments the mother recognized her little control, Snowdrop, who laughed and clapped the little hands in great glee that she had controlled the tiny form.

Six months later, as Mrs. Lord was ready for a ride with the little daughter, she saw the child lifted and coming through the air towards her. Some invisible power carried her through the parlor,—half way across the room, to the thoroughly astonished mother, and dropped her upon the floor, not harming her in the least. A spirit voice spoke so that all could hear, and said: "Forgive us, we thought we could bring her to you." Even the blue-eyed babe seemed to understand, young as she was, that something unusual and funny had transpired, for she crowed and laughed with the rest of the company.

The child received faithful care from the invisibles.

The cradle was often seen to sway to and fro for many hours. She was born clairvoyant and clairaudient, a mental and physical medium at an early age. There were times when she would be gloriously transfigured and looked utterly unlike herself. At such times her wisdom was most subtle, her language most choice, and her tests of spirit identity very satisfactory. She was intensely religious and would hold her own little prayer meetings, inviting the angels to be present.

THE BABY IS PUNISHED.

When she was three years old she visited her grandmother at Fondulac. She was at this time a very busy little girl. Grandpapa had a fine grape arbor and little Dot would amuse herself by pulling the green grapes. This finally exhausted grandpapa's patience, which was almost limitless, and he said to the mother, "What shall I do with her.?" Mrs. Lord said, "Punish her some way." Grandpapa brought her in and put her into a closet. She went in cheerfully, saying, "Maybe it will break me, but I don't know." The indulgent grandpapa stood outside the door, listening for a possible sob. Instead, cheerful voices rang out in merriment and great glee. She had lots of company in the dark closet and was more than pleased with her punishment. Mr. Hooker could hear the voices and the ripples of sweetest laughter from the spirits as well as from Maude.

Her grandpapa said, "Maude, who is with you?" She said, "Snowdrop, and lots of little angels, papa, and it's lovely in here in the dark." She remained there for more than an hour with many listening on the outside to the wonderful voices speaking to them.

One day Mr. George St. John, an editor, called and asked to see the wonderful child about whom he had heard so much. The mother brought her in and asked her to give the gentleman a sitting. She willingly climbed into a high chair and folded the wee little hands to await the coming of the control. The situation was so strange and

peculiar that he could not help smiling. To our baby-medium the subject was too sacred to be treated lightly; and, on noticing the smile, she at once climbed down from her high chair. It took many apologies and much coaxing on her mother's part to induce her to give him the sitting. She finally consented. He was an avowed skeptic, but when his mother came and gave her name,—a peculiar name, "Miranda," which he knew was not known to anyone, especially to this little three year old child, and when his mother told him many incidents of his boyhood days, known only to him and to her, his skepticism was gone, and he knew, if any one can know anything, that a great fact had been demonstrated to him, a man of the world, by a mere child. He brought others to see this marvelous child, in whose future were possibilities far beyond all ordinary limits.

THE CHILD MEDIUM.

One of the most convincing seances ever held by Mrs. Lord was at Fondulac, Wisconsin, when Maude Alberta was about four years old. The seance was more than usually harmonious. Little Maude, at her own earnest request, was allowed to be present. The seance had been in progress about an hour when she became tired and wanted a light. She was quieted and told "in a few minutes." Suddenly she was lifted and carried around the circle. Those present could tell by her deep breathing that she was under control. They were immediately assured of this fact by the childish voice of Snowdrop, saying, "I'm here"; and then through this four year old child this little Indian control proceeded to give those present the most wonderful and convincing tests. Names were given and forms described with a clearness and accuracy which filled those present with astonishment. She was carried through the air to several persons at their request, and on her mother expressing fears for her safety, spirit voices answered, "Fear not; we will take care of her."

Mr. Raymond Talmadge received a message from the

father of his adopted daughter, Bertha, who had been dead for eighteen years. Mr. McGraw received a communication from one of his friends, whose existence was known to no one in the seance besides himself. A brother who had been in spirit life for twenty-two years came to Mrs. Julia Ruggles, and another received a convincing test from a dear relative, while many others recognized names and faces which were described in a clear, calm voice by this most extraordinary child. The manifestations were different from those in seances held by the mother alone.

Among those present were several eminent morphologists of the Haeckel Schools of Tectology, who considered the manifestations prophetic of the coming upon the scene of a new medium, unless, under the operations of the Mendelian laws of heredity, the father's traits should be evolved; and, as heredity is a law or condition of organized matter, she would then resemble him in appearance. As individualized, spirit, life-force is more potent than the acquired properties of matter, these consequences could only be corrected by the positive thought and determination of the person.

ABSENT TREATMENT.

A gentleman living near Boston wrote Mrs. Lord that his son was paralyzed; that the doctors could not cure him, and gave him no encouragement, and he wished to know if she could tell him what to do. She immediately wrote the gentleman that at a certain hour each day, if he would be prepared as directed, she and her guides would give his son a treatment at that particular hour. This she did for several days, until the boy was well.

Later Mrs. Lord located in Boston, and one day father and son were passing along the street and came to a case of photographs in front of an artist's gallery. Pointing to one of the photographs, the young man said, "That is Mrs. Lord, father; I know her, for I saw her when she treated me." The father thought it could not be possible, as she was in Chicago. They went into the gallery and inquired and, learning her number, went and found

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her. The father told her, with much emotion and gratitude, who he was, and of their experience, and said she was the savior of his son.

Mr. S. S. Haze, the City Comptroller at Chicago, was another one convinced by many beautiful and indisputable proofs. He, as he often said, attended Mrs. Lord's seances to rest himself. He enjoyed with all his gifted nature the communications he received from his spirit friends.

PROPHECY AND PROTECTION.

Without trenching upon the doctrine of predestination, many who have had a varied and extended experience with prophecy or divination from the spirit side of life firmly and confidently assert that every condition of life,—every question that human intelligence can formulate, is known, or can be known and answered by some intelligence, provided that intelligence so elects. This is strong language, but as every incident in these pages is a fact,—has occurred just as told,—nothing exaggerated,—all plain, cold facts, the position is not untenable.

Many readers will remember the Ashtabula, Ohio, disaster on the night of December 29th, 1876, where the entire train fell seventy-five feet and over seventy people, nearly every one on the ill-fated train,—were lost. Mrs. Lord was to have been a passenger on that train. She had her ticket bought. Her little daughter, Maude, then about four years old, and "Lizzie Lou," the nurse, with their baggage, were on the Pullman, while she stood on the platform bidding good-bye to friends. The conductor called, "All aboard," and Mrs. Lord turned towards the car where the nurse and baby stood on the rear platform, but she could not move one step. Her feet were fastened to the platform. The train commenced to move. The nurse cried, "Come, Mrs. Lord, come." Little Maude cried, "Come, mama." Not one foot could she lift. The nurse seized the child and jumped from the car, and the porter threw off their valises. This is one of the many instances where their lives were saved by spirit intervention.

At another time she had been engaged by Captain Ward of Detroit, Michigan, the father of Clara Ward, (Princess Chimay) to visit his home. She saw the legendary "Iron Hand," and her controls warned her, all to no purpose. She would go. They told her that if she did go she would come back on a stretcher. She had been advertised to speak in Detroit and decided to disregard the warnings, rather than not keep her appointment. In stepping from the icy platform into the carriage, at the depot in Detroit, she slipped and sprained her ankle. She was lifted into the carriage and gave orders to be driven to the Russell House, where she remained for a week until she was able to be taken to the car on a stretcher and return to Chicago.

While at the Russell House, unable to move, General Tom Thumb and his wife and Mr. Giles Stebbins, the ethical writer, and his wife, all spiritualists, were very frequent visitors in her room. Her controls attended her, dressed her ankle and amused her.

The controls gave them many manifestations of independent writing and of playing on the music box in daylight and in plain sight. General Tom Thumb frequently came into the room and placing his silk hat on the floor, over the music box, it would always be played for him. Years after the General had solved the mystery of transition, this accomplished little lady,—Mrs. Thumb, to show her belief and to emphasize it before the public, occupied the platform with Mrs. Lord at Minneapolis, Minnesota, and later entertained Mrs. Lord and her party at the Baldwin Hotel in San Francisco, California.

Many and innumerable are the occasions when the "Iron Hand" warned her of accidents and danger. She would not always heed these warnings and they would permit her to go with the attendant consequences and experiences. In cases of life and death, as in the Ashtabula disaster, they had the power to enforce their commands.

By what process of calculation they were able to fix dates, perhaps the scientific astrologer can tell; and by

what methods they are able to foretell specific events with their attendant circumstances, probably will not be told, even by these scientists of the stars, until they themselves find the long lost key to their special science. That such events are told, these facts and others more wonderful in Mrs. Lord's later experience, unquestionably demonstrate. No theory of coincidence can account for these things. There is no such thing as accident in a world of cause and effect,—in a universe of order,—or these things could not be foretold with such accuracy of time and detail.

DOCTOR DE HAVEN ADVISES A CHICAGO PHYSICIAN.

Among the exciting incidents at one of Mrs. Lord's seances in Chicago is one told to the writer by Dr. David Cashman of Los Angeles, California, who lived in Chicago at that time, and who was the principal in the affair. There were several prominent people present at the time,—George M. Pullman, Mrs. Corson, Jac Humphries, now of San Francisco, California, and others. Dr. Cashman was a stranger to the medium and to the phenomena. It was his first attendance at any spiritual meeting. He was eminent in his profession, and like most others, unable to believe anything beyond his experience and the reach of his science.

During the seance he heard a voice address him, which he knew was not that of the medium or any of the people about him, saying, "Doctor, do not operate upon that case to-morrow." The Doctor had two patients on whom all arrangements had been made to operate, and, of course, he was greatly surprised that such advice should be given him, knowing, as he did, that no one in the room knew about these cases, or that a time had been set for operating. He asked the medium several times for additional information, but she could not enlighten him. She had not heard the voice that addressed him, as she was describing for others in the seance at the time. She told him to ask his spirit friend to explain. He asked the spirit what case. The voice replied, "That case on Marshfield Avenue."

This was all he could learn. He called upon Mrs. Lord the next day and was so solicitous for further information that she invited him into the parlor. Before he could ask a question Dr. DeHaven controlled and said to him:

"Doctor, we told you last night not to operate upon that case on Marshfield Avenue. We tell you now that if you do two lives will be sacrificed instead of one."

"That cannot be, as the woman has been a grass widow for several years," the Doctor replied.

"We know better than you. Our diagnoses are always correct. Go and examine and you will be convinced. We tell you more,—that on Tuesday, April 18th, a little girl baby will be born."

To use Dr. Cashman's words: "This was simply astounding. To give the day and date, and name the sex of the child, six months in advance! It put all of our learning, skill and experience far in the shade. Before I could recover from my surprise the control was gone, and the medium was herself again.

"I said, 'Mrs. Lord, do you know me?' She answered, 'No.' 'Do you know that I am a physician?' She answered, 'No.'

"Here were some cold facts, if subsequent events should verify them. I made examination and found that it was true. I notified the lady and the family that we could not perform the operation. They insisted, and I was forced to tell them my reasons for not operating. Then came a scene. The patient vigorously protested, and the family threatened the medium with all kinds of dire consequences and suits for damages. I advised that, in so far as my examination corroborated the medium, or the control's statement, as the medium knew nothing whatever about it, they had better wait until the 18th of April, which, to add to my surprise, I had learned would be Tuesday, as stated by the control, before taking any steps in the matter. They concluded to act upon my advice. On the 18th of April the prediction was completely verified.

"After this, to me, wonderful incident, I never failed

to consult Mrs. Lord, whenever I could, on all important and difficult cases, as a correct diagnosis is all-important in our practice. I never found her controls wrong in their opinion of a case, while their knowledge of the constituents of plants and the effect of drugs upon different temperaments was beyond my comprehension, and convinced me that the practice of medicine can be made an exact science, whereas to-day much of it is empirical."

A SOLDIER REPORTS HIS OWN DEATH.

While making a call upon the family of H. N. F. Lewis, editor of the *Western Rural*, she met the Rev. Doctor Adam Miller. The Doctor was a prominent minister of the M. E. church, and a broad, liberal minded man. He knew but little of spirit phenomena and did not believe that such manifestations were the work of spirits. The theory that it was the "Devil," which so many of his faith believed it to be, found no favor in his reasoning. During the call Mrs. Lord went over and knelt by his side and said, "Father, I have passed over and it is true that I can come back. You will very soon receive a message announcing my death." The Doctor was greatly surprised. He went home and during that night a message came, as predicted, corroborating the statement made. The family knew the son, who was a soldier stationed at a post in Colorado, was sick; but, at last accounts, he was better. The Doctor was very liberal, and intellectually big enough to see a great truth in the claims of spiritualism. While being disposed to attribute the phenomena to telepathy and magnetic vibrations rather than an evidence of spirit return, here was a fact outside of any such theory. While his family were bitterly and unreasonably opposed to his attending spiritual seances, he, nevertheless, became a frequent attendant at Mrs. Lord's meetings. His religious faith taught him that if these phenomena were facts, they could only exist by infallible and eternal wisdom—a wisdom that moulds events to meet the necessities of man and facilitate the accomplishment of beneficent purposes.

At these seances he was told about his family,—the living and the dead,—and of many important events of his life which he was certain no one knew, or could know. The first thing told him in Mr. Lewis' house upset his preconceived opinions. This, and his subsequent investigations, thoroughly convinced him of the truth of the claims of spiritualism. This knowledge had given his religion greater vitality and greater strength. He realized that these phenomena were scientific facts. It added knowledge to his faith. He felt that his religion must accompany science. He had nothing to fear from scientific facts. A religion that cannot progress with the race is dead and will hold its adherents in bondage and prevent their progress.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER ALPENA.

The steamer *Alpena*, with over seventy people, was lost on her trip from Grand Haven, Michigan, to Chicago, on October 15th 1880. The only body ever recovered was that of a Swede sailor that floated ashore on a piece of the wreck. On that evening Mrs. Lord held a seance in Chicago, which was attended by Captain Heber Squires, Sr., father of the Captain of the *Alpena*. During the seance Mrs. Lord, who was a stranger to Captain Squires and did not even know his occupation, suddenly turned to him and said, "Here comes a spirit to you, sir, who is all dripping with water."*

*NOTE:—This effect is produced by the controls of the seance for illustration and identification, probably by a condensation of the atmosphere precipitating the oxygen and hydrogen in the form of water. These, and, in fact, all the manifestations in the seance, such as producing sounds by the use of carbonic acid, nitrogen and compression of the air; by the use of the occult electrical force generated in the human body—a force infinitely finer than static, or acetic electricity, or by the evolution of atoms producing a vacuum, require such perfect conditions that it is a wonder the controls can do anything when the seance is made up of ignorant and careless people, however honest and desirous they may be of results. It is even more difficult when producing results requiring vibrations of electric and phosphoric lights necessary to make spirit faces visible to others than clairvoyant eyes, and in producing the mental phenomena, which requires the highest and most subtle vibrations.

Those sitting near Captain Squires felt water sprinkled over them. This manifestation greatly surprised all who felt the water.

Captain Squires said, "Can you tell me who he is?"

"Yes," she replied, "he says he is your son, Captain of the Alpena, and that his boat and all on board are lost."

The Captain replied that his son was Captain of the Alpena, but he thought the boat could easily weather the storm which he and others knew was then sweeping over the Lake.

Mrs. Lord said, "He is certainly here. Sometimes I see the living clairvoyantly, but whenever I see spirits inside of the circle, they have surely passed over. I am always in my normal condition, only a little more sensitive when in the seance: and when I see spirits in the circle, their appearance is clearer and more distinct than those I see who are still in the body. Those in the body are a vision, possibly a materialization, but these here are objective realities."

The Captain replied, "All that you have told me is very definite and true, but you must be mistaken about my son. His boat is one of the best on the Lake."

A voice, which he said was very much like his son's voice, then addressed him, saying, "Yes, father, I am indeed here. Our boat went down in this terrible storm and we were all lost."

Many a Chicago home was made desolate by that storm. In a few days the worst was known. Only a few pieces of the boat were ever found, and none of the bodies recovered, excepting one.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK CITY.

Persistent effort is the only road to great success. It is the Affirmation of the New Thought, the Concentration of the Christian Scientists and the Dynamics of Silence of the Spiritualists. Our Medium, coming from a race that never tolerated dictation in religious matters, never submitted to petty tyrannies, always resolute and resourceful in the defense and maintenance of their inherent rights, had reached a point in life where it became necessary for her to obtain a divorce from Mr. Lord. For this purpose she took her baby, now about a year and a half old, and left with her maid for New York. It was her first visit to that great metropolis. Mr. George M. Pullman, a noble hearted Spiritualist, who often sat in her seances, furnished her transportation. He, with many other prominent people in Chicago, advised her in this matter. It is no easy task for a proud woman to face such conditions. That no defence was offered by Mr. Lord convinced the public of the justice of her action. For the sake of her child she elected to retain the name of Maude E. Lord—a name that has always been a credit to the philosophy and the Christian practices and principles she has taught from the platform, from many church pulpits, and in thousands of seances all over the land, as well as practiced in every-day life.

Arriving in New York, she did not like the attitude of the few Spiritualists whom she met. They questioned that she was Maude E. Lord of Chicago. They could not believe she would leave a place where she had all and more than she could do. This questioning of her identity and lack of interest on their part, so different from those whom

she had just left in Chicago, caused her to extend her journey to Boston, where her guides told her she would receive a hearty welcome from the cultured people of that city. They told her to go to the Adams House; and, after breakfast, to take a seat in the parlor and leave the rest to them. She was worried with her experience in New York,—the uncertainty of the future, and on finding herself in a large and expensive hotel with a limited amount of money. She took her seat in the parlor as directed. As she sat wondering what would be the outcome of her waiting a lady entered the room. She looked around as if expecting someone. Mrs. Lord was seated by the window. The lady approached, and seeing, as she thought, a familiar face, she came still nearer. With a glad cry of recognition the lady sprang forward and clasped the now thoroughly surprised Mrs. Lord in a warm embrace. This dear soul, sent there by her spirit friends, was Mrs. Laura Kendrick, better known as Laura Cuppy Smith, the eloquent speaker and spiritual lecturer.

She said, "Why, Maud, I was told last night by my spirit friends to go down to the Adams House parlor and wait there for results. I knew it was for some good purpose, so I came; and it's to see you, my dear, whom I have thought and spoken of so much to my friends here." Mrs. Lord had known Mrs. Smith in Chicago, but had not seen her in two or three years. This was their first meeting, arranged by the invisibles.

As Maud poured out her story of migration in obedience to some force stronger than her power, Mrs. Smith folded her close within the sanctuary of her great loving heart and said, "Dear Maud, I have it. Some of my friends at 27 Milford Street have rooms; they know all about you, and will give you a warm welcome." In a few moments they had left the gloom of the stately parlor and were on their way to 27 Milford Street, where rooms were secured.

She was now in the hands of friends, and her work commenced in earnest. She secured the services of Dr.

J. L. Newman to manage her business. From the first night her seances proved a great success. Hundreds applied for admission, and were obliged to wait their turn. Hundreds of names were booked in a very few days. The doubting and unbelieving were convinced. Immortality was proven to them beyond a doubt. Men of all grades, from the most wealthy and gifted to the humble mechanic and blacksmith, came, all feeling that there was truly "more in heaven and earth than is dreamed of" in their philosophy.

William Lloyd Garrison was a frequent guest at Mrs. Lord's and became greatly interested in her personal work. This grand humanitarian, with his soul-felt logic and beautiful philosophy made all with whom he came in contact rejoice that they could meet and know such a pure, aspiring spirit. He, the noblest of Boston's great workers, was convinced beyond a doubt, or, as he stated it, he had absolute knowledge of the future; that spirit return was a proven fact.

Wendell Phillips and many noted celebrities and prominent clergymen, including Dr. Henry Gardner, and people of the church, attended these seances. The ministers, some of them, began to fear that too many sought the shrine of Spiritualism, and not infrequently a sermon was delivered by Rev. Joseph Cook, and others, denouncing in round terms the whole fraternity of Spiritualists.

About this time one of these good men made a call upon Mrs. Lord to give her a terrible lecture upon her disseminating the diabolical belief of spirit return. He would not give his name, but boldly avowed that she had been converting and misleading many of his church members.

Mrs. Lord made answer: "Sir, I deeply regret that you think me capable of sowing seeds of either evil or dissension anywhere, much less in the great Christian Church that debars me from its precincts, because I have communion with the angels, or your spirit friends. I would not intentionally wound or distress anyone. I do not ask from whence the people come, whether from the church or

from the world. I do not even ask their names or see them myself until I meet them seated together for the manifestations."

"Then how do you do these devilish things?"

She replied by quoting, "To some shall be given the discerning of the spirits," and then said to him, "Do you, sir, as a minister, doubt these things, so plainly stated in your Bible? Do you say that God did not mean that we should all know the power and beauty of the immortal life? Do you say your God forbids us to know the possibilities and capabilities of the soul?"

He rather sneered and said, "If God vouchsafed these things to man I could do them as well as you, or any of your mediums."

She then said, "Suppose, for your special benefit, I illustrate this power and my position at the same time."

He rather demurred but she opened the pages of his life, from his earliest recollection of his home in Maine. She told him rapidly and positively of things past, and many forgotten things that none ever knew but himself and his God, as he afterwards admitted. She described an angelic being who approached him so lovingly and folded her arms about his neck. She spoke her name, saying, "Husband, it's Mary." She said, "This woman was burned to death many years ago."

The minister acknowledged it to be true. "Your brother George, who was killed in battle,"—describing him accurately and to his perfect recognition,—“comes to you.” She then described his old sire, who came with extended hands to greet the unbelieving son. He soon disappeared and brought his mother and said, "See, we are all here, the whole household band." The medium said, "Why, sir, you have a babe in spirit life." "No, I have not." This was most positively said.

"Yes, yes," said the medium.

"There, now," he said, "you are utterly mistaken and I guess it's all a delusion."

His mother now said, "Yes, John, it's the little one you buried under the rose bush so long ago."

He grew white to the lips and said that it had no life here—it was prematurely born.

"Oh, sir, you should know that these lovely little buds of humanity live and have an identity and being, and recognize the earth conditions from whence they came."

How many thoughtless souls will have to account for these little ones sent over by murderous intent. Oh, mothers and fathers of these unborn babes you will know them and realize the great and horrible crime that gave them the untimely journey. The injustice and sin of such acts will find you out; you must pay the penalty. This sublime truth will be like a two-edged sword rending the heart in twain.

The minister listened now attentively to the end. He was completely fascinated and yet he would repudiate the evidences of his own senses rather than admit the beautiful truths given him through this stranger.

What was this light from this, to him, strange woman? All the things of his life, all of his secret thoughts and actions had been brought up out of a past he thought was buried until the Resurrection Day. Thoughts, acts, and incidents were recalled by this woman whom he thought to crush with his scholarly anathemas, or coerce with his picture of wickedness and future punishment.

Now he is recalled from his inverted thoughts by the medium saying: "Christ's promises to his disciples are being wonderfully and gloriously fulfilled in our time, for, sir, truths of a scientific and spiritual nature are coming quick and fast,—aye, in rapid succession, to confound just such teachers as yourself and make you know that the children of earth must be fed upon something more substantial than shadows. Your creeds are the husks, not the bread of life. They feed the body, not the soul; the shadow, not the spirit. Humanity demands a living fountain. Sir, the soul's needs are not to be forever starved upon the letter, nor fed upon husks."

He looked dazed; this to him,—to him a minister of the gospel, and from a medium! He tried to recover his shattered nerves. He tried to look indignant, but failed. He could not forget the scenes and incidents in his life that she had so vividly and accurately portrayed. The recollections were upon him, and he said, in a strange and unnatural voice, "I must go; I must not listen to you longer; I shall doubt my sanity or identity.—I must go."

The medium's kindest sympathies were enlisted at the beginning, but now she felt real sorrow at his confusion. He started up hastily and quickly passed to the outer door without speaking. As he was leaving the medium said, "Pardon me, but you have forgotten your hat." "Oh, yes, yes," he replied. She gave him his hat and he almost ran down the steps without leaving his name or saying a word. The angels were present to confound the minister—this teacher.

During Mrs. Lord's sojourn at 27 Milford street, many remarkable manifestations occurred. At a cabinet seance held for Mrs. Augustus Carey, of Malden, who was desirous of witnessing the full form materialization, the manifestations were unusually interesting. The rooms were examined and the medium was, at her own request, securely tied and fastened in a large rocking chair, some five or six feet from the door.

In addition to the large and small hands and arms, several faces and forms were shown. All were recognized. Sometimes two appeared on the outside of the cabinet at the same time. Little Snowdrop, the Indian control, stepped out in perfect form and went to a gentleman who gave her candy which she took into the cabinet to the medium. This control was a mere child, about three feet in height—very dark skin, black hair and sparkling black eyes. There was more light than materializing seances generally have, so that every form was distinctly and plainly seen.

Dr. Dillingham and wife, who were present, were called up to see some one just able to present themselves at the cabinet door. The doctor kindly and reverently ap-

proached, when a crippled hand was put out to grasp his. The face slowly came into view, and he was face to face with his first wife after a separation of many years.

ATTENDS A FUNERAL IN SPIRIT.

At the funeral services of William H. Guild, held at his residence, 114 Dartmouth street, Boston, Mass., in 1881, Mrs. Kelly, who seated the people in the parlors as they came in, saw a lady with her hair in long curls, wearing a large Gainsborough hat come into the room and walk over to an unoccupied corner, where she remained standing. She offered the lady a seat, which she declined, saying she could stand where she would not be in the way of others. This lady's face, dress and manner so impressed Mrs. Kelly that, after the services, she gave Mrs. Guild a very accurate description of her. Mrs. Guild instantly said: "That was Maud E. Lord." The peculiarity of this incident was that Mrs. Lord at that time did not know Mr. Guild was dead, nor had Mrs. Kelly ever seen Mrs. Lord. Mrs. Kelly was not at that time, and is not now, clairvoyant. The next day Mrs. Lord called at the house, having only that morning heard of the demise and funeral. Mrs. Kelly notified Mrs. Guild and said: "The strange lady who came to the funeral yesterday has called and is in the parlor waiting to see you."

Mrs. Kelly was introduced and when she related the incident of her being present at the funeral, to her great surprise, Mrs. Lord said: "No, I was not here."

"You must have been here," was Mrs. Kelly's reply. "You were dressed as you are now. How could I tell Mrs. Guild, when I just now announced your presence, that you are the same lady who was here yesterday? I described you then so accurately that Mrs. Guild told me who you were."

"Yes, you doubtless saw me, but I was not here in the body. There are many such well authenticated cases. I came by a law not formulated by, or known to, our ablest

scientists, but which has been known and practiced for centuries by the Oriental Masters,—the Magi. These thaumaturgists, skilled in the use of magnetic and electric laws and ethereal vibrations, can do even more wonderful things. I am told that some of these marvelous things will be given to the race when they are qualified to receive them. Sometimes these visits are voluntary, but are mostly involuntary, and are made unconsciously by mediums and others. The adepts who do these things at will must have great concentration of thought and perfected wills, and must understand the laws by which their vital force is controlled. They are able to do many things which defy all detection of trickery, because done in accordance with natural law. That individual force operating in the human organism as spirit can, by its own potential intelligence, project itself beyond its immediate environment cannot be successfully disputed."

This experience was not new or unusual with Mrs. Lord. Many times on entering a room, she found spirits awaiting her arrival. She would address them before she recognized that they were spirits, or "doubles" of living people, so natural did they look to her near-sighted eyes. Usually she learned that they had come to be treated for some disease. These spirits from ailing bodies are always accompanied by spirits versed in this occult law. When the medium visited people in spirit she was accompanied by Indians or Orientals, through whose knowledge and power such spirit visits were made possible and by whose assistance all Mental, Magnetic and Christian Science cures are made. In some cases she afterwards met these people who have said to her: "I remember you. On such an occasion I dreamed I came to you for treatment, or I saw you when you came and treated me." They would often describe the room in which they met her, and the dress she wore. There are many cases where people whom she met for the first time would say to her: "You are Maud E. Lord. You came to me at such a time in company with an Indian or strangely dressed man and treated me for

such and such a disease." They could tell how she looked, how she was dressed, and what she said and did. The cures thus effected and the testimony of the people treated is proof of these statements. Spirit intelligence, making use of the electric and magnetic emanations of the medium, cures disease that cannot be reached by drugs and ordinary means. It is the spirit that loses control of its physical organization and requires assistance. It can only manifest through matter and needs to have will and concentration augmented to put its house in order. Understanding this power of concentration some have asserted that all is spirit—that there is no matter, and call themselves Christian Scientists. All Christian Scientists do not take this extreme position.

• It has been claimed for many ages by the Priests of the Eleusinian Mysteries, by Paracelsus and other writers, and by Hindoo adepts, that there is a sublimated spiritual, or Astral body that inhabits the physical body, which can, under certain conditions, and in accordance with laws whose operations they understand, leave the physical body and return to it. The instances related certainly establish the fact that a spirit can project itself, or be projected to a distance, either as a spiritual substance, or can materialize a temporary form appreciable to the senses of a second party. The senses are only the avenues of manifestation of the spirit; and, when in proper condition, there is nothing unscientific in a sensitive seeing these projected forms and hearing them speak and, possibly, may feel them by contact. If it be a case of projection of spiritual substance, and not a materialized form, the will and concentration of thought of the projected spirit and a sensitive receiver are necessary. In cases where the recipient is not in the proper sensitive condition, the impression would only be made upon the brain, if made at all, and cause them to think of their friend. It must be remembered that the embodied spirit has all the powers and possibilities possessed by the disembodied spirit, and that spirit is not limited by time or space, hence there is not

as much space between spirit and spirit as between body and body.

Visions, apparitions, or doubles must not be confounded with the spirit released from all connection with the physical body that appears at seances, and is seen and heard by *all* present. The circumstances and details of these materializations of spirit at seances, and the intelligence conveyed, are so perfect as to place them outside of the theory of telepathy, visions and apparitions, and establish the fact of the real presence of the spirits, as an objective reality, appreciable to the physical senses of all actors in these occult scenes, instead of to one or more sensitives.

The recognition of spirits materializing at these seances, requires more than sight. There must be memory and statement of previous conditions and incidents, known only to the spirit and to the person to whom they come; and, sometimes, statement of facts not at the time known to the recipient of the information, and above all, reason and sense must be used. The child may be grown to normal stature in spirit life; the aged and infirm will have laid aside their wrinkles and infirmities; and, to build atoms upon their present spirit forms, or other forms, to represent themselves as you remember them, requires the greatest possible skill, and such chemical and magnetic conditions as are seldom present excepting in especially selected seances. Any form or any face thus presented, whether recognized or not, is evidence of the continuity of life and of a power outside of the medium and those present. There is no possible theory to account for these forms other than the actual presence of the individual spirits as represented. No fifteen or twenty people can simultaneously conjure out of space, or out of latent vibrations, an imaginary figure endowed with qualities, peculiarities and information to make itself known to one or more of those present.

The possibilities of spirit are but dimly approximated by our Western science, or dreamed of in any except the

Oriental philosophy, which recognizes no miracles and refers everything to eternal and immutable laws. These instances only illustrate one phase of the magical skill of these spirit adepts and establishes the individuality and personality of spirit, whether in or out of the body. There is no fact in science, or any philosophy, upon which to predicate that the spirit ever loses its individuality. Without a beginning it cannot have an ending.

THE OTHER SELF.

George W. Lewis, of California, a graduate of Middlebury College, (Vt.), class 1863, in his discussions of spiritual science, explains doubles, or "the other self," as he styles this class of spiritual phenomena, on the theory of materialization. In support of his theory he quotes five distinct and different instances, three of which are his own experience. He says as follows:

"The apparition of a living person, separate and distinct from the person himself, is a fact too well authenticated to admit of doubt.

"It is well known by prominent persons, now living in Boston, Mass., that in 1881, the apparition of Mrs. Maud E. Lord, one of the most prominent mediums of modern times, whose name is heralded throughout the world, was seen at a funeral, and conversed with some of those present, when, in fact, the actual Maud E. Lord knew nothing of the funeral and, at the time, was in a distant part of the city.

"Mr. W. H. Guild and his good wife were acquaintances and intimate friends of Mrs. Lord. Mr. Guild died in 1881, at his residence, No. 114 Dartmouth street, Boston. At the funeral, a lady of striking appearance came in and stepped over to one side of the room. While standing there, Mrs. Kelly, a companion of Mrs. Guild, went to her and offered her a seat.

"The lady said, 'No, I will stand here out of the way of others.' The appearance of this lady so impressed Mrs. Kelly that after the funeral she gave Mrs.

Guild such an accurate description of her that she at once said: 'That was Maud E. Lord.'

"The next day, Mrs. Lord, having heard of the death of Mr. Guild, called at the residence. Mrs. Kelly answered the bell, and invited her in, and informed Mrs. Guild that the lady who was at the funeral, was in the parlor. Mrs. Guild soon entered, greeted Mrs. Lord and introduced Mrs. Kelly. During the conversation her attendance at the funeral was mentioned, when to their astonishment she told them she was not present. In this instance Mrs. Lord was identified beyond a doubt by Mrs. Kelly as the person to whom she had offered a seat, and whom Mrs. Guild had recognized from the description. And, while Mrs. Kelly had never met Mrs. Lord before, it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be convinced that Mrs. Lord was not present.

"Many such apparitions have come within the range of my own personal observation and experience. At the age of about fifteen, my brother, two years older than myself, was lying on the bed dressed and asleep. He was not well at the time. I left his bedside, going on an errand to a neighbor's, about one block distant. When about half a block from home I looked up and saw my brother, not over forty feet ahead of me, going in the same direction. I thought it strange that he should have arisen, started out and passed me without my noticing him.

"I was within ten feet of him when he reached a point in the street opposite the neighbor's house. He turned, opened the gate, and walked up the path to the front door. I quickly followed him. The door was open. He walked up the steps and into the house but a short distance ahead of me. As I entered I inquired for my brother, and was surprised when told he was not there, and had not been there. I soon returned home and found him asleep as I had left him.

"Again, at the age of about twenty, we had a very high spirited horse. A friend was visiting with us for a

couple of weeks. We frequently took the horse out for a drive. One forenoon I left my friend in the house, much interested in reading a book.

"I was out ten or fifteen minutes, and returning I met my friend about half way between the house and barn. He said to me: 'How is the horse?' 'All right,' I said. He passed on toward the barn. I finally turned, thinking we could hitch up the horse and take a drive. As I turned he was approaching the stable door. I hurried, but before I caught up with him he opened the door. It creaked upon its hinges. He went in and closed the door after him. The horse immediately gave a snort and commenced prancing in the stall. A few days before this occurrence my friend had struck the horse for stepping on his foot, and after that the animal was much frightened whenever he entered the stable.

"On reaching the door I opened it and went in. The horse seemed still to be frightened and snorted several times. But my friend was not there. And there was no egress, excepting through the door we had entered. I went to the house and there found him in his chair, reading as I had left him. When I told him what I had seen he was greatly astonished and said he had not taken his eyes from the book since I had left the house.

"At another time, an acquaintance went with me to call on Mr. B., and as we reached his residence, Mr. B. came down the front steps, bade us good morning and said: 'Please walk in and be seated. I will soon return.' We went in, and the genuine, normal Mr. B. met us at the door.

"Dr. Abercrombie, in his 'Intellectual Philosophy' relates the following instance: 'The Rev. J. Wilkinson, a dissenting minister at Weymouth, England, while at the Academy at Ottery, Devon, in 1754, one night dreamed that he was going to London, and that on his way he would go to Gloucester and call on his parents. He dreamed that he started on his journey, and came to his father's house in the night; that he went to the front door, found it

fast, and then went to the back door, opened it and went in; that finding they were in bed, he walked across the room and went up stairs and entered the room where his father and mother were in bed; that his father was asleep, but he found his mother awake, to whom he said: 'Mother, I am going on a long journey, and I am come to bid you good-bye.' Then the mother was frightened and said: 'O dear son, thou art dead!' With this he awoke. He looked at it as an ordinary dream, but had a very distinct recollection of what had occurred.

"A few days after, in due course of mail, he received a letter from his father, addressed as though he was dead, but desiring, if alive, to write immediately. The father said in the letter that if he was living he probably would soon die, and gave as a reason that on such a night (giving the date which corresponded with that of the dream), he had come to them in their room.

"He related that after they were in bed he fell asleep, but the mother remained awake. She heard some one try to open the front door, but finding it fast, went to the back door, which she heard opened, and he came in and walked directly through the rooms up stairs. *And she perfectly knew it to be his step.* That he came to her bedside and said: 'Mother, I am going on a long journey, and am come to bid you good-bye.' Upon which she answered in fright: 'O dear son, thou art dead!' which were the very words and circumstances of the dream. But in her fright she neither heard nor saw anything more. She awoke the father and told him what had happened. From this strange occurrence his parents concluded that he was dead, or would soon die. But nothing remarkable happened thereupon.

"The solution of this problem is by no means an easy one for the reason that we are not sufficiently conversant with the laws of nature governing such phenomena. The spirit which animates the body in earth life, begins its progress and development in the spirit world exactly where it leaves off here. All the powers and faculties possessed by it there were inherent in its nature here. Most of the

powers and faculties of the spirit, while in the form, are latent, but continue their unfoldment, growth and development throughout the eons of eternity. It is also an established fact that at times here on earth the spirit can stand out of its normal relation to the body without a final separation, or death. At such times it can travel to any place in the universe as quickly as the place can be suggested in thought. This may occur in the sleeping moments, during the trance, or in the normal, conscious condition. Some of the phenomena manifested by the disembodied spirit can, at times, under proper conditions, be manifested by the spirit in the form prior to its final dissolution from the body. Many spirits in earth life are farther advanced in the growth and development of their inherent powers than other spirits are in the life hereafter. The fact of spirit materialization is well attested. While not all disembodied spirits can return to earth and form a temporary, material body through which to manifest their wondrous powers, yet many can do so. There are spirits, while standing out of the normal relation to the body prior to the final dissolution, sufficiently advanced to construct occasionally a temporary material body. All disembodied spirits cannot materialize, but all have the inherent power to do so when sufficiently advanced. Nor can all spirits in the form materialize another body, separate and distinct from the natural body; but few are sufficiently advanced to do so.

“In another part of this work it is shown that the spirit in the form, by its involuntary powers, builds up and supports the functions of the physical body by controlling the necessary forces and materials of the universe. And the materialization or construction of a temporary physical body, or double, separate and distinct from the natural body, by the spirit in the form is done by its involuntary powers. The exercise of these powers is usually, but not always unconscious and involuntary.

“When Mrs. Maud E. Lord appeared at the funeral of Mr. Guild in Boston, in a materialized form, as an ob-

jective reality, separate and distinct from her normal self, the act of materialization was unconscious to her and without her volition. But Mrs. Lord was then at the funeral as an objective reality, separate and distinct from her natural self, with the muscular and physical powers of locomotion, with judgment, intelligence and the power of speech. She was seen and heard by a lady who was not a medium or clairvoyant. Mrs. Lord was then in a distant part of the city, had not heard of the death, and consequently was not thinking of the funeral.

“In the case of my brother, there was a materialization sufficient to make himself manifest to me and to open the gate.

“In the case of my friend, there was an unconscious and involuntary materialization. It was an objective, visible reality, with judgment, reason and will, with the power of speech, and the physical ability to open and close the stable door. And he was unquestionably visible to the horse. Yet, at this time, his natural, normal self was in the house intently reading a book.

“In the case of Mr. B. there was unquestionably a materialization, as an objective reality, seen and heard by both my acquaintance and myself, and making an intelligent and appropriate salutation.

“In the case related by Dr. Abererombie, there was a materialization of Dr. Wilkinson, as an objective reality, separate and distinct from his natural, normal self. His mother, who had not been asleep, heard him at the front door, heard him walk around to the back door, heard him open it and walk across the room and up stairs, and *knew* his footsteps. She saw him enter the room and conversed with him. And a memory of that conversation remained with both mother and son. The fact of the materialization was unconscious to him and was done without his volition except as expressed in the consciousness and volition registered in his dream. But the incidents which transpired were remembered by him. Many incidents of this kind might be related, but the recital of the foregoing will suf-

fice. And I am satisfied that the foregoing is a correct solution of the problem. But if not, why not?"

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

When "Christian Science" was first presented to the spiritualists of Boston, it was rejected as covering only one department of spiritual science. It presented nothing new to Spiritualists who, as a class, recognized spirit power in its manipulation of matter and its control of *all* other forces. The advocate of the new theory felt confident it would not be subjected to the determined opposition and condemnation Spiritualism was receiving from the religiously orthodox people. Nothing in it disturbed their especially devised plan of so-called salvation, or disputed their Miltonian story of man's fall and his final condition so graphically described by Dante.

Advanced thinkers among Spiritualists were then practicing the methods of healing now used so successfully by Christian Scientists. They believe in silent prayer, in the concentration of spirit force and in the exercise of trained wills to bring the troubled spirit of the patient into harmony with itself and the infinite forces of nature. Many Spiritual societies were opening and closing their meetings with silent prayer for the sick and distressed many years prior to this time.

The mediums most successful in the exercise of their healing gift practiced "retiring into the silence" in their cabinets or sanctuaries for guidance and strength. They also recognized the potency and necessity of prayer in harmonizing vibrations in connection with the therapeutic impulse conveyed by their wills direct to the diseased cells of the patient by physical contact. Thus two important methods were employed: That of Spirit operating from within, under the influence of the medium's control; and, the transmission of spiritual and physical magnetism by contact of the nerve terminals. Both of these methods are scientific, practical, effective and are in keeping with the laws of spirit and of psychology. Spiritualists were

not willing to divide these forces, or avail themselves of *only* one method. Hence, the founding of a distinct and popular sect. Both Spiritualists and Christian Scientists recognize the possibilities of Spirit power in the body; both teach and practice the highest moral precepts, and both are opposed by the medical fraternity, or "the doctor's trust," that is obliged to call to its aid the law-makers of the land to check the rapidly growing popularity of "spirit healing" in cases beyond their skill and practice.

One method employed by the Spiritual mediums these wise law-makers cannot reach, namely: The so-called "absent treatments" by the medium's controls as herein related.

MAGNETIC VIBRATIONS.

Another class of thinkers catching a glimpse of Spiritual Science imagine they have discovered an emanation from the human organism, which, when intensified by the X-Ray, is sufficiently potent to enable them to photograph portions of the human form in the dark. Mediums have for years described these emanations, or personal magnetism, by colors. Spirit vibrations through physical organisms carry with them corpuseles visible to the clairvoyant eye, and there is no scientific reason why the sensitized plate in the camera may not detect the aura from some people. These vibrations vary with the will and spiritual development of the person. The vibrations carrying the corpuseles are modified by the quality of the physical organism, and the colors vary from gray to the higher shades. These the camera may detect the same as it detects the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum. These scientists, like the New Thought people, think they have discovered something new. They are just waking up to what has been taught from the Spiritual platform for half a century.

CHAPTER IX.

EXPERIENCES OF MR. E. T. KING, OF LIMA, OHIO.

Mr. E. T. King, of Lima, Ohio, sought admission to one of Mrs. Lord's seances in Boston late one evening. He was a stranger to every one in the room. He did not give his name or have any conversation with any one present. The circle was all arranged and they were waiting for one absent party who had engaged a seat, but who did not come. Mr. King took the vacant chair. During the seance Mrs. Lord turned to the stranger and said: "Several loved ones come to you, sir. You have lost so many," giving the number. He replied: "Yes the number is correct." She then said: "One seems to come nearer than the others and is the dearest of them all. The others are making way for her." "Can you tell who she is," he asked. She says she is your wife and that her name is Clara. "Can you describe her?" he asked. "I will try." In some surprise Mrs. Lord said: "Why, this spirit looks very much like me." "Yes," replied the stranger, I noticed that when I first came in." He then made a mental request that, if it was the one he hoped and believed it was, she would take a ring from his little finger where he had placed it after he had entered the seance room, and after the light had been extinguished. The ring was immediately and eagerly grasped and held up so that Mrs. Lord could see it. She described it very minutely.

This was his first experience at any seance. He went away greatly rejoiced, and with all his old ideas of hell and heaven and resurrected bodies completely changed.

Later in the year, Mrs. Lord, on her way west, visited Lima. She arrived at Mr. King's home after dark and

just as the greater part of the visitors had come in and been seated. All were strangers to her. The host, by way of introduction, said: "I will only say, Mrs. Lord, ladies and gentlemen, and not name one of you, so that you cannot imagine any collusion on my part, or that she has been posted by any one." The seance was filled with Lima's best citizens and the tests were definite and wonderfully good.

The spirit of a young man by the name of Smith came to his father. There had been ill-feeling between them, on account of the son's habit of drinking. Returning from a hunting trip, overcome with drink and fatigue, he sat down upon the railroad track and fell asleep to awaken where the troubles of physical life are no more. His father was a minister, yet his religion did not abate the anguish of his heart. He came to the seance alone, but every little while he expressed the wish to have his heart-broken wife hear the messages from across the distances measured by his boy's contrite and loving heart.

If all the world could have listened to this spirit voice proclaiming his penitence and regret, that he had transgressed the divine laws of his being, there certainly would be less drunkenness and sin. He spoke of a young lady whom he loved with that one sweet love that is precious to all lives. He eulogized her womanly graces and told the weeping father to be good to her, and to tell her he had returned many times to watch over her. "Forgive me, father," was the plaint of his sin-stricken spirit. "Tell my mother to forgive me, tell them all to forgive my wayward life and its acts." Thus spoke the spirit of this misguided youth who let drink overcome his better self, his love for all that was good and true, until he had passed into the transcendent light and grace of God's beautiful land; and, now, he returned to unburden his soul to the dear old father, who, only too gladly heard the glorious assurance of his reform.

The next morning, while Mrs. Lord sat upon a sofa a little toy music box, some distance from any one in the

room, began to play, independent of the touch of mortal fingers. The guitar placed under the sofa was played and was pushed out upon the floor where it continued playing. White and most shapely hands reached out from under the sofa. A pencil and paper were put under the sofa and messages were received. All these manifestations were witnessed by Mr. King, his mother and sister, and two or three others. They occurred in the light of an early morning sun.

RECOVERS A LOST PIN.

On leaving Lima she went into the cars at the Junction, going west, when a spirit voice said: "You have lost your pin." She was then given a minute description of a gentleman who had picked it up. She went back, found the gentleman described, and asked him for the pin. He started and said: "Who told you I had the pin?" Mrs. Lord as promptly answered: "A spirit." "No, show me!" he said, looking both amused and half frightened. She answered: "Yes, sir, I would stop and tell you more, but my train leaves directly, and I must go back to my car." She had recovered her pin and was happy, as it was quite valuable.

RESCUES A WAYWARD GIRL.

Returning to Chicago from Rockford, Illinois, Mrs. Lord met an old lady who seemed to be in great trouble and distress. Approaching her she asked if she could help her in any way. To this the woman replied: "No, no, my sorrow is too deep to ever be relieved." A spirit voice said: "She has lost a daughter who has run away with a vagabond. Tell her." Mrs. Lord did so and told the number of the house in Chicago where she could be found, and further stated that her daughter would be reclaimed and yet be a comfort to her. "But how can a stranger find the place you name?" Mrs. Lord said: "I will go with you." When they arrived in the city, Mrs. Lord proceeded to the number given her by the spirit

and found it as directed. She rang the bell and asked for the girl named by the spirit and was told most decidedly that no such person was there. The spirit voice said: "It is untrue, she is here. Tell her your source of information."

Mrs. Lord said kindly, "Oh, yes, she is, the spirit of her dead father says she is here and we must have her. Her almost broken-hearted mother is out here in the carriage." The woman's face paled, visibly, and she said: "There is a young girl here who is quite a stranger, and I will go and see her."

Mrs. Lord said: "Carry this message from a stranger. That in the name of God and her mother she must come to the door."

The message was given, when a fair, sweet, but most wayward looking creature came to the door. "Are you Stella?" "Yes," her trembling lips answered. "Then come out here." She was led to the carriage, where the almost fainting mother awaited her. And such a meeting! Dear angels, draw a veil that human eyes may not behold the lost children of fashion and sin, and the deadly anguish of heart-sick mothers. That young girl is to-day a strong, tender, loving-hearted daughter, repentent, truly good, and virtuous. Few know the sin of her youth.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST REBUKES A METHODIST.

At a seance held in Mason City, Illinois, some of the most prejudiced church members attended. A prominent and highly educated Catholic Priest was also present. He took much interest in Mrs. Lord's coming and was instrumental in inducing her to visit the place. Before the seance commenced she told him he had lost a lovely, fair-haired sister. She gave him her name, "Margaret," telling him she was drowned, all of which was true. After he had come to America he had sent back for his sister, then twelve years old. She started, but the vessel was never heard from after it left Ireland. The spirit gave

him the particulars, the name of the ship, how the storm overtook them and finally swallowed them up.

During the seance a good old Methodist, who came to make trouble, fully believing that the so-called manifestations were evil, greatly disturbed the investigators. This priest arose with dignity and calling for a light, said: "If Mr. So and So will leave the seance, I will be only too glad to pay the price of his admission." This cast consternation over the whole party that a Catholic should so boldly defy public opinion and rebuke the religious bigot. He promised to behave, and the light was once more extinguished and harmony restored.

A BAND OF INDIANS VISIT A SEANCE.

An unusual seance was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peak, at the Highlands of Boston. There were twenty-five present. In this company was Mr. Charles Sullivan, known to all New England Spiritualists as a wonderful character impersonator, a medium of rare and matchless ability, as well as a most upright and honorable gentleman, beloved by all who knew him for his integrity of purpose and character.

Visitors at Onset Bay, Lake Pleasant and Queen City Park camp meetings in 1880-90, will recall the grand utterances of his controls "Eagle the Red Man," as well as the prophecies of "Old Mollic," and the quaint Continental sayings of "Old Conkey."

Mr. Horace Weston, the well known artist of Boston, was also present. During the seance a spirit voice requested those present to make an opening in the circle and make it larger by stretching hands farther apart. They were then asked to sing. As the singing commenced, Indians could be seen filing into the room. They were big fellows, full of might and power. As they approached the sitters they jumped over the out-stretched hands where the opening had been made. They filed around the medium, who sat in the center of the circle as usual, and commenced their dance, and embellished the performance

by waving their lights and chanting a weird song in their own language. After the dance they retired as they had come, by jumping over the out-stretched hands. After this came the spirit friends of those who were present. Spirit lights revealed faces and forms to many who had never seen or heard of the return of their departed ones. Many voices sang, as that most excellent singer, Mr. Sullivan, led the way. Voices loud and clear caught up the strains and made glorious harmony. Mr. Peak had lost a brother, James, who sang with his brother present and their voices rang out in sweetest melody. All who had ever heard them sing readily recognized the spirit voice. Mr. Weston's mother came. Some kindly, helpful spirit held a light above her bending head, and he saw her, knew her, and instantly said: "Mother, mother, I see you." Several, sitting near him, also saw her. He saw her plainly enough to recognize her lace cap—the same figured lace which he had so often traced with magical brush when he painted her portrait with this same cap. He knew her and her clothing. That night will never be forgotten by those present, who felt little children creep into their laps and nestle there as of old, as though death had never been.

A DAYLIGHT SEANCE.

In 1884, a daylight seance was held at the residence of Mr. Smith the organ builder in Boston. There were present: Mr. H. B. and E. W. Smith, Mrs. Peak and her son John, Mrs. A. H. Williams and others. During the seance Mr. E. W. Smith placed a ring upon the floor underneath the table and holding his hand some distance from the table, made the request that they give it to him. In a moment a little, dark, dainty hand laid the ring in his hand and fled back beneath the table which had been darkened for this purpose. Paper and pencil was placed under the table and messages were given to several, signed by the names of their loved ones, and containing much needed information and answers to mental questions which

were acknowledged to be correct. Others received the names and dates of death of their friends.

The first seance that Mr. E. W. Smith attended, he came a stranger to Mrs. Lord and to all of the company. He had lost a much loved and beautiful wife. She came to him bringing a little child they had lost; and, by the most unmistakable test, known only to her and to him, made herself known and was recognized beyond doubt or question. His spirit friends asked for his brother and said they would like to see him. He made no reply to this request, but, in a few days, he brought his brother. They parted at the door and did not speak or look at each other as they came into the seance room. No one surmised the relationship. When the seance commenced they sat apart. Useless precaution! They were soon found by the dear ones whom they sought from the upper spheres. Mr. E. W. Smith made a mental request that they remove a ring which belonged to his brother on the other side of the room. This was quickly done, then each was addressed by name in loving terms. E. W. Smith was thanked for his kindness in bringing the brother. While all this was occurring to those two, the others in the circle were receiving as much more from their loved ones.

SPIRITS SPEAK THEIR NATIVE LANGUAGE.

When these seances were attended by people speaking language other than the English, their spirit friends always addressed them in their native tongues. Some in German, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and even in Chinese. In one instance a spirit came to a gentleman in St. Louis, a highly cultivated Englishman, Mr. Black, who had spent many years as master of a tea plantation in the Island of Ceylon and addressed him in a peculiar Ceylonese dialect, much to his surprise and that of his wife, they being the only people in the seance who understood the language spoken.

The manifestations in all of these seances were never

according to any program; never twice alike, and always appertained to the people present; were always a part of their lives and the lives of their absent or departed friends; were natural and most essentially human, conclusive and convincing to thinking people; showing that the next life is a busy, natural and real existence; showing that will and memory are retained and are essential; that death produces no immediate and marvelous change in character and mode of thought; that life is simply continued under changed conditions—conditions permitting more rapid progress, if the spirit so wills it. The wisest of those returning tell us that this earth life is necessary for experience, for the building of character, instead of building upon the narrow thread of spiritual existence; and, that none should come into, or be forced into spiritual existence until their work here is accomplished, under penalty of doing it under greater difficulties—for it must be done, and done rightly.

They tell us to build so that we will not have to spend much valuable time tearing down to build on an acceptable basis—as the tearing down process—the regret, is punishment most severe. How earnestly these returning spirits urge all to better, nobler and more unselfish lives! Parents come back to speak in loving tones of remonstrance to an erring son, or daughter; some faithful wife addresses a husband in tenderest memories, and tells him not to swear, drink, or use tobacco, to live a good and pure life; they admonish us to be Christians in the higher sense of the word, that to do good is the highest type of the God principle. Little children, in tender childish tones, send messages to those at home. These lessons teach that love, the greatest thing,—greatest force in the world, bridges all life, dares all conditions and defies death itself. Wherever we open the way, our loved ones, and those loving us, come hurrying from their celestial homes to give us cheer, words of encouragement and advice, assisting us in many ways.

In Chicago to-day there is a prominent hotel man who

came into possession of several West Side lots through the interposition of his spirit father and grandfather who told the gentleman, while he was in one of these seances, where to find the deeds in the old homestead out of the city, in an old box of papers in the attic. They were found as directed and were very valuable.

Mrs. Young, of Madison street, Chicago, who had a drinking son and husband, came to Mrs. Lord to ask advice. She was immediately told her errand, by her spirit friends. They bade her wait and not to scold, but to talk gently to the erring ones: and, that through the help of loving friends and relatives in spirit life, they should be redeemed: and, truly they were in a few weeks. All three called upon Mrs. Lord and related their experience. Some of our celebrated men were thus redeemed from drink, profanity and the use of tobacco. Thousands of souls have entered a new life after the continuity of life and the return of their loved ones was demonstrated to them.

A gentleman of note, a judge, attended Mrs. Lord's seance out of mere curiosity. He had previously warned the medium she could not convert him and that she need not try. When the seance was nearly finished, he asked her to see for him, just for fun, if any of his defunct relatives were near him.

She replied: "Yes, there are many, but I guess I had better not tell you, for you might know them, and you know you don't want to believe."

"Well, tell me." Before she could answer him, his father's voice called his name, gave his own name, and said: "Here, Henry, here is your grandma who loved you so well." "As much as ever." said the grandmother's voice. Then came longer conversations between them which brought tears from the unbeliever. At last, the voice said: "Don't go, my son, to the place where you promised to go to-night. Don't go; we heard you make the arrangements." He spoke up: "Father, I won't, so help me God, I won't. This has convinced me, for no one but myself knew that. I won't go." He was the most intensely interested

person in that room. He visited many other mediums in all parts of the country until the angels took him home. He was a noble, brave, talented gentleman, who loved the truth and for the truth's sake.

While Mrs. Lord was boarding with Mrs. Dr. Cutter at 711½ Tremont street, Boston, in '74, she was engaged to hold a seance by Mr. Lucian Bigelow of the Continental Hotel on Washington street. Several celebrities were present, among the number was Governor Rice and John G. Whittier, Mrs. Louisa R. Guild and others. The seance was unusually good. Mrs. Bigelow, a most charming lady, asked that a dress cap should be taken from her head and put upon a clock some distance out of the circle. Immediately the cap was untied and quickly taken from her head. There was no one outside of the circle. Both hands of the medium were, at the time, held by some of the skeptical ones present. Upon lighting the light, the cap was found neatly tied on the clock, as if a human head was enclosed.

Many names were given by the spirits, speaking in their own voices. The medium gave many startling and convincing incidents in the lives of their spirit friends which were known and well remembered. In every case, the names given, the date of death, mode of burial, and the many incidents related were readily acknowledged by those present, who did not fear to give assent and approval to facts and truths for fear they might give something away that would help the medium in describing, as is often the case with people with less intelligence. Meeting their spirit friends on common ground with the same frank, free and truthful confidence, with which all like to be greeted when calling upon friends and relatives, made the conditions very favorable for their departed loved ones to manifest. These thinking men and women, these men noted for their scholarly attainments, were convinced that their spirit friends had not changed very much, but were still essentially human, and still interested in human affairs and in working out the problems of science, of government and

of sociology in which they were still laboring—possibly still building characters not completed in their earth life. Such were some of the comments and conclusions of the eminent people present on this occasion.

The quality—mental, spiritual and magnetic—of these celebrated people; their kindly, gracious manner; their honest unselfish feeling; their cleanly, lofty thoughts, all combined to attract the higher intelligences and open wide the door for manifestations both satisfactory and convincing.

Other things not intervening, the sitters make or unmake their seance. All these phenomena are and *must be*, on natural lines, according to natural law. As well turn a fool into the chemist's laboratory and the electrician's workshop and expect satisfactory results. Most people have sense enough to let strange chemicals alone and to keep their hands off live wires—and refrain from dictating to the masters of these sciences how they should compound their chemicals and how to handle potential currents. Attend a seance and note the comments of those who know the least about life and its strange, mysterious forces and its possibilities, and see how they limit everything to their experience, and deny everything that is beyond their senses and experience. There are those who "rush in where angels fear to tread," especially at a spiritual seance.

So satisfactory was this seance and such a concourse of spirits gathered to witness it, who were not permitted to take part, as is always the case; and, so favorable were the conditions that there was a later performance after the medium had returned to Mrs. Dr. Cutter's for the night.

THEY MAKE A NIGHT OF IT.

The control, Clarence, is always master of Mrs. Lord's seances. When he is absent, not a single manifestation occurs. As "order is heaven's first law," so it is in the seance. He admits on the inside of the circle, as a general

rule, only these spirits who have friends in the circle. Hundreds of spirits are attracted by the spiritual radiance of such gatherings, some attracted by curiosity—a quality possessed by many people in the body. Others are attracted by a desire to learn, and all are anxious to get into the circle. To admit all would be worse than confusion. Not all spirits know how to resume their contact with matter, how to handle and hold the polarizing force, and how to manifest, even how to talk. Clarence as he terms his profession in the seance is the “form builder.” Order, quiet, and harmony—and harmony covers a multitude of things, such as thought, feeling and purpose—are all essential to these manifestations. Very often, the hardest work is harmonizing refractory elements, overcoming conditions brought into the seance by the sitters, such as narcotics, stimulants, and antagonisms between sitters. Such thought vibrations are the most inciting and disintegrating forces that can be brought into a materializing seance. Truly the sitters make their own seance, even as they all make their own successes and failures in life. In the great universe of law there are no accidents, all is cause and effect.

Arriving at home, wearied by the draught upon every nerve, Mrs. Lord hastened to her room to find her maid in bed, but not asleep. Her first words were: “Oh, Mrs. Lord, I am so glad you have come, some one has been walking around the room all the evening.”

The medium said “Not with all this light, surely, Lizzie?” “Yes, yes,” came a frightened whisper, as she looked around expecting some one to appear from the corners of the room. Being reassured, she arose and helped Mrs. Lord to bed. The fire in the grate made the room as light as a lamp light could possibly have done. The girl had crept into bed again and they were all prepared for sleep. Mrs. Lord had dropped asleep when she was awakened by a cry from the girl. “Oh, they are here again.”

Sure enough, as if a marching army had installed themselves in the room. The bed-springs were drummed

upon by the mid-night marauders, and such a bedlam, such a din as they created would have done credit to a Chinese theater. Off went all the bedding and half the night apparel of these terrified women. Wearing apparel and bed clothes went flying through the air in every direction. The air seemed stirred by visible and invisible wings. Whispering voices, low laughing voices, seemed all about them in this well lighted room. Hands tugged and pulled at the mattresses as if they would send them, too, after the bedding. Presently they got their beds in order and carefully crawled into them.

Again the manifestations commenced stronger than ever. Their screams awakened the household and brought Mr. and Mrs. Cutter to the room, and presently their son George, a young and intelligent enquirer, who slept in the upper rooms and some distance away, came. They were all met at the open door with flying pillows, sheets, towels, night dresses and various other articles. Mrs. Cutter came first, and back of her a few steps her husband. She was at the door when he was on the stairs, coming up. Zip, zip, went the pillows and blankets. One blanket fell over his head. Once in the room they all tried to hold the clothing on to the bed, tried to stop the noises that could be heard a block away. The medium, in her wearied condition, became nervous and excited and was crying, "Mama Cutter, stop this, stop this."

Mama Cutter tried to soothe them as well as stay the tumult, but it could not be done. They grew bolder and carried on worse than ever. They again threw off the bed clothes, regardless of main force from all present holding on to them. They played upon the springs, guitar, music box and kept up the performance until half past four in the morning, and did not stop until they were appeased by promises to supply them with a telegraph instrument, through which they could talk and tell what they wanted. They said if they had such an instrument they could operate their batteries and make good their words in daylight, when there could be no possibility of collusion

or fraud. All the participants will long remember that eventful night. It was remarkable even to those constantly familiar with the manifestations. Mr. and Mrs. Cutter and son declared it was one of the most satisfactory and convincing seances they had ever witnessed.

CHAPTER X.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA APPRECIABLE TO PHYSICAL SENSES.

“Truth,” says Von Muler, “is the property of God, the pursuit of Truth belongs to man.”

Nowhere has infinite wisdom fully revealed, or asked us to accept, truth by faith alone. Nor has any ban been placed upon the pursuit of any truth, except by man for his own selfish purposes. The right to seek truth is guaranteed by all institutions that do not try to fetter the soul as well as the body.

We are placed in nature’s great pavilion, with its fine landscapes, its mountain heights, its sunlit dells and shadowy gorges; with its rising suns and declining days; with its waterfalls, its placid lakes and surging seas, and are prompted by curiosity to reason, to understand and to comprehend these varied forms and manifestations.

The magical silence of moving worlds, as they sweep through infinite space; the quiet of the deep and gloomy forests; the solemn moan of their restless branches when the raging storm and resistless winds sweep over them; the sublime chorus of the varied manifestations of all life; the wonderful phenomena of individual forces and infinite intelligence on every hand at once command our most serious attention. Nothing bars or checks our investigation of all these beauties—all these mysteries. There are no edicts in our way until we approach the one great problem, the solution of which means more to man than all others; whose solution affords a basis upon which to build a safe and satisfactory code of ethics. Here we encounter the first great “Ecclesiastical Trust.” Here the Church, that most puissant ruler of man’s intellect, intervenes to stop all bold thinkers; to crucify them; burn them at the stake; hand them the poisoned cup and confine them in Monastic

dungeons. Its *ipse dixit* has been, "Believe or be forever lost." While the one great purpose of all religious thought in all ages, has been to solve this mysterious problem: "If a man die, shall he live again?" yet the Church has resisted every attempt at a demonstration of what they so seriously demand we shall believe. Jesus, the Christ—the medium—undertook to demonstrate this fact and Roman law put him to death. Some centuries ago Lan Ting-Yang, a Chinese ruler, put Yen and his wife to death for a similar offense, and later—1692—our good old New England Puritans, who adopted a Magna Charter, guaranteeing to all the right to worship according to the dictates of their own conscience, tarnished the glorious banner of liberty with the Salem (Mass.) executions. Four hundred years have not sufficed to eradicate from religious thought the intolerance of those austere people who sought this country for religious freedom. Thus has all religious thought traveled over much the same ground, in the same way, to solve its problems, or to dodge them, if the solution disturbed their easy and pleasant security. Approaching this great problem, we find the menacing hand of priest and follower raised to bar the way. Stranger than all else, the shadow of that hand awes science into submission. From facts,—aye from trifles less than "the pressure of light, lighter than gravity,"—nothing too insignificant, science evolves and develops laws of action; probes and pries into the principles of motion; tries all forces and combination of forces—and stops at this one problem—the most important of all; fearing to recognize the persistency and continuity of the one only force manifesting as thought and intelligence.

The world moves in spite of the conservatism or cowardice of scientists, as the case may be. Creeds are jostled, thinkers are coming from all classes and spiritual phenomena are in every hamlet and in the homes of all thinkers. These are the ones to whom it appeals, and from whom spiritualists come with unswerving faith and with their scientific knowledge of the facts of the great hereafter

Nature has not demonstrated the continuity of life any more than she has that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, or any more than she has demonstrated the undulatory theory of light to be more scientific than the theory of emission, but she gives us facts and gives us reason, and leaves us to draw our own conclusions, to solve the problem of life, to understand the forces of nature, and to formulate the laws of the universe—laws whose continuity spans all stages of existence.

There must be no mistake in the way we approach these facts or deal with them. Our reasoning must be inductive. We assume neither facts nor principles, and formulate no philosophy as to the continuity of life on mere assumption. Our philosophy is founded upon facts, with a demonstration of the laws and principles relating thereto. We are privileged to assume the scientific fact of the "persistence of force." That life is a force is axiomatic, and hence it must be continuous—personal, individualized and essentially human, as now. This is a legitimate deduction from our facts. It is the only theory that will cover *all* of the facts, and is, therefore, the most scientific, logical and natural. The process must be a scientific analysis. First, the rap,—produced under circumstances that make it a phenomenon. This, followed by others, varied in form, the actuality of which is self-evident, establishes the reality of the facts themselves.

As to the force used, its quality and form, whence it is derived; the time, place, circumstances and conditions of our facts, forces the inference that the real doers are dependent upon some form of force analogous to electricity, yet not electricity. This force cannot be insulated and controlled like electricity. It is attractive and repellent, and is called magnetism, for want of a better term, or because it is analogous to terrestrial magnetism.

It is an established fact that the human organism evolves a magnetic emanation or aura that radiates from the body as actually and more forcibly than from a magnet. Our facts show that this force is amenable to mental con-

trol *only* when generated, or produced by vital chemistry,—by the human organisms, the Solar Plexus and the entire ganglionic system.

The purpose of those producing the phenomena, as our facts show, are varied,—according to the quality and character of the producer,—and the character and intellectual development of the medium, the great cosmic law of affinity being a constant and potential factor.

These facts, all spiritual phenomena, spiritual existence itself, is strictly scientific, never supernatural, simply natural—a fact in nature. On these facts and on natural law is based the whole spiritual philosophy, a philosophy that covers the whole field of thought and action. These facts warrant the statement that progress in spirit life is dependent upon progress in this life, that the brotherhood of man is a reality.

The phenomena thus far related appeals to the physical senses of sight, hearing and feeling, as well as to reason.

First. The lights seen in Mrs. Lord's seances are remarkable in that they do not emanate from any focus or appear as rays emanating from any center, nor to be the result of combustion. Seemingly they require surrounding darkness to be seen, whether electric or phosphorescent. These lights come and vanish into themselves, like the smile on a countenance; they move slowly or rapidly like that of a person; sometimes like tiny electric sparks here and there, and sometimes large as one's head. These large phosphorescent lights sometimes roll outwards, as from a center, revealing a face or a form, which is nearly always recognized by the one in front, or along side of whom it comes. Sometimes two or three lights appear at a time, and stranger still, these larger lights, showing forms, are sometimes seen only by those in front of the lights. These lights move at the will of some invisible intelligence and are impalpable. They do not move away, but vanish at the place where seen, like the extinguishing of any ordinary light. They are not effulgent and do not reflect upon objects at a distance.

Second. The phenomena appeals to the sense of hearing, unquestionably by atmospheric vibration, as all in the room and sometimes those outside of the room, hear the same thing from their different angles of position. The music of the instruments is heard and located by the sound as it is at rest or is whirled around the circle within a few inches of the heads of the sitters, without touching any one. Voices of all range and compass are heard, even to whispers, sometimes two, three and more voices all heard at the same time and from different positions in the circle, precluding the possibility of explanation on any other hypothesis than spirit voices. Not subjectively as certain, quite logical, sophisticated thinkers, who claim to know so much "subjectively" and so little "objectively and really," assert when they claim that the camera does not record these faces and forms, and that the phonograph does not record the sounds. Such assertions are contrary to fact and the known laws of physics.

— These "subconscious" dogmatists, who have had very little, if any, experience in psychic phenomena, seem to think they know the most about it, and proceed to evolve from their subconsciousness the assertion that the theory of spirit return is not tenable until facts are presented that cannot be reconciled to any other theory based upon natural law. This is truly a "subconscious" theory and is on a par with many other theories which they attempt to prove by assuming certain facts that have no reality, excepting in their imagination. There are no psychic phenomena that are not produced in accordance with natural laws,—the same laws that span the material and spiritual worlds.

Third. There can be no imagination in the sense of touch when, in the dark, articles are placed instantly and directly in hands, rings placed on fingers held up to receive them, and eye-glasses placed on noses, by audible or mental request, without any hesitation or any fumbling or feeling around; when hands are felt in a hearty shake and oftentimes giving secret grips; when flowers and other

articles, which were positively known not to be in the room, or in the house, are brought and placed in the hands of the sitters and left with them. To doubt these facts is to doubt all intelligence.

These are the logical deductions to be drawn from the facts thus far related, and are substantially the same as those at which a company of scientists arrived in a series of seances held by Mrs. Lord in Boston in 1873, reported by Mr. S. Fox, a newspaper writer. The conditions under which the phenomena were produced from which Mr. Fox drew his conclusions, as stated in his report, were as follows:

“There were twenty-five people present; all were seated on chairs in a circle; all had hold of hands, so that no one could enter the room or the circle without going over our heads, and no one in the circle could leave his or her place without it being known to at least two others. Mrs. Lord sat in the center of the circle, always in her perfectly normal condition. There was no table, box, chest or anything in the circle that could be used as an aid to the phenomena. At Mrs. Lord’s request, those skeptically inclined examined the room and saw that everything was satisfactory. The doors and windows were fastened and staled and the keys deposited in the pockets of a skeptical gentleman. Mrs. Lord remarked that at any time, if anyone was suspicious, they could strike a light, or they could lean forward and hold her hands and while so doing the manifestations would continue. Under these test conditions all these wonderful and varied manifestations went on to the satisfaction of all present.”

As an illustration of how faces are shown in these phosphorescent lights, which are not so bright as the smaller, darting, electrical lights, and may, possibly, be intensified by emanations of the spirit, which, when operating through flesh, light up the countenance with what is called spiritual radiance, sometimes strong enough to take a photograph of an object, we copy the following article,

written for the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, in August, 1899, by a very intelligent gentleman from Philadelphia:

THE SUICIDE.

"During a visit of a few days in New York City in 1882, I accompanied two friends, Mr. and Miss B., to a seance being held by Mand E. Lord, then at the height of her fame. We were all unbelievers, absolutely unknown to the medium, especially I, then living in the suburbs of Philadelphia. The usual circle was formed by joining hands of all present, the medium being seated in the center. The lights were lowered and after several manifestations had caused consternation among what we supposed were gullible "sensitives," a small luminous sphere suddenly appeared about three feet in front of me. Gradually, as if my eyes were being focused without my control, I saw the object transform into a small head about the size of an orange. The face was that of a man with a very florid complexion and red side whiskers. I could see the change in his expression, even the blinking of his eyes, exactly as if he were alive. He opened his tiny mouth, distinctly exhibiting his teeth and tongue, and exclaiming, in a shrill voice, 'Boys, whatever you do, for God's sake don't commit suicide!' Upon my questioning him he said that he had committed suicide in Central Park, New York. I received the most vivid impression of the little specter, one which I retain even until this day.

"After my friends had experienced other manifestations, we returned to their house, disappointed, if anything, at our inability to fathom the mysteries which we had expected to smack strongly of charlatamry. I described my experience with the little head, and Miss B. asked me if I thought I could identify it from a photograph, she having apparently suspected whom it might be. I assured her that I could.

She produced a large number of old family photographs and laid them before me. After examining many, I suddenly recognized my grim visitor, and exclaimed,

'There! That's the one!' The likeness was striking, beyond mistake. Mr. B. and his sister looked at each other knowingly, and then told me that the photograph was that of a near friend of the family, who had committed suicide in Central Park some years before, a man of whom I had never heard. I did not even know that such a tragedy had ever occurred within their circle of friends. They had recognized the face at once from my description, but neither did or said anything which might have led to my suspecting which photograph in the large collection was the correct one. In those days the custom of wearing side whiskers was much more common than today, and there were many photographs among the number given me which might have roughly coincided with the impression which I received."

At another seance, held in Boston, a gentleman, writing to the *Argus and Patriot*, published at Montpelier, Vermont, tells how Snowdrop, the little Indian girl, being told by a gentleman that he had a paper of candy in his pocket, found the candy, took it from the gentleman's pocket and put a piece of it into the mouth of each one in the circle. She did this in a very short space of time without making any mistakes or feeling about for anyone's mouth. To test the matter, he made the request that she give him more, and in each instance, to use his words, "My monstache was lifted daintily and the candy was placed between my lips. Others made the same request and each time the request was complied with without any fumbling." At this seance Mrs. Lord gave the writer a ring to wear before the seance commenced. To use his words again, "The ring was quietly and gently taken from my finger and placed on the finger of William Lloyd Gar-
rison, who was a frequent visitor at these seances and who sat quite a distance from me. Mr. Garrison's gold bowed spectacles were deftly taken from his nose and placed upon my knee; then as gently and as carefully as he could have done it, they were replaced." It is also noted that if the

circle be broken by anyone letting go of hands when articles were moving that they would fall to the floor.

A SPIRIT SPEAKS CHINESE.

Sir Charles J. Eldridge, an American, knighted by the French government, who had spent some time in the interior of China, attended a seance in 1876 at the residence of Col. S. P. Kase, 1601 Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Over his own signature, he gives his experience as follows:

“Mrs. Lord turned to me and said, ‘I see a tall figure standing over you: an African, I think, he is so dark. No, not an African. His head is closely shaved and he has something wound about it. It’s a Chinaman,’ she suddenly said.

“This of itself was very convincing to me, as no one present could have known that I ever had any dealings with Chinese. ‘Can you give his name?’ I asked.

“‘He will give it himself.’ was the answer, and the medium turned to some of the others in the circle and commenced describing for them.

“Within, perhaps, two minutes, while she was still describing for the others, I distinctly heard, ‘T Sin,’ the family name of a Chinese friend of mine, who had passed away some three years previous, from a city in the interior of China. This name was whispered in front of me. I immediately said, speaking in Chinese, ‘Is this truly you, Shetze?’ Shetze being the name by which I invariably addressed him, and certainly known to no one in America.

“The reply came instantly, ‘Shi tsui Shih wo’ (Truly, it is I).

“I conversed with my Chinese friend for some little time in the peculiar dialect of the province of which he was a native. The other members of the seance were seemingly very much interested in this peculiar manifestation, and asked what language was being spoken.

“In conclusion, permit me to say, that while I have witnessed what was called spiritual manifestations in China

as well as in Paris, London and New York, I had never heard or seen anything so positively convincing as this Chinese identifying himself to me by this language in his own peculiar dialect, and by his instant and correct replies to my questions. There was no possible way to account for it other than that he was there with memory perfect."

This experience of the Chinese spirit, speaking in his own language, soon became known to Sir Charles' Chinese friends in attendance upon the Centennial Exposition, then being held in Philadelphia, and two of them, wealthy Mandarins, persuaded him to take them to see the "Strange Lady," as they called her.

They came dressed in the gorgeous costumes of their cast: polite, cultured and scholarly gentlemen; only one of whom could understand and speak English. The seance was composed of prominent people, many of whom were brought there by the President of the Exposition, Hon. J. S. Morton. These men were prominent in national affairs, were scholars and thinkers,—elements conducive to satisfactory results in a seance, bold thinkers,—honest men and unselfish to the extent that they offered every facility to the two Mandarins to thoroughly investigate the phenomena so new to them, and yet in keeping with the traditions of their faith and with Chinese history.

The seance had no sooner commenced than a little child jumped into the lap of one of the Mandarins and called him papa, in Chinese. Other of their Chinese friends came and talked to them in their own language. The Mandarin who sat next to Sir Charles asked him to put his hand on his little boy's head. They accepted the manifestations as perfectly natural and expressed no surprise that their friends, buried so far away across the ocean, should come and talk with them. These polite, foreign spirits thanked the American man for bringing their friends to the seance. All their talk was in the Chinese language, understood only by the three people in the seance. One of the Mandarins later showed Sir Charles an account of

the seance written in Chinese to his wife in China, delivering the message sent by the little son to his mother.

Later these two Mandarins attended two other seances bringing their Chinese friends with them. The seance being especially for them, only two or three Americans were present. It is impossible to report the sayings of the spirits and of the sitters, as everything was in Chinese, other than to say they seemed to receive longer communications than usual; and what they received was very satisfactory, showing that people make their own seances or unmake them. These people—of the better class of their country—many of them educated and refined, after their kind, attended to see, learn and know, satisfied with what came to them, neither insolent nor selfish in their demands, —in fact, demanding nothing, but were grateful for anything that came to them or to others in the seance, thus by nature or by accident conforming to conditions essential for satisfactory results. These people became so deeply interested that they continued to attend Mrs. Lord's seances as long as she remained in Philadelphia.

VALUABLE FAN RECOVERED.

While stopping at Colonel Kase's, Mrs. Lord attended the exposition in company with Sir Charles Eldredge and Mr. J. F. Kelly, another friend, now living in London, England. She had a very expensive fan, a souvenir of the Exposition, which had been presented to her by Mr. Kelly. When ready to take the carriage for Colonel Kase's home the fan was missing. None of the party could remember where, or when they had last seen it. It was gone. With much regret on Mrs. Lord's part they returned home. On their arrival, Mrs. Kase greeted them with the remark, "Look here, Maud, something very strange happened about an hour ago. I was sitting in the sitting room near the open window, when your fan came flying into the window, opened this way, and fell into my lap. Here it is." The gentlemen were astonished, for they had both handled

the fan during the afternoon and knew it did not come home with them.

At the request of the Spanish Legation, Mrs. Lord held a special seance for them and their Spanish friends. As was expected the majority of the spirits who came spoke and sang to their friends in their own musical language. Sometimes English was spoken. As was the case with the Chinese, these diplomatic people expressed great satisfaction with the medium, as well as with the seance.

Dom Pedro, then Emperor of Brazil, attended one of these seances and received many convincing and satisfactory manifestations. Spirits whose heads had worn crowns in this life came to him, over the same road, by the same law, that the lowly of the earth traveled.

At this time a Portuguese delegation came and made arrangements for a special seance for themselves and their friends. They had a special interpreter engaged for the occasion. When the evening came there was much hesitation in taking their places in the circle. Finally the spokesman for the party told Mrs. Lord that their interpreter had not come. "Oh, well," said Mrs. Lord, "we will try it without him; when he comes we will admit him." This was satisfactory and the seance commenced. The interpreter did not come and his services were not needed. The Portuguese language was as freely used as the Chinese and Spanish had been in the former seances. Hands were felt, faces and forms were shown and various and many were the communications received. Articles were carried about the circle, the guitar and music box was played and put into their hands, and on their heads.

At the dedication of the main Centennial building Mrs. Lord was introduced to General Grant, then President of the United States. This was the commencement of an acquaintance that continued until his death. Later, in 1884, when the general and his wife lived in New York City, she gave them several private sittings when trouble came to them from financial reverses. At one of these sittings they both told her of spiritual manifestations which

came to them in their own home when they lived in Carondelet, Mo. They told her how the spirits came to them and foretold much that transpired in after years. He was told that he would be guarded and guided to great achievements. Thus another great thinker dared to act and think on original lines. He was never ashamed of his own logical conclusions, nor did he hesitate to think and act on his own plans, unchecked by secretaries of war or popular clamor. None but thinkers, brave thinkers at that, can be great and wrest victory out of defeat. Such men are inspired and require no eulogy.

"Their deeds crown history's pages
And time's great volume make."

• These seances are not always solemn, serious occasions—far from it. There is always much of the comic, the ludicrous and the laughable in them, or they would not be natural. The manifestations demonstrate that death does not make any sudden change in character and disposition, hence the importance of thought and its formulation into acts,—the material from which character is built. Clarence, the manager of these seances, is far from being a solemn, serious character. As a boy in school, and in the short span of earth life granted to him, he was full of fun, quick at repartee, readily catching the comical with the serious. It is not surprising that some of these seances should give him an opportunity for great sport.

AN EXCLUSIVELY COLORED SEANCE.

Mrs. Lord, on leaving Philadelphia, visited Washington, where she met and convinced many men prominent in the government. Among those whom she met at this time was Senator Bruce, later in the treasury department, a colored gentleman of great ability and culture, who attended her seances and was deeply interested. It was but natural that the colored people of Washington should hear of those wonderful manifestations and desire to witness them. The question was, would she hold a seance for

colored people. The better class, the educated and consequently the dominant class in the South do not have the prejudice against colored people that prevails in the North. and learning that she was a Virginian by birth, with the grand old pride of her native state inherent in her nature, and learning that she believed in the universal brotherhood of man, no matter what clime colors his skin, they waited upon her to see if they could have an "exclusive" seance. Her controls left the decision to her, as they always did.

Which should rule, principle or prejudice?

Is the brotherhood of man a fact or a fancy?

At what particular shade does this belief stop? How far into the spectrum does principle reach?

Does wealth, social position or character draw the line of demarkation for God's workers?

Are there any signs in His grounds warning colored people to keep off the grass?

Are there any notices on His great road of progression telling colored people to take the next car?

White skins cover a small fraction of God's immortal souls, and is there any more purple and gold under white skins than under all others?

From whom have come the terrible persecution, the horrors of the old inquisitions, the torture inflicted upon those who have dared to think and act; the crucifixions, the burning at the stake? Were their skins white or black? Are the ethics built upon the continuity of life and the laws and conditions underlying all life worth having—worth living?

The colored people had their seance. It was exclusive, even aristocratic, selected from the capital's colored "four hundred." They came in fashion, with perfumed fans and flowers. They brought their peculiarities with them, and their prejudices also, just the same as other people. The evolution of man, of races, has been along parallel lines,—the colored race is coming, has already assumed much that the white "four hundred" claim as exclusively

their own. The sociological problem of the yellow people, the little brown man and our black brother is pressing for a solution. Are we ready for it?

This exclusively colored seance was exceedingly good. Spirits of their departed friends came, touched them, spoke, giving names and relationship; showed lights; played on musical instruments; but when they showed their full forms and faces the excitement was intense. The more excitable hollowed and shouted in their characteristic fashion, much after what is heard at colored prayer meetings in the South, which must be seen and heard to be appreciated.

When the forms appeared, there was a scream. Several screams all in chorus, and a general scattering of chairs. The gas was hastily lighted and a scene presented itself that beggars description. It was a typical colored, camp-meeting, revival scene, with all the power turned on, as devotees say. Some were on the floor, others standing, and all excited. It was the best seance the medium ever had so far as phenomena went, with nothing left out—some were praying, some shouting, and all scared, the medium convulsed and Clarence and his colored hosts presumably on the run. It was a great event among Washington's colored "400."

RETURNING TO BOSTON.

Mrs. Lord returned to Boston from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington; in each of these cities she met many intellectual people. While the physical manifestations predominated, as might be expected, the questions asked by these highly educated, thinking people brought out many explanations from spirits present regarding the laws in accordance with which the physical manifestations were produced, and much concerning the advancement to be made on higher lines of thought. Predictions were made that clairvoyance would be scientifically demonstrated by rays or vibrations not then classified; that telegraphy would

be possible on ethereal waves and would be perfected on the lines of telepathy; that levitation would be explained by the lines of force, as shown by the magnet; that materialization would be explained under the electro-magnetic forces and the polarization of matter; and that in the near future the vibratory laws would be better understood and applied to man's uses. It was claimed that the many forms of organic life dispute the monistic doctrine of cosmic phenomena and establish the fact of force and matter being co-eval and co-existent, but subject to infinite modification according to the will and intelligence of the individualized force, and the law of its individualization. It was further stated that prophecy is the result of scientific calculation, whether it be concerning the life, the affairs or destiny of man, or the manifold operations of nature.

As the thinkers of the race reach out for these things they will come, some with the present century, more in the twentieth, and still more in the centuries that are to come.

OTHER MEDIUMS IN THE SEANCE.

Knowing something of the importance of vital magnetism in the production of spiritual phenomena, it is quite natural to suppose that the presence of other strong mediums in the seance would add to the satisfactory results. Such does not seem to be the case any more than satisfactory results would result if several engines of different stroke, power and speed were attached directly to the same line-shaft. The control understanding this and probably knowing why, may, in a measure, be responsible for some of the antagonism and jealousies seen in many instances where mediums are imperfectly developed. It is, from a strict analysis of the term, impossible for a grandly developed medium to be jealous of another. The exhibition of this feeling towards a person is equivalent to paying such person a merited compliment, for it is a metaphysical impossibility to be jealous of an inferior.

On Mrs. Lord's return to Boston a seance was held

at which Mr. Robert Cooper and Mr. J. J. Morse, the eminent trance speaker of England, were invited guests. A writer for a Boston paper, who was present describing the manifestations, said:

"I sat next to Mr. Morse and could plainly observe the difference of power in our portion of the circle. On the opposite side the manifestations were quite marked, and consisted of the touch of hands, sound of voices and the movement and playing of musical instruments. Mr. Morse did not receive one touch. Mr. Cooper, sitting on Mr. Morse's right, received some slight evidence of spirit presence. The writer who sat on Mr. Morse's left, could sense the presence of spirits on his left. From Mr. Morse, as a center, the power was manifestly stronger as the distance from this center increased, and seemed strongest at a point directly opposite, where it was exceedingly marked and satisfactory. After moving several seats away from Mr. Morse, I was the recipient of various satisfactory attentions from my spirit friends. A gentleman on my left received a communication on his memorandum book from his son. At his left, a Russian gentleman was conversing with a spirit alternately in Russian and French; to the left of the Russian a prominent business man was talking with his spirit father, and on my right I could hear a child's voice talking to a lady, while to her right was a gentleman receiving a communication from a spirit purporting to be Prof. Morse. During all this time, while I carefully noted these things, Mrs. Lord was conversing with the people on the opposite side of the circle with her back towards me. I know that a half dozen skillful actors, if acting as her confederates, could not counterfeit the occurrences of the evening.

"To test the matter and to arrive at the cause of his not receiving any manifestations, Mr. Morse, Mr. Cooper and two other mediums withdrew from the circle. Immediately the manifestations were very powerful and universal; all in the circle received very satisfactory results. Mental requests were obeyed; the guitar was played as it floated

around the room gently touching the heads of each one in the circle without accident or mistake, and continued playing as it suddenly rose to the ceiling of the room, which was twelve feet high. It was played as it gently touched the glass globes of the chandelier, sometimes hitting them with force that would have broken them if not guided by some intelligence who could see in the dark. A pencil was taken from a gentleman's pocket and an autograph affixed on his cuffs, which he recognized."

With very few exceptions, the effect on the manifestations with mediums in the circle is the same. Mrs. Lord's desire to be gracious and obliging to all other mediums made her use every effort to see and describe for all who came.

Another explanation is given, however, that may better satisfy investigators. It is that the controls of the attending mediums utilize the force in the seance in the development of their own mediums. Mrs. Lord often remarked that where other mediums were present the seance seemed to be more for development than for phenomena, the controls, like others, being willing to appropriate the force in the seance to their own uses whether the others receive anything or not. Selfishness is not confined to one stage of existence.

LEOTAH, THE INDIAN GIRL.

When Leotah, or Snowdrop, as she is known to many, first came to Mrs. Lord, she could not speak a word of English. Her first efforts at our language were to pronounce the two words, "physical manifestations." For some time the best she could do was, "Twisical testations." Today she uses the English language in scholarly perfection and her vocabulary will compare favorably with any Vassar graduate. She is accomplished, graceful in manner, learned and wise in many ways, and in many things. Her progress seems to make it unnecessary to be reincarnated for the purpose of experience and progression. She was educated with Little Maude Alberta. She was told to

observe Maude Alberta in all her studies and recitations, and to attend the schools and lectures on her own side life. Building on the narrow thread of spiritual life is harder work, but results can be greater as serious mistakes are avoided. Reared with the companionship of Leotah, Maude Alberta, when a child, never questioned the identity and personal reality of her playmate and companion. As a child, her faith and confidence in the spirits was very beautiful.

On one occasion her mother and nurse heard her at play in the hall. The sound indicated that she was sliding down the stair railing, but what was strange, they could not hear her go up the stairs. They both watched, and to their consternation they saw her slide up the railing with the same ease and celerity as she slid down. Watching their opportunity when she was at the foot of the stairs, they called her and asked how she slid up the railing.

"Why, mama, don't you see Snowdrop is holding me on and pushing me?"

There was no more sliding up the railing, although Maude Alberta tried it, and complained bitterly to her mother for reprimanding Snowdrop.

One afternoon a rap was heard on the sitting room door where Mrs. Lord, Miss Minnie Tisdale and the nurse, Lizzie Lou, as little Maude called her, sat doing some work. "Come in," was the response.

In walked Little Maude leading by the hand a beautiful, dark eyed, dark haired brunette, a little taller and probably two years older, than herself. She was dressed in white, with a beautiful sash around her waist, very much as Little Maude was dressed.

The nurse was the first to notice the new comer and said, "Why, Maude, what little girl have you there," and at the same time, she stepped towards the two children to welcome the little stranger whom she had never before seen.

This attracted Mrs. Lord's attention, who turned

around just in time to hear her say, "See, mama, I have brought some company to spend the day."

By this time the nurse was quite close to the children. The beautiful stranger seemed to change in a way that she could not quite explain, and to her astonishment sank towards the floor and disappeared.

Little Maude turned reproachfully upon the nurse, saying, "There, now, Lizzie Lou, you have knocked Snowdrop all to pieces."

At another time, when Mrs. Lord was quite sick, Maude Alberta came into the room leading Snowdrop by the hand, saying, "Oh, mama, I have brought Snowdrop to cure you," so great was her faith in her little companion.

In the room at the time was Dr. Foy and a medical student, who was later known in Sommerville, Mass., as Dr. B. F. Galloup. This was a new experience for these disciples of Aesculapins. Here, again, her experiment was a failure and her little playmate, "went all to pieces," as she expressed it, just as the two astonished doctors turned to speak to them, but not until they had both noted that the two children were dressed nearly alike.

The nurse, "Lizzie Lou" Brown,—later Mrs. Richard Cassidy, whose marriage was long predicted by Mrs. Lord,—would often be told when Mrs. Lord was coming. Sometimes she would be reprimanded, or directed by spirit voices in her care of Little Maude. The mother and all who knew about the child's rare and beautiful gifts saw she had possibilities that would place her name as a psychic high on fame's immortal calendar unless some of the corroding influences of modern civilization and society should prevent. How strangely life's laws run. As we think and act, so build we our own characters. All there is of us is character. It is the guinea's stamp on the immortal soul. It fixes man's status in this great game of life, and marks his value on the other side. In the coin, current of that existence, there is no double standard. The enduring wealth we gather here and take with us is character.

Snowdrop was always a factor of the family circle.

At one time a servant named Mary Kendricks conceived the idea that she would look well on the streets in the medium's dresses, especially when she knew Mrs. Lord would be absent. Snowdrop, although only a child, did not approve of this practice. The girl was just putting on a certain plaid dress preparatory to a walk, when it suddenly left her hands and fell to the floor some distance back of her. She tried it again and a second time it slipped out of her hands, and a voice close to her ear said, "Don't you dare put on that dress. It belongs to my medium." Mary told this herself as she feared the same voice might tell Mrs. Lord.

While living at No. 26 Chester Park, Mrs. Lord had a servant named Bridget O'Leary, whose family lived near by. Bridget was a believer that all sin can very easily be forgiven, especially the sin of taking from a heretic. One evening as Bridget was about ready to pick up her well filled basket, the clothes pins in a basket near by commenced to strike her in the face. One by one they came flying at her and then the potatoes did the same. Her screams brought Mrs. Lord to the kitchen, where she found Bridget on her knees crossing herself and praying.

"What does all this mean, Bridget?"

"Oh, shure, and may the Holy Mother protect me. Thim pins and potatoes just got up and hit me."

Seeing and understanding the situation, Mrs. Lord told her it was wrong to take things, and that her spirit friends saw her every time she did it.

"Faith, mam, but its mighty mane spirits that object to me taking a little tay and few potatoes to me sick brother."

Bridget was still skeptical like many more intelligent investigators, who must be convinced over and over again, as she continued to take things home.

One evening, just after dark, she was about to take a roll of butter. As she opened the pantry door there stood Snowdrop, dressed in white. Bridget screamed and





Mrs Maud. S Lord.

To one of the few honest
widows from
a friend who respects her

N H W P Blavatsky
1874.

(See page 260.

slammed the door, saying, "Stay in there ye white divil," just as Mrs. Lord came into the room.

Leading from the kitchen up into the dining room was a dumb waiter. Whenever Mrs. Lord had any cans, jars, or bottles she could not open she would put them into the waiter, close the door and ask Clarence to please open them. Bridget, who was consistent in her faith and habits, had seen these articles opened, and one day, being unable to open a jar of fruit, she placed it in the waiter, closed the door and repeated the talismanic words, "Please, Clarence, dearie, open the jar."

Very soon she heard two or three raps. She did not take the jar out at once, but left it. Soon after there came three or four loud raps, as if the jar was being pounded against the door and then she heard it drop.

She supposed it was her old enemy Snowdrop, and replied, "Thump away ye little divil, I know yees. It's not the staling of your old paches that I'm after. Thump away, it's not afraid am I, as long as yees stay in there."

On looking into the waiter the jar of fruit was found opened and its contents scattered over the waiter. This was too much for Bridget and she rushed up stairs to Mrs. Lord and said she could not stay any longer. "The divils are here everywhere and Oim going to lave sure this very minute. Sure, and he's broke a jar of paches all over the dumb waiter."

At one time Mrs. Lord had a servant named Alice, whom she asked to go to the kitchen and bring her the teapot containing cold tea, which was setting on the range. The girl went as directed. It was light enough for her to see the teapot. As she reached for it, it slid away from her hand to the other side of the range. She went around after it, when it came up directly under her chin. This was too much for Alice and Mrs. Lord did not get her cold tea.

VAL. SHOWS HIS POWER.

Mrs. Lord was taking breakfast with some friends in Milton, Mass. At the table sat a gentleman and a lady

school teacher. These two people, as is sometimes the case with very wise people, were disposed to treat spiritualism flippantly, and in their superior wisdom relegate the entire phenomena to the realm of fraud and trickery. The gentleman remarked that there was nothing in it. The lady replied, saying, "No one can make me believe it." Both insulting remarks in the presence of the medium. The words were scarcely uttered when both of their chairs slipped out from under them. They both rolled over on the floor, and were as suddenly rolled under the table at the medium's feet. If there was "nothing in it," *something*, at least, moved them.

SNOWDROP (LEOTAH) ATTENDS SCHOOL.

When Maude Alberta was about thirteen she was sent to Tilden Seminary at West Lebanon, N. H. She was at once a great favorite and all of her companions were anxious to be in her room. Snowdrop was her constant attendant and was very much in evidence. The following is one of the many letters she wrote to her mother at that time:

TILDEN SEMINARY, West Lebanon, N. H.

MY DEAREST MAMA:

Your dear letter was received. I am always delighted to hear from you. Snowdrop came again last night and rapped on the chair by the bed; she answered lots of questions. I think she is too sweet for anything.

You wanted me to tell you about Saturday night. Snowdrop commenced to rap about two o'clock in the morning. Gertrude and I were awake and both of us saw forms and lights. Snowdrop rapped on the mantle, the clock, the table, the looking glass, the lamp shade and on the curtains. The forms we saw looked as if they were floating, but we could not distinguish any features. We asked Snowdrop, "If she had brought some of the spirits with her," and she gave a great loud rap on the mantle. I think that was real sweet, don't you?

Anyway, Snowdrop belongs partly to me. She said she did. Gertrude has fallen in love with her, and talks about her all the time, and I am beginning to feel jealous. I wish Clarence would come, but perhaps he is afraid of so many girls.

I must stop now. Lots and lots of love to you and to Gladys and all the rest.

Au revoir,

MAUDE.

April 30th, 1885.

CHAPTER XI.

MADAM BLAVATSKY'S GREAT ADMIRATION FOR THE MEDIUM.

At the time Madam Blavatsky lived in New York, she was always delighted to have Mrs. Lord call and was always pleased with the phenomena, as were others of her followers. It was the custom of the madam to take a leaf out of the center of an extension table and darken it underneath by hanging curtains and drapery around the edges and have her spirit friends talk to her and show their hands and faces through the opening made in the table. She would place paper, pencils and slate under the table and receive messages written in the various languages with which she was familiar. The medium admired the madam for her great intellect, her marvelous powers and force of character, but not for her religious ethics. She was an occasional visitor in the madam's parlors. She was usually accompanied by Sir Charles Eldridge and Mr. Ivins, a prominent business man of New York and one of the madam's followers. She was the thirty-third member of the madam's New York society. Her work was along more logical and demonstrable lines, and, while teaching the higher, basic principles of theosophy, she could not accept many of its assumptions not susceptible of scientific demonstration. She therefore never became an active member of the society. In parting with her the madam presented her with a photograph endorsed in her own writing.

The madam was intellectually a great woman. She had at this time been known in New York two or three years, and with Col. H. S. Oleott, formed what was known as a Theosophical Society for the Study of Arian Literature. It was a society of queer thinkers---queer to those who differed with them and to those who knew nothing

about them. Her rooms were known as "The Lamasery," named after the sacred colleges of Thibet, where Acolytes are instructed in the mysteries and rites of Thibetan Theology. Here on certain nights could be met business men, merchants, physicians, lawyers, Roman Catholic Priests, actresses, artists, titled people and occasionally a Mongolian---all intellectually brilliant---all original thinkers, ready to take issue with any established method or form of thought. Here could be met the Princess Helene Von Racowitz, or Linda Dietz, the actress; Wong Chin Foo, a space writer on a Chicago paper and Baron de Palma, both as bizarre as the madam's oriental furniture; Major General Doubleday, afterwards president of the society; and William Q. Judge; lawyers, judges, professional men, and many of New York's best citizens, as well as strangers from all over the world; all attracted by the madam's weird teachings, by her intellectual rebellion against all natural law and usages of society. Nothing that science or religion accepted as axiomatic met with her approval. She could express her denunciations in a half dozen different languages and never failed to do so when occasion required. She was a born leader and her place will never be filled. With all her eccentricities she had her noble side and despised little things. Many of her followers were equally as interesting, but were less known. It was the new sensations and new thoughts to be had in discussions, by those who assembled at her rooms, that filled them with all classes.

ALWAYS DOING THE ANGEL'S BIDDING.

No conventionalities prevented the medium from doing the work of the spirits; no time or place or surroundings deterred her guides in their great work. No public medium ever has or could do this work with less opposition. She was always kind, gentle and considerate for the feelings of others. Her gracious, positive and convincing messages from the spirit side of life were almost invariably well received and acted upon, thus checking many on their blind

road to destruction. By the aid of wise controls she placed their feet back again upon the great road of infinite progression.

Going from New York to Chicago she saw a man sitting by himself. Near him was the spirit of a woman evidently in great distress. The spirit, seeing that she was observed, came to the medium and told the story of her daughter's betrayal by this man, who was now running away from his victim. Mrs. Lord walked over to the man and thus addressed him: "Sir, you must go back to New York and marry Henrietta."

He started with guilty surprise, and said: "What do you know about me?"

"I will tell you sir," was the reply. "The girl is better than you. She is true and honest to you, and you are running away from her. Go back, go back and marry her. You must do it. Be a man and not a coward; she is better than you are. Her spirit mother stands by your side and bids me tell this to you."

He knew it was all true, coming as it did from a well dressed and intelligent stranger, who could have no other motive than to make him right a wrong. He listened and heeded the mother's prayer and the voice of conscience. He did as he was directed and later settled in Lockport, New York.

VAL GUARDS THE DOOR.

At another time, when going over the same road, she saw a young girl sitting with a man some years older. Over the girl stood a spirit in great trouble. She was made to feel that it was the girl's mother, and the fact was whispered to her that this man had coaxed the girl away from her home in Indiana, where she had a father and two brothers.

She talked to the man, whose name was Sullivan, a Catholic, who did not believe in spirit return. He defied her and the spirits. She got others on the train to talk to him. All to no purpose. The train stopped at a station and

she induced the girl to come out on the platform for a walk. They went into the ladies' waiting room, which was unoccupied. Her intention was to keep the girl there until the train pulled out and then send her back home on the next train. Sullivan was not thus to be outwitted. Just before the train was ready to start he appeared at the door of the waiting room and told the girl to come. Mrs. Lord told him she should not go. With an oath he attempted to enter the room and was thrown suddenly backward to the floor. Surprised and astonished he quickly regained his feet and rushed towards the door. Again he was hurled backward to the floor with great violence. He could not see any one in the door or in the room, excepting Mrs. Lord and the girl who stood several feet inside the door. Mrs. Lord, however, saw her Spanish guide, Val, standing in the doorway, and knew the girl was as safe as if in her own home back in Indiana. The man picked himself up, but very wisely kept a safe distance from the door and said: "That is the work of some of your devilish spirits."

"No, not devilish, but guardian angels, and you cannot cross that threshold and live. Don't try it again."

All this transpired in less time than it takes to tell it. He left the room just in time to catch the last car of the fast moving train, while Mrs. Lord purchased a return ticket for the girl, telegraphed her old father, put her in charge of the conductor, and then continued her journey to New York on the next train. Later Mrs. Lord received a very grateful letter from the girl's old father.

CATHOLICS AND SPIRITUALIST OFFICIATE AT A FUNERAL.

Mrs. Lord was called to officiate at the funeral of little Bell Hamilton, in Boston. George Hamilton, the father, had three children, Charlie, Lillie and Bell. His wife was dead. His father and mother were good and consistent Catholics. George was very liberal and had given Bell permission to attend the spiritual lyceum. The

little girl was suddenly taken with the diphtheria a few days before going to the lyceum. She told her father and the other two older children that she was going to die, as she felt mama had come after her. She furthermore said she wanted Mrs. Lord to preach her funeral sermon.

The mother did come for her, and when Mr. Hamilton asked Mrs. Lord to officiate at the funeral, she said: "Your father and mother are such good Catholics, they will not be satisfied unless the priest officiates." "Oh well," he said, "we are going to have him also, and you can officiate first."

Mrs. Lord had just arisen to commence the services when the priest came in and took a seat. While Mrs. Lord was standing near the little casket speaking, the father and the two children, who sat on the right, heard a voice back of them saying: "Don't feel badly, I am here with you." They and several others recognized little Bell's voice. Raps came on the walls of the room and on the coffin, with no visible person touching it. A bouquet was lifted up and put into Bell's little hand in plain sight of the priest and all present.

At the close of Mrs. Lord's remarks, the priest, who had been a very attentive and interested listener, never missing a word and noting all the manifestations, arose and said: "My dear friends, I supposed when I came here that I was coming into a home of sorrow, but I find it a place of seeming rejoicing and of great gladness in the knowledge of immortality. Many of our faith believe in these things, and some of us know that they are true." He made a few remarks and closed with a blessing upon all present.

A SPIRIT ASKS TO HAVE HIS WILL CORRECTED.

Returning home from the seance in South Boston late one evening, in company with Dr. B. F. Galloupe, Mrs. Lord stepped into a restaurant on Tremont street for supper. After they were seated a gentleman came in and took a seat about ten feet distant. Taking several papers from

his pocket he was soon deeply interested in them. Just before they finished eating, they noticed the gentleman hurriedly looking about the table, under it and under his chair as though he had lost something. Mrs. Lord just then felt a paper thrust into her lap. She handed it to Dr. Galloupe, saying, "What is this, and how did it come here?" He looked at it and saw that it was a will, executed in England. Seeing the gentleman still excited over something, the doctor addressed him, saying, "Have you lost anything?"

He instantly replied that he had received some papers from London just as he was closing his office for the day and had not had the time to look at them until now. "The most important of all the papers was my father's will, which I had in my hands not five minutes ago. I just finished reading it and laid it right there on the table and now I cannot find it, and am necessarily a little excited."

"Is this your paper?" said the doctor, as he held up the paper. The gentleman walked over to the table, took the paper, looked at it and exclaimed, "Yes, but how did you get it? You have not been near me since I came in, and no one has been near my table since I had it in my hand. This beats anything I ever heard of."

The doctor explained Mrs. Lord's gift, and, in reply the gentleman said he had never taken any stock in such things and thought it was all humbug. The doctor told him there might be some purpose in what was done.

"Possibly," he replied. "if there is, I would certainly like to know what it can be. You two do not look as though you have any motive in taking the paper from my table, and I know you did not do it."

Later, the gentleman attended a seance, when his father came and told him that, seeing he could get the power to take the paper to the medium, he did so in order to get into communication with him, as there was a mistake in the will which he wanted him to correct. He told him the correction he wanted made, and the gentleman

did as requested. At last accounts the gentleman was still living in Boston.

CLARENCE CONDUCTS A SEANCE WITHOUT THE MEDIUM.

At a seance held at the home of those most excellent people, Mr. and Mrs. George Adams, in Worcester, Mass., was Dr. Kelly and his family, all Catholics. Mrs. Lord had just come from the West and her guitar had been forgotten and left in her trunk up stairs. Clarence asked for it, and Miss Susie Adams, the daughter, offered to go after it. Mrs. Lord said, "No, we will get along without it," as she did not think she could get into the trunk. Clarence told the medium to go and he would try to conduct the seance until she returned, provided those present would comply with all the conditions, and all think and act in perfect harmony. This the skeptics readily promised. Clarence took the medium's place in the center of the circle, and called upon Jesse, Kaolah and Snowdrop to assist. The manifestation continued, with Clarence describing in place of the medium, much to the delight of Mr. and Mrs. Adams and to the satisfaction of all of the skeptics. After a short time Clarence requested them to call the medium.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. LORD'S MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

The spiritualists of the United States were greatly excited over the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Maud E. Lord, in May, 1879. The newspapers of Boston and New York contained full accounts and descriptions of her. The detectives of both cities were following every possible clue in the hope of earning the \$500 reward offered for any information of her whereabouts.

The story of her disappearance on the first day of May is thus told by a New York paper:

A MISSING MEDIUM.

THE REMARKABLE DISAPPEARANCE OF MAUD E. LORD, AND WHAT IS SAID AND DONE ABOUT IT.

During the last two weeks, spiritualistic communities in New York and elsewhere have been much exercised over the mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Maud E. Lord, the medium. She was possessed of considerable personal attractions and a disposition which fascinated those with whom she came in contact. As a result, she enjoyed the friendly regard of many people of high standing and was looked upon with respect by those who seek to solve the mysteries of the other world. As a medium, she was supposed to be gifted with exceptional powers, and her seances were attended by the more cultured and refined believers in manifestations from the spirit land. Suddenly, however, and mysteriously, Mrs. Lord disappeared from the face of the earth. Whether an ethereal companion bore her off upon a phantom steed, or a spectre she had invoked did her bodily harm, yet remains to be

learned; but certain it is that in the streets of Boston, on the first day of May, 1879, Mrs. Maud E. Lord was lost sight of. Detectives have been seeking to sift the mystery in this city during the past week, as they had done before in Boston, but all without avail, and at present the lady's fate seems completely involved. Outside of the attention the case has excited, owing to the lady's public character and her prominence as a medium, there are undoubtedly circumstances connected with it which tend to make it one of the most remarkable disappearances that have occurred in years.

THE DISAPPEARANCE.

On the 1st of May, Mrs. Lord left her house at No. 27 Milford Street, Boston, to meet a gentleman at the Old Colony Railroad depot, with whom she intended going to Brockton, where a test seance was proposed that evening. That was at four o'clock in the afternoon, and she was anxious to catch the five o'clock train. Half an hour after leaving the house she was seen on Washington Street, near the corner of Pleasant, and apparently bound for the depot. She passed the person who recognized her, glanced at her watch and hurried on. But since that she has not been seen or heard from. The gentleman who awaited her at the depot went to her house when she failed to appear, and made inquiries there, only to learn that she had left long before. A despatch was sent to Brockton, but she had not reached that place; and later another to New York, but her friends here were in ignorance of her whereabouts. The hospitals and public institutions were visited; the police notified, but all without throwing any light upon the matter. Then the south end of Boston, where the lady resided, was thrown into a high state of excitement; every theory that might account for her absence was followed up; every nook or corner in which she might be abiding was visited; every acquaintance who might hear of her was consulted. Not the slightest clew

to her disappearance could be obtained. In this dilemma a motive for her being made away with was sought. She had upon her person, it was learned, at the time of her disappearance, \$700 in money and \$500 worth of jewelry, but being a woman of business habits and much practical good sense, she had concealed the money and let no one know of her carrying it. Some time since she had deposited some money in a Boston bank, which she lost when it failed, and that made her lose confidence in all such monetary institutions, and keep her money about her. The apparent improbability of a thief attempting a robbery on a public street, at a time when it is most crowded, and then putting his victim out of the way, turned investigation into another quarter, and the past life and antecedents of Mrs. Lord were scanned with the purpose of finding in them a clew to her disappearance.

HER HISTORY.

She was born, it was learned, in Marion County, Va. When quite young she was married to Albert A. Lord, of Fondulac, Wis. They had one child, a daughter, who is now seven years of age, and is a remarkably bright and talented little girl, and she, it is said, was the only bond that kept them together during a great part of their wedded life, as their relations were of a very unhappy nature. In April, 1875, Mrs. Lord secured a divorce, and has since been giving seances throughout the country with great success. Albert A. Lord was living in Boston at the time of the lady's disappearance, and he at first was suspected of having something to do with it. But inquiry showed that he was otherwise occupied than in plotting his wife's destruction. The lady's friends, who are much excited about her fate, have now extended the circuit of their search, and of late a couple of shrewd detectives have been at work in this city sifting every tittle of evidence that can bear on the missing medium. Mrs. Lord was a woman of remarkable personal attractions and since

her public appearances not a few of the male members of her audiences have become completely enamored. So investigation has now taken the shape of a search for a man with a motive. How it will terminate, or what romance the detectives' tact may unveil, the future only can decide.

The disappearance of so prominent a medium in a manner so strange has, of course, agitated the spiritualistic world more or less. The more cultured and intelligent believers, of course, see in it only the result of accident, or of some high-handed outrage, perpetrated by whom, or for what, they cannot divine. A few people, with a keen relish for the mysterious, hint that some of the foes of spiritualism, alarmed at its rapid spread and at the success of such mediums as Mrs. Lord, have carried her off. The objects of their suspicion they do not clearly indicate, but it is easy to see that they have orthodox Bostonians and the Young Men's Christian Association in their mind's eye. This theory received confirmation from a male believer, whose revelations, however, are received with much skepticism, even by spiritualists. He claims that it has been intimated to him, by authorities of an authentic but purely spiritual nature, that Mrs. Lord was surprised and carried off by three masked men, which, as it happened in daylight, is a sad reflection on the vigilance of the Boston police. There are mediums in that city who say Mrs. Lord is not dead, but is in the power of somebody, and others here who claim that since her disappearance the spirits have become intractable and refuse to declare themselves. The excitement expressed by inquirers into her fate is so great, it is said, as to prevent the conditions necessary for communication with the spirit world, and that is why the oracles are dumb as to what has become of Maud E. Lord.

She was absent just five weeks, and her reappearance in Boston was as mysterious as her disappearance. On her return no explanation was given, nor has any ever been

given. While such explanation was due, by reason of her prominence, her mouth was sealed by subsequent events against which she was powerless to contend. Possibly even her unusually powerful controls could not avert this tragedy in her life, although, as in many others that were crowded into her experience, they were able to mitigate the consequences. There are times when the most expert are not able to grasp and manipulate the infinite forces of nature to their liking, because of stronger vibrations from superior intelligence, or those greater forces that govern constellations.

Mrs. Lord had made preparations to go to Brockton, Mass., for a visit of several days, and from there was going to Chicago. She was therefore well provided with money and personal baggage for a journey. Just before starting a stranger called at the house and told her a lady who was very sick, stopping at the hotel on Washington street near the bridge, wanted to see her. She said she was just about starting to leave the city and could not go. The stranger was very urgent and finally she said she would stop and see her on her way to the depot. He gave her instructions to come into the hotel and go up the stairs and turn to such a numbered room. He told her not to rap, but to go directly into the room, as there might not be any attendant in waiting, as the lady was very poor. This appeal to her sympathies was sufficient. Intent on charitable mission she did not notice the strangeness of the directions, nor the forbidding surroundings as she entered the building and proceeded to the designated room. She did not note the absence of attendants about the place.

Where were her invisible guardians? Where the warning voices? She saw the "Dark Hand" point directly to her. Surely it could have nothing to do with this visit to the sick room. This was probably one of the things that was to be,—if not this, something else,—this evil influence could not be entirely checked.

As she entered the darkened room she could not see

anything. She was conscious of being struck on the head with something solid, but soft. A second blow made her unconscious. She remembered no more, excepting for an instant of being jolted over cobble stone pavements in a carriage, until she found herself in bed in a little room. From the motion she knew she was at sea. The stewardess soon came, and she learned that she was on board the steamer, "State of Georgia," Captain Cooper, bound for Glasgow. The Stewardess explained that her friends were left, —had missed the steamer. She then left her, and returning later gave her her ticket and told her a strange story: How she had been brought on board, her friends supporting her from the carriage, she half walking, and all the time protesting. The lady and gentleman told her that she was partially insane and the doctors had advised a sea voyage. After fixing her comfortably in her stateroom and giving the stewardess her ticket, on which was the name of Miss E. M. Murray, they went ashore to purchase some fruit and did not get back in time.

The harbor pilots had then left the vessel and they were out at sea. What could it mean? Why should anyone want to send her out of the country? What would her friends think? None of her money or jewelry was missing. Her hand baggage, with two or three changes, was there all right.

There was only one person, and that person a woman, whom she could think of as having any motive for such a dastardly act. This woman was infatuated with a man no better than herself, only more cowardly. He was determined that Mrs. Lord should marry him. This woman had repeatedly threatened her life and had made one attempt to carry out the threat. Her control had warned her to be on her guard against this woman, but being fearless of all consequences, she did not heed their warning.

This man was Thomas Mitchell, a handsome fellow, thirty-two years old, and from a fine English family living in Canada. Mrs. Lord had refused to marry him, and

this refusal made him desperate. The woman lived near Mrs. Lord, not far from Milford Street.

Clarence, her control, told her there was nothing to do but to go on to Glasgow and run up to London and take the first steamer returning.

For several days she kept her stateroom and when she went on deck she kept aloof from the others. It was her first ocean trip, and when she could forget the little daughter she fairly reveled in the grand swell of the ocean. Its roll was like the restless tides of her own emotion. It was a very stormy and tempestuous voyage. They were out seventeen days.

She soon attracted the attention of the other passengers, some of whom told her they knew she must have some great sorrow. They all sought to be of some service to her. She kept her own counsel and told them she was traveling for health and recreation. They encountered a storm which Captain Cooper said was the worst he had known in twenty-five years, and the first time he had ever been seasick. He was surprised that Mrs. Lord,—or Miss Murry, as she was registered,—was not seasick.

The storm was her delight and she begged the captain to permit her to remain on deck. This wild tempest found responsive echo in her troubled life. The captain insisted on her going below where the other passengers were, some praying, some singing and all thoroughly frightened. He told her the vessel was liable to go down at any time. She assured him that it would not, and kept her place within sight of him during that awful night.

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
That is more than liberty."

They finally landed at Glasgow. She went up to London and stopped at the Imperial Hotel on Holborn Viaduct. Before leaving the steamer, and for the purpose of showing her friends and spiritualists at large, the truth

of her story when she returned to Boston, she asked Captain Cooper for the names of the passengers. He gave her the following incomplete passengers' list:

THE STATE STEAMSHIP COMPANY—LIMITED.

S. S. State of Georgia. Voy. Sailed, May 2, 1879.

NAMES.

J. H. Simmons	Mrs. Sylvester
Hugh Fraser	Miss McBurnie
Miss Fullerton	J. H. Witherspoon
Rev. J. S. Oakley	J. R. Gordon
F. A. Langembeck	Sarah E. Hetherington
Mrs. Morrison	S. D. Allen
Mrs. Blaylock	Mrs. Brent Goad
Mr. Sylvester	Geo. H. Carse
Mrs. McBurnie	Mrs. Peter Smith
Peter Smith	James Spruce
Mary Hare	Miss N. Ghittledale
Jane Hetherington	John Blaylock
J. V. Allen	Margh Downie
Miss Simmons	Robt. McBurnie
Mrs. Fraser	Mary E. Davis
George Wursh	William Fulton
Fred Attneave	Mrs. Gordon
Miss Ghittledale	Emily Paole
<i>Miss E. M. Murray</i>	Ed Gare
Peter Downie	

Arriving in London she found that the next steamer for America would sail in three days. Here was more delay to her anxious soul, separated from her daughter. It was most unusual for American women to be traveling alone in London and she was conscious of being watched with some suspicion. On the second day the servant gave her an insulting note signed by the day clerk. There was a bold directness of purpose in all she did and, being absolutely without fear, she asked the servant who was the writer, and being told that he was at the desk in the office,

she took the open letter and went to the little window and asked the dapper looking little fellow if that was his name signed to the note. He put his head through the little window so as to speak low and said, "Ah, yes; I believe I had the honor."

As quick as a flash both hand and letter came against his cheek with a noise that sounded through the room. "Take that, you puppy! I am an American woman and can protect myself."

This incident was noticed by the proprietor of the hotel and a friend of his, the Marquis Eugene de Beauharnais, a relative of the Empress Josephine.

This incident convulsed the two gentlemen and fixed their estimate of her. Marquis Beauharnais was an American and claimed to have been in the Confederate service under the name of Chamberlain during the Civil war. He had noticed Mrs. Lord in the public parlor of the hotel and had spoken to the landlord about her, and asked him to give her every attention.

General Beauharnais later met Mrs. Lord in Boston, Chicago and San Francisco. At this latter place he died. While at Chicago he wrote the following letter, giving his account of meeting her in London:

TREMONT HOUSE. Chicago, Nov. 15. 1894.

In the year 1879, and in the month of May that year, I was in London, England, and stopping at the Imperial Hotel, on the Holborn Viaduct. One evening, about the middle of the month, as I walked into the dining room, I saw a lady sitting at a small table alone. She seemed sad and troubled. I at once saw by her style, appearance and speech that she was an American lady, and from the South, traveling alone.

I called the head waiter to me and enquired if he knew who she was; he replied, "She is a stranger and alone." I requested the proprietor of the hotel to give her every attention, and to see that she had every comfort and protection, as she was a lady from my own country. After din-

ner this lady, like other guests, went to the general reception room. I had gone into that room a little before she came in. She took a seat not far from me. Following her there came to this reception room two gentlemen, a lawyer and a clergyman, who had been dining together at a table near me. As they came into the room they were continuing the subject of their conversation, of which I had heard part, as they were dining. The subject was spiritualism; the clergyman was defending it and the lawyer was ridiculing it. This lady seemed interested. The expression of her face and eyes seemed brightened, and the sad expression seemed gone. She said to me, "Do you Englishmen talk openly in this manner of the subject of spirit return?" I replied that, "I had found the Englishmen to be quite open to discuss and investigate any and all subjects, no matter what the nature might be, but, madam, I am not an Englishman. I am an American, from the South, and I take you to be one of my country women; can I be of service to you?" She thanked me, saying she was traveling abroad for recreation. During the next three or four days we met in the public reception room and parlors several times. I had arranged for her to go to a spiritual seance at the house of a private family, but the very evening of the seance as I arrived at the hotel for dinner, I was informed by the manager that the lady had suddenly left, she gave me her name as Mrs. M. E. Murray.

In the autumn of 1883, I was in Boston, Mass., and I was invited to go to a seance where Mrs. Maud E. Lord was the medium. On entering the hall of this house I saw the very lady I had seen in London; she recognized me instantly. After the seance she explained to me the cause of her trip to Europe. While she was in London, I saw more of her than any other American, and I do affirm that her conduct and daily life was pure and free from reproach as was the pure life and conduct of my angel mother.

Faithfully,

EUGENE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

Mrs. Lord returned on the steamer, "State of Pennsylvania." She landed in New York and took the first train for Boston. She telegraphed her arrival in New York and her friends were ready to receive her. Miss Minnie Tisdale (Mr. Lord's cousin), had taken Maude Alberta home with her to await news of the missing mother. At the depot in Boston to meet her, with a carriage, was the infatuated Mitchell, who took her to her child. That evening, when opportunity presented, when no others were present, he locked the door and putting the key in his pocket, demanded that she promise to marry him or he would kill her and himself. The terrible strain of five weeks and the thought of her child and she looked into a room with a desperate and distracted coward,—what could she do?

Here again fate seemed to hold back the protecting hands of her invisible attendants. They were married that same evening and her mouth was sealed in regard to her disappearance. She would not smirch the name of the man she had married. His one and only redeeming quality was that he idolized her and the child. His jealousy knew no limits, nor had he any sense at such times. He could not bear to have her give any time to the public. Selfish, as all cowards are, and cowardly as all selfish people are, he did not want her to look at any one or speak to any one but himself. On one occasion he had his revolver in his hand and had threatened to kill her, when the revolver was suddenly slipped from his hand by some invisible force and he could not find it, look as he would. He and she were alone in the room and she was several feet distant from him. A few days later, when they were again alone, he being some few feet from her, the revolver was laid on the table at his side,—with all the chambers empty,—coming from somewhere out of space.

Even these exhibitions of power did not change his actions. In a few months she was obliged to get a divorce, which she did while in Chicago six months later,—making no claim for alimony, although he was quite wealthy. Thus

ended another tragedy in her eventful life. She resumed the name of Lord.

Many spiritualists never heard of this chapter in her life and will read it here for the first time.

Leaving Boston, Mrs. Mitchell went to Chicago, where her friends were delighted to see her, and especially were they pleased when she applied for and received her divorce and came back into the ranks of spiritual workers. Her field of labor was again extended. This time to the West and out into Colorado, which at this time was attracting people from all parts of the world on account of its inexhaustible silver mines.

SPIRITS BRING WATER FROM A WELL.

She arrived in Des Moines, Iowa, in September, and stopped with Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Davis, 1113 Center street where she held six seances. At one of these a singular manifestation occurred. A relative of Henry Ward Beecher was present, also a banker of much note. This banker would, in this day, be called a Napoleon of finance, as he is the only one who ever undertook to purchase a Chicago bank with the bank's own money and credit and succeeded in doing it.

During the seance, some one expressed a desire for a drink, when a glass of water was placed to their lips. Others, a little skeptical, made the same request when a tin dipper was given them. Mrs. Davis instantly remarked that the dipper, the only one on the place, was out at the well in the yard, where she and several of the ladies had left it just before taking their seats in the seance.

A VISIT TO THE FASHIONABLE SET.

On one of Mrs. Lord's visits to Quincy, Illinois, the fashionable people sought to entertain her at an afternoon tea. These were the people who, when she was young and unknown, made use of her gifts and then sent her home, alone and unattended, and told her not to speak to them

in public, for fear it would injure their social standing if it was known they were interested in spiritualism.

The law of cause and effect, the thought set in motion years before, the acts toward a poorly dressed and humiliated child, were working out their legitimate results. Her controls had taught her to be true to her own convictions. She accordingly took a carriage and drove to this fashionable "afternoon tea." They greeted her, not at the back door, as they did in those earlier days before she had made spiritualism popular. She had not forgotten the time when she needed a kind word, when a smile or a friendly act would have been like a glimpse of celestial sunlight across her path. These people with short memories were now very gracious to the popular medium. She was asked to lay aside her wraps.

"No," she replied, "I cannot accept your hospitality. I came in response to your invitation, but for a different purpose. Years ago, when I was a poor girl traduced by the clergy, poorly clad and seemingly without a friend, when one kind word would have been a priceless treasure to my desolate soul, you sought the use of my gifts and sent me from your back doors late at night, unattended, weary unto death and often hungry. Your sons and husbands were too good to be seen with the poor child whom you now wish to honor. You, yourselves, complacently told me not to know you if we met on the streets for fear of injuring your social position.

"No, I cannot break bread with you with the memory of your cruel, heartless, selfish acts fresh in my mind. I come from a proud race and a proud state,—too proud to be a hypocrite—and thank God, proud enough to lend a helping hand and speak kindly to the unfortunate, the ignorant and erring. I bear you no ill will, but I cannot stop with you. I am thankful for the poverty and abuse that came to me in my youth, in that it has taught me to read the hearts and purposes of professed friends."

THE FRANCISCAN BROTHERS AND THE ORPHAN.

On another occasion, when Mrs. Lord was in Quincy, an incident took place that greatly disturbed that city and caused great comment all over the country. As the story runs, Mrs. Barrock, Mrs. Lord's mother, had an orphan girl, employed as a servant, by the name of "Aggie" or "Mary Agnes McDonald." One day when Mrs. Lord was in the kitchen the girl came in and asked Mrs. Barrock if she could go to confession. Mrs. Lord turned to the girl and at once sensed her condition, as she did everyone with whom she came in contact, and said to her, "Aggie, why do you go there? If you continue to do as you have been doing I see you with a baby in your arms and the priest the father of it."

At this the girl commenced to cry and left the room. Mrs. Barrock turned and said, "There. you have done it now. She will think I told you."

"Told what, mother? What do you mean?"

"Told you about the priest—the Franciscan brothers at the college."

The girl had told Mrs. Barrock how she had been ruined, not by one, but by several of the priests. The newspapers heard of the affair and all sent their reporters to interview the girl, Mrs. Lord and the priests. Many columns concerning the affair were printed in the local papers, by the *Chicago Times* and the St. Louis papers. The girl's story was told to Mrs. Lord and repeated in the presence of the reporters. One of the reporters, General S., afterwards engaged in the insurance business in Rock Island, Illinois.

The lawyer for the priests tried to intimidate Mrs. Lord into contradicting the girl's story. They lodged the girl with a Catholic family until she committed suicide as she was advised to do.

Three of the priests, headed by a large number of people, called upon Mrs. Lord and demanded that she sign a paper, which they had prepared denying the girl's story.

Mrs. Lord met them at the door, listened to the priests' demand, read the paper and tore it in pieces and told them to go, saying that she had nothing to do with the girl or her story; that the girl had voluntarily told her wrongs for which, if true, she hoped all who had had anything to do with it might be visited with as many curses as there were hairs in the head of the poor orphan girl. Neither lawyer nor priest could intimidate her in the least. The poor orphan died from arsenical poison.

When the coroner's inquest was called it was found the important part of the body had been removed, and all action was suspended. This removal was not done by the Catholics or at the instigation of the priests, but by a prominent doctor, an old resident of Quincy, who, more than twenty years later, made the remark to the compiler of these facts that it was done to prevent a religious war in the place and to prevent the incensed people from burning down the college.

A local paper stated that Mrs. Lord found it convenient to leave the city about this time. Hearing of this, she returned to the city and compelled the editor to retract and to publish that she would remain in the city for several days, if anyone wished to see her. Some of the priests were sent to California and the excitement gradually subsided. One of these priests, on a visit East, twenty years after being sent from Quincy, rode from California to Kansas City in the same car with Mrs. Lord and was very much interested in her conversation. Little did he dream she was the innocent cause of his being transferred from the college. Thus do life lines cross and recross.

CLARENCE SUPPLIES EXPENSE MONEY.

On Mrs. Lord's first visit to Council Bluffs, she found herself without money sufficient to pay her bills. She had taken her youngest brother, to whom she was very much attached, with her. She expected to meet a party to whom she had loaned considerable money. She was greatly disappointed by not receiving the money and being on her

way to Denver, Colorado, did not know what to do. On opening her pocket-book to pay a small bill she was greatly surprised to find two new twenty dollar bills. She knew she did not have them and she never knew where they came from. Clarence said they were not stolen, but came from his bank. At this place, she met Mr. and Mrs. Childs, at whose home she held several very satisfactory seances.

VISITS COLORADO MINING CAMP.

The law of evolution is as true and unerring in ethics as in nature. The philosophy of spiritualism, founded upon facts, was preparing the way for a more intelligent and tolerant examination of its claims for public approval and acceptance. As an exponent of the facts, and as a scientific teacher of its philosophy, she could not long remain in one place, nor exclusively in the ranks of physical mediums. Her controls called her to the platform, where she was destined to do even a greater work.

After a short stay in Denver she went to Leadville and the mountain mining camps, where she proved herself a generous almoner of spiritual bounties.

CLARENCE PREDICTS PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S ASSASSINATION AND DEATH.

At one of the first seances held in Leadville, which was attended by men quite prominent in the Republican party, the control was asked if Garfield would be able to harmonize the two factions in the Republican party, then quarreling over the disposition of the patronage in New York state. Clarence, whose predilections were Republican, while the control Jesse, his elder brother, was more of a Democrat or socialist, answered by saying that the disagreement would become a matter of great public interest and that it would result in Garfield's assassination and later his death.

The result of the disagreement was that both senators from New York state, Senators Conkling and Platt resigned

and on July 2nd, 1881, Garfield was mortally wounded by Charles J. Guiteau, who, after a long and tedious trial, was sentenced and hung. The President was taken to Long Branch, where all that human skill could do was done to save his life. September 19th,—eleven long anxious weeks later,—he died, and General Arthur, Senator Conklin's friend, and the compromise Candidate for Vice President became President.

General Arthur was a spiritualist, and in company with his sister, Mrs. McElroy, frequently attended Mrs. Lord's seances.

Those who knew about the prediction made by the controls, and were greatly interested in President Garfield's recovery, visited the seance many times, when the reports indicated that the President might recover, and asked the control if he would not live.

Clarence's reply was, "No, not as we see it. I am connected with a very wise physician, Dr. Peter DeHaven, who, with other specialists and wise spirits, has made several examinations of the patient and they tell me he will pass to our side on September 19th." Such was the case.

The death of Mr. Collins Eaton, an old time spiritualist of Chicago and a friend and great admirer of the medium, was predicted as to time and manner. In his last days, financial success did not attend him and he was somewhat distressed over the thought that he might be a burden to some of his friends. "'No,'" said Mrs. Drake, with whose family he was then stopping, "you will have enough to eat and a place to sleep as long as you remain. When you go, you will go suddenly, without any sickness or warning, and before very long." She then saw the gray shadow very close to him.

In leaving Chicago, she placed a sum of money in his hands and bade him good bye. A short time after this, while seated in his room eating his lunch, he was called to help lift a trunk in an adjoining room. While doing this the summons came. Without sickness, without pain or warning, just as he had wished to go, with a few dollars

still left in his pocket, fully verifying in every detail the prediction, he passed over to face life's record.

He has visited the medium several times since, and although a spiritualist, trying to live up to its teachings, and an extreme Socinian, he has told her that he had many things for which he was obliged to answer, many things to learn and accept which he had rejected especially the divinity of Christ and the divinity of all souls.

JIMMIE, THE BOOT BLACK—A BEAUTIFUL SERVICE.

Too poor for the clergy to officiate at his funeral, "Little Jimmie, the boot black," of Leadville, was a royal soul, albeit no clergyman or priest could be found in that great mining town to say a few words over his mortal remains. It was Mrs. Lord's first visit to that city. She had given her time, strength and money to call fallen women back to light and moral life in that wicked city, and her hand was always raised to stay the steps of men and boys from the downward way. Her philosophy was based upon the great brotherhood of the race. Her religion knew no rich, no poor, no great, no small. An immortal soul, an expression of deity, if not a part of deity itself, had passed out of its mortal home. There was no money to pay for carriages, hearse and liveried servants of the Lord. Yet this same little lad had never failed to assist the neighbors, and to bring his scant earnings home to the family. The father and some of the poor neighbors had heard of Mrs. Lord and her work and came to see if she would officiate. Gladly would she do so. She hired a carriage and drove to the house. After the most beautiful services ever listened to in Leadville, she took the father and family in her carriage to the grave.

It became known in the city that she was officiating, and when the two lone carriages arrived at the grave, a hundred or more citizens had assembled there. During the services, in the home of this poor Arkansas family, over the poorly dressed body, in the cheap coffin, a little neighbor girl came in and very timidly laid a tiny bouquet of three

or four flowers on the table, about eight feet from the plain, cheap casket.

She alone of all who gathered there was prompted to bring a floral offering to that house of sorrow. And while no minister of the Gospel of that city deigned to go to that lowly home, or to offer a word of consolation to those bruised hearts, yet the inscrutable power of the spirit world was there, manifest to every beholder.

These three little, fragile mountain flowers, in full view of all those present, were lifted by invisible fingers through the invariable laws of spiritual science and placed in little Jimmie's hand.

During Mrs. Lord's remarks, Jimmie's mother positively asserted that she felt little arms about her neck and a cheek pressed to her own as was Jimmie's habit when mama was in trouble. Raps were heard on the coffin, on the table and about the room.

Her work in Leadville was first among the poor and the unfortunate, who are usually found in a great mining camp. She co-operated with all reform movements, assisting the poor with the money she earned by the exercise of her gifts. She soon commanded the attention of the officials and the leading citizens, and all were anxious to attend her meetings. At the first only thirteen were present, and when she left the city the largest hall would not accommodate those who wished to attend. The story of her success is best told by a correspondent at Leadville.

THREE MONTHS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"She arrived in Leadville almost unannounced, but needed no introduction. Everybody seemed to know her. As an evangel of the gospel of good tidings, or as a refugee escaping from the torrid heat of crowded Eastern cities, she was alike welcome. From the moment she breathed the pure atmosphere of this elevated city her 'foot was on its native heath.' By the best citizens and families and in the most refined social circles, she was received with most warm-hearted welcome. Nor did favorable first

impressions grow tame upon a more intimate acquaintance. She is one of those 'rare and radiant' creatures who disappoint neither strangers nor friends.

"Her mission seemed to be, and was, to illumine the dark recesses of groping minds with spiritual light; to assuage the sorrow of the grief-stricken; to change the bereaved mother's cry of desolation to one of joy; to soften the agonies of remorse; to inculcate lessons of charity, forbearance and love; to take from death his sting by assuring proofs of a better state of existence to which earth life is but the vestibule.

"Her first seances were held at the pleasant home of Judge Stansell and his estimable wife. Soon vacant chairs were at a premium and had to be engaged ahead. The invigorating freshness of the air by day and its delicious coolness by night, seemed to impart new elements of magnetic and vital force to her seances. The majesty of our surroundings, a thrifty city and lovely valley, set by the Master in a frame-work of snow-capped mountains and canopied by a sky of intense blue, was a constant stimulus and source of boundless delight.

"She convinced the doubter, confirmed the wavering, overwhelmed the scoffing fool, opened the eyes of the professing Christian to a new sense of spiritual truth, and, as a matter of course, angered an occasional specimen of that class of conceited bigots who can invariably tell 'how it is done,' and who can silence all controversy by noisy iterations of the word 'fraud.' Lawyers, physicians, merchants, judges, miners, laborers and earnest men and women of all classes and conditions crowded her rooms. Three of our most prominent clergymen, representing as many different denominations, often visited her seances. The experiences of all were full of startling novelty and interest. One distinguished member of the bar stated, at the close of his first seance, that he had witnessed more miracles that evening than he had read in the Bible from Genesis to Revelations."

SLIDES DOWN A MOUNTAIN.

A trip to Horseshoe Mountain, involving a walk of eleven miles and a mule back ride the rest of the way, was attended by some personal risk that resulted in nothing more than an amusing incident. Mrs. Lord was returning with her party, when, in attempting to cross a deep ravine, she stumbled and fell, sinking up to her neck in yielding snow. She managed to extricate herself and then rolled over and over down the steep incline some seven hundred feet, until at last she was brought to a halt by a rocky projection, not in the least scared or hurt. She seemed to think it was great sport.

THE MOUNT OF HOLY CROSS.

A journey in August to the Holy Cross district was replete with novel and enjoyable incidents. The party of twelve included the venerable Asa B. Hutchinson (father of the celebrated Hutchinson family of singers "from the old Granite State"); James G. Clarke, the well-known poet and vocalist; Robert McCracken, for ten years a mining superintendent in old Mexico; Rev. Mr. Kershaw, of the Baptist church; Mrs. Wilson, superintendent of public schools in Des Moines, Iowa; Miss Minnie Tisdale, a pleasant young lady, a friend, companion and agent of Mrs. Lord, and several others. They were mounted on a miscellaneous assortment of sure-footed mules and horses, and were absent a fortnight. The route over the range, extending through heavy embankments of snow and along narrow trails that admitted the passage of but one at a time, was exceedingly difficult. But no mishap occurred. The conventionalities of city life were discarded. All fared alike, and sumptuously too, upon grouse, speckled trout and the provisions brought with them. Like aborigines, they squatted around the camp fires by night, and wrapped in warm blankets slept soundly upon the ground in the open air. On Sundays, regular services were held in the "forest primeval" which were attended by scores of miners

from far and near, who, when the party left, burned a huge bonfire in their honor. Appropriate addresses were delivered, prayers offered and the singing was "perfectly splendid!"

ORGANIZES A LARGE SOCIETY.

One of the most important results of Mrs. Lord's presence in Leadville was the organization of "a society for the investigation of spiritual truths," so named by Rev. S. D. Bowker (later of Kansas City, Mo.). Mr. P. A. Simmons, Mrs. Moulton and others helped in organizing this society. It grew with every weekly gathering, and numbered nearly three hundred active members. As there were several thousand spiritualists and conscientious investigators in the city and vicinity, the field for converts to the Harmonial Philosophy was large. The people congregated in that great mining city were as fearless, liberal minded and intelligent as any on earth, and when they believed they had the courage to avow their convictions.

PRESENTED WITH A BEAUTIFUL SILVER BRICK.

On the evening of the 22nd of September, there was a benefit for Mrs. Lord, and the court house, the largest and best appointed room in the city, was crowded. So quietly had the preliminaries been effected that she had no suspicion of what was going on until she entered the hall and was escorted to the platform. The assemblage was called to order by Judge Simmons. Judge Rice, after discoursing eloquently upon spiritualism, the good it had done and was destined to accomplish and of her work, presented her on behalf of her friends, with a beautiful brick of solid silver. His remarks were supplemented by brief addresses from Judge Stansell and Judge Fishback, who also presented her with several \$20 gold pieces, a beautiful oil painting of the "Mount of the Holy Cross" and shares of stock in various mining companies, the voluntary offerings of her friends. Nothing mean about Leadville, nor

was Miss Tisdale forgotten in this distribution. Her gift was a massive gold ring appropriately inscribed.

In touching terms Mrs Lord expressed her heartfelt thanks, and when she ceased speaking, the enthusiasm was at its height. It was a joyous occasion, not only to the fair beneficiaries, but to all who participated in it.

The brick is worthy of detailed description. It was manufactured from native ore, weighs 52 ounces and 10 pennyweights, and is 1,000 fine. It is as polished as a mirror and exquisitely engraved by a local artist, Paul Lyon. On the upper face at the right side stands a stalwart miner with spade in hand and a bucket, lantern and other implements of his calling, at his feet. On the left is a similar figure with a pick on his shoulder; a view of the mountains in the distance. On the center space is inscribed, "Love and Truth," and underneath, "Presented to Maud E. Lord, by her many friends of Leadville, Colorado, Sept. 22nd, 1881." On the reverse side appears in German text, "We present to you this small memento of pure unalloyed silver from its native home as emblematical in its whiteness of the purity of your heart, and refined in its material as the principles you have taught us." The above inscriptions cover the upper and lower surface respectively. On one side (lengthwise) are the words, "God bless and protect you and the principles you advocate; is the prayer of your many Leadville friends." The ends are exquisitely chased, and as a whole is "a thing of beauty."

If Mrs. Lord's arrival was unheralded, her departure was, in its way, a little pageant. She was escorted to the train by a committee of seven ladies and gentlemen, and amid the hearty "good-bye's" and "God bless you's" and tearful adieus of scores of friends she left for Boston to resume her work in that city of liberal thought. She had accomplished far more than she anticipated when she came to Colorado for a summer vacation. She had earned the plaudits of "Well done, good and faithful servant." All were her friends when she left and most

royally in their hearts did they crown her with laurels. It is written: *Que meruit, palmam ferat.* (Who merits the palm should wear it).

The silver brick was left on exhibition in Leadville and reached her later at Denver by express.

LEADVILLE, COLORADO, Oct. 4th, 1881.

MRS. MAUD E. LORD.

Dear Friend: We forward to you by express and in the name of Thomas Clayton the "Silver Brick" presented to you by your friends on the eve of your departure from Leadville. We think it a little beauty and we may safely say that prize it as you may, you cannot be prouder of it than are your Leadville friends of you and their efforts to please and honor you.

And now:

May you find in other climes
 Always friends as true
 Uniting in their works of good,
 Defending truth and you,
 Ever to the end:—
 Set thy truthful, loving heart;
 On them its blessing cast,
 Returning good for wrongs received
 During thy future as in thy past.
 Is the prayer of your Leadville Friends.
 Respectfully,

P. H. SIMMONS, Pres.

L. AGNESE MOULTON, Secy.

MEET INDIANS IN WAR PAINT.

While on their two weeks' trip over the mountains to the district of the Mount of Holy Cross, the party encountered a band of Indians, mounted and dressed in war paint. What to do they did not know. To their consternation they saw Mrs. Lord ride boldly in among the Indians, gesticulating and talking to them in their own language. She dismounted with all the ease and dignity of a great chief and motioned for them to do the

same. With a wave of her hand she sat down upon the ground and all the Indians did the same. She took the pipe from the belt of one who appeared to be the leader and after smoking for a moment passed it to the leader. The Indians seemed to understand the situation, and after she arose and mounted her horse they passed on out of sight. Mrs. Lord was greatly disgusted when told that she had smoked their "nasty old pipe," as she called it.

The miners in the mountains had heard of spiritualism and wanted a seance. Accordingly, some twelve or fifteen miners, in the absence of chairs, sat on the ground with Mrs. Lord's party in one of the cabins. The manifestations were better, if anything, than at other times. At this seance they were greeted with a perfect shower of pinks and rosebuds and full blown roses, fresh from their stems, brought from somewhere beyond those snow-capped mountains. Certainly no such flowers could be found within a hundred miles of that cabin.

PROPHECY VERIFIED TWELVE YEARS LATER.

A young lady had a sitting in Leadville in 1881, and, as is sometimes the case, she wanted to know about the man she was to marry in a short time. It seemed the day had already been set for the event. Mrs. Lord told her she would never marry that man, but that she would marry a man whose initials are W. F.; that she would have four children,—a boy and a girl and then twins,—and one of the twins would be a boy. Here was calculation, or ability to see along the lines of a life, to thus give the initials of a man she had never seen and to specify such details.

Twelve years later a lady called upon Mrs. Lord, then Mrs. Drake, in Cripple Creek, Colorado, and said: "Mrs. Lord, here are your four children; a boy and a girl and a pair of twins, one a boy, and my name is Mrs. Wm. French, just as you told me in 1881."

To call such a prediction and its literal fulfillment accident or guesswork, is an admission of ignorance,

What is it? How was it done? This is one of those stubborn facts that persists in standing in the way of all known processes of solution. What is science going to do about it?

Then, my scientific friend, you really think there is something in these spiritual phenomena, do you? Is that all you dare say about it? You dispute our hypothesis. What is your theory?

Many cases similar to the above have been predicted by Mrs. Lord, and other mediums, and have been verified with startling distinctness and accuracy. The birth of Christ was foretold and the Chaldean Shepherds were told how to find him. Along what lines must the mind travel to reach these specific and definite conclusions?

Advanced spirits claim that these prophecies are the result of careful, scientific calculation. The wiser and more intelligent the spirit and the greater the accuracy of the calculation, the more accurate the prophecy and its details. They do not, however, explain their methods of calculation, whereby they arrive at specific details, such as the foregoing Leadville incident and the following, given by Mrs. Drake's control to a Victor, Colorado, lady:

A lady living in Victor, Colorado, tells of a peculiar experience with Mrs. Lord. She was having a private sitting when the control said to her: "You will lose your husband by accident and will marry again. Your next husband will be a doctor." About a year after that her husband was passing a hardware store in which some gentlemen were examining a revolver. They did not know it was loaded. There was a sudden report and the ball, passing out of the front door, killed the lady's husband. The control told her further that this doctor was then unknown to her, but that he would attend and assist at the funeral of her husband, would be especially kind to her, and that later she would marry him.

Fifteen years later this same lady called upon Mrs.

Maud Lord-Drake at Cripple Creek and corroborated the prediction in every detail.

Accurate must be the stage setting of this great play of life to put a man in front of a stray bullet, to be fired seemingly by accident, a year hence.

Some events are foretold from a knowledge of cause and effect, but not in detail or accurately. Some predictions are made by those skilled in astrological calculations, but until the "lost word" or the key to astrology is recovered they cannot be made accurately or with specific details.

Prophecies concerning national changes, local famines, the destruction of cities and thousands of people by fires, tidal waves, earthquakes and attendant cataclysms, whose hidden causes are beyond mortal skill to discover and measure,—prophecies so accurate as to time and detail, that they predicate an intelligence so perfected as to be able to see the end from the beginning—are made *only* through mediums by wise spirits.

Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, foretold the great fire of 1845 in Pittsburg; the Mexican war and its results; the war between Russia and the Western Powers, and the speedy limitation of the temporal power of the Pope.

Napoleon, while an exile on the Island of St. Helena, made the following prediction about the United States:

"Ere the close of the nineteenth century, America will be convulsed with one of the greatest revolutions the world has ever witnessed. Should it succeed, her power and prestige are lost, but should the government maintain her supremacy, she will be on a firmer basis than ever. The theory of a republican form of government will be established and she will defy the world."

At her last meeting at Leadville, in 1881, in discussing the subject of prophecy with the Rev. Dr. S. D. Bowker, she said:

"Spirit force, always individualized, always intelligent, and either always perfect or to be perfected by

experience, can know all things. By the cultivation of its inherent quality, or faculty of divination, it can prophesy all that is to be, or at least can answer all questions the human intellect can formulate, or heart desire to know, provided the avenue of manifestation be opened."

"Do forms of force other than spirits of men and animals think? Are plants intelligent and can they talk and reason?" asked the doctor.

"Surely, the myriad of other individualized forces manifesting in multitudinous forms, must be intelligent, to organize matter according to the law of their needs, and why can they not have sensations and language? Man and all animals think and reason and have a language of their own; why not the trees, plants and flowers? They tell us many things, why can they not tell each other even more than we are able to see, hear and understand?

"Why cannot this higher intelligence, called 'man,' understand the language of the trees and flowers,—of nature? Language! What is language but a mode of expressing intelligence? Is the world ready for this step and the next to follow?

"From my childhood I have reveled in nature and its expression. No matter how bleak and desolate, it was an expression of the Infinite, and as such, was beautiful to me. As a child, the trees, flowers and waving grain talked and sang to me in a language of their own. They told me of the approaching storm and the morrow's sunshine.

"Spirits convey definite forms of thought to me without the use of spoken words. Why can we not as well understand the expression of that intelligence which causes the roots of the trees to seek moisture and the tendrils of plants to seek the nearest support? Change the location of the support and the tendril changes its direction accordingly. Is not this intelligence and reason more certain and reliable than much of our so-called logic?"

"Have trees and plants souls?" asked the doctor.

"If not, why not?" she replied. "Soul is the animating, vital principle,—the individualized, deific essence, whose actions and reactions in all forms and in all things can be read through the exercise of the spirit's sympathetic faculty of psychometry. Tell me how the bottled essences of flowers note, as they do, the time when such flowers are in bloom."

There were very many incidents in her short stay in Colorado equally as important, but space forbids their mention. No two of her seances are ever alike. There is no advance program in genuine spiritual phenomena. From its very nature there cannot be; neither were any two of her meetings alike in the speeches and public tests, only in the principles enunciated and in the trend of thought was there any similarity. She always spoke purely from an ethical standpoint. Accepting the Bible and its account of spiritual phenomena; believing in the teachings of Christ, the greatest Medium of the world; believing in prayer and its elevating influence; believing in a natural moral religion, rather than in theological dogma, she soon became known as a Bible spiritualist and consequently antagonized the orthodox as well as some professed iconoclastic spiritualists who mistook liberty of thought for license to attack forms and rites upon which homes and consequently governments are based.

To this latter class, and to all, she appealed for more earnest work on the lines of higher education, cleaner lives, broader charities and greater humility. To the young she urged loftier purpose, not in fear of punishment, but because of better results to themselves and to the race. So earnest was she in her advocacy of morality and temperance, and in showing the effects of alcohol and nicotine on the vital forces, resulting in filling our eleemosynary institutions with mental and moral unfortunates, that she called to mind the great English temperance orator,—Gough.

In discussions with the clergy, who often opposed her, to check their congregations from attending her meet-

ings, she would take them on their own grounds, quoting from the Apostles and the Prophets, showing that communion with the spirits of the so-called dead was so common in Bible times that it did not call for comment or explanation. Read the book of Zachariah and First Corinthians, Ch. XII; the Acts of the Apostles; Luke, Ch. I, verse 22. Even the Pharisees, in Acts, Ch. XIII, verse 9, acknowledged Paul's mediumship; see the command given in First John, Ch. IV, verse 1. To their standard cry, that only evil spirits can communicate,—that all is evil,—she asked them to explain why the Lord sent evil spirits; Second Chronicles, Ch. XVIII; why their God was more gracious to evil spirits, and if they knew of any other law He had changed to fit their theology.

At the close of all of her meetings she stepped down among those present and described for only strangers and skeptics. In this part of her work she seemed unsurpassed and unlike any other medium. Her audiences were usually made up of the unbelieving, and her descriptions were invariably confined to strangers and skeptics. Very many of these listened to the descriptions with an independent bravado of unbelief, but as she turned back the pages of their lives revealing incidents long forgotten, and told them of the loved ones who stood about them anxious for recognition, and related incidents, sometimes humorous, sometimes pathetic, it seemed as though she had bridged the two worlds. Such was the general character of her platform work.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETURN TO BOSTON.

At this time spiritualism had been prominently before the public for thirty years; and, so many arrant impostors, pretending to be mediums, were practicing their tricks, that hypercritical investigators, materialists and bigoted theologians called it all a fraud. Mrs. Lord was probably the only medium who escaped calumny and abuse. Notwithstanding her seances were held in the dark, the manifest absence of confederates and the unmistakable and palpable presence of the invisibles, forced conviction upon the most skeptical.

Among the many seances held in Boston on her return from Denver was one attended by John Wetherbee, a writer of considerable note. At this seance the skeptics were given every opportunity to satisfy themselves. The doors were locked by one of them, and during the entire evening some one of their number gave close attention to Mrs. Lord, by putting their feet on her feet, or by holding her hands. At other times she constantly patted her hands, that all would know she was not touching them. The manifestations were quite varied, but much similar to those given by her in other places, which have been so often described.

By request the company was fanned, and then the fan was sent whirling round the circle near each face with great velocity; the tiny music-box was played by one of the invisibles, so that all could hear its music over their heads, sometimes at one side of the room and sometimes the other, and then, by request, it would land in the hand of the person who desired it. The guitar was often taken from one lap to another, and raps upon it were loudly

given in answer to mental questions. Nearly every one's hands were touched by spirit fingers, sometimes quite forcibly. A ring was taken by mental request from one, and placed on the finger of a person in the circle opposite. If willed back it would be returned and placed upon one of the designated fingers. The suddenness with which this was done precluded the possibility of human agency.

Mrs. Lord turned to a lady and gentleman and gave them the names of two of their children which they acknowledged to be correct. Turning quickly to them again she said: "I see another little one, smaller than the others. She must have been killed, or at least wounded, by being run over by a horse!" "Yes," said the mother, "we have lost our three children." The medium again said: "This child has just put her hand to her head to show me where she was injured." "Yes," responded the lady, "she was hurt in the head." "That is a good test, isn't it?" was the response. Directly a sonorous voice was heard in the air, exclaiming: "And thus the noble work goes on!" Mrs. Lord pleasantly remarked: "That must be some enthusiastic spirit."

W. D. Crockett's father announced himself and was recognized by the son. Mr. Wetherbee also identified his spirit friend, Ralph Huntington. His name was distinctly whispered in the air. Ralph, it seems, came by previous appointment, of which the medium knew nothing. He said, "John, I am here as I promised you I would be." Mr. Wetherbee had been sitting with another medium that afternoon when the spirit came and identified himself, and said he knew friend Wetherbee was booked for Mrs. Lord's seance, and he (Huntington) would be there and would speak. The voice was distinctly heard by several in the seance. It was a noticeable fact that Mrs. Lord was describing spirits to others and patting her hands at the moment Mr. Wetherbee's spirit friend was talking with him.

A spirit said to a German gentleman (a skeptic): "You have something of mine." "What is it?" asked the stranger. Before any reply could be made Mrs. Lord

remarked, "I see her. She has curious looking hair; I cannot describe it; and what lustrous eyes!" "Yes," hastily responded the skeptic. "She says she gave you a gold locket with the imprint of a foreign coin upon it."

"Yes," responded the listener. "And she also gave you a seal with a head cut on it," added the medium. "Yes," responded the gentleman, "I have them upon my watchguard at this very moment." Then, in a low voice to his friend, he remarked, "Isn't it wonderful?" After the seance he allowed those present to examine both the articles which answered exactly to the description given by the spirit.

A WEALTHY SPIRITUALIST TAKES MRS. LORD'S HOME.

If faith in human constancy
Be but a dream at best;
If falsehood lurk where love should be,
Yet in that dream I'm blest;
If warning of a coming wrong
Cannot avert the blow;
If knowledge fails to make me strong—
'Tis better not to know.

—HAUGHTON.

Mrs. Lord's controls had found a beautiful home, elegantly furnished in a desirable part of the city, No. 26 Chester Park, which they told her she could buy for much less than it was worth. She looked at the property, and was delighted to think she could secure a home for her mother and little daughter. A prominent business man, by the name of Cottrell, offered to examine it for her. He thought it a great bargain and told her that he would loan her money to help pay for it, and, if she would authorize him to do the business, no one could cheat her.

She arranged with the bank that held the property for sale to purchase it for \$10,500. Cottrell was to loan her \$2,500.00 and take her note for that amount. The bank was to carry \$5,000 of the amount. Supposing that her friend was honest, as he claimed to be, she placed her money in his hands and authorized him to do the business.

The house was purchased. Mrs. Lord paid \$3,000.00 cash, all money she had saved up to that time, and borrowed \$2,500 from Cottrell. She moved into it, as a home, and began to work harder than ever to pay for it. At one time she paid Cottrell \$550.00, at another \$300.00, and various other sums from \$50.00 to \$150.00, as she could earn the money. He told her she was not paying enough on the note and advised her to give up the house. This made her work harder than ever. The thought of having a home for her mother and daughter urged her to greater economy and longer hours of work. Not knowing anything about such business, and trusting him implicitly, she handed over all of her earnings to this pretended spiritualist. He told her a receipt was not necessary as he would indorse everything on her note. She had signed several papers, at his request, when the trade was made, and was told one of them was a note to him for \$2,500.

Her controls continued to tell her something was wrong, but she would not heed them and kept on handing her money over to Cottrell, as fast as she earned it, until she was quite sure she had paid him his \$2,500. She did not heed any of the controls' warnings as Cottrell had married her husband's (Albert Lord) cousin, for whom she had cared so many years.

Feeling sure she had paid the \$2,500, she sent her next earnings to Cottrell by Dr. B. F. Galloupe and told him to have Cottrell give up her note. He wanted Dr. Galloupe to wait until Mrs. Lord returned before receiving the money. Dr. Galloupe insisted on paying and having a receipt, or the note. Cottrell finally took it and give him a receipt for *rent*.

Dr. Galloupe said, "Here, Cottrell, this is not right; let me see the note." Thus cornered, he said, "To tell you the truth that house is mine and I am crediting what she pays me on rent. I purchased it in my own name and not in her name."

When Mrs. Lord was made aware of the situation she was nearly heart-broken. More than a year of hard, weary

work and every dollar she had on earth gone. He was all the time boasting of his honesty and pretending to be a spiritualist. She would not believe him guilty of such baseness until she learned it from his own lips. She then said to him: "Mr. Cottrell, I am unutterably surprised at your baseness and perfidy. I have gone almost barefooted, without suitable clothing to appear in public; I have economized in every way; and, if you choose to rob me and my little child when you are so rich in lands, houses and money, when I have not a dollar or a place to lay my head or shelter my child, you may take the house and keep the money, for I have no receipts for all I have handed over to you, so implicitly have I trusted you all these long, weary months. You are an old man and have not long to live here; and, if, for my many years of faithful service, the spirit world choose to give me a clean, fair home in that after life, and you should be put into a hovel, such as your actions here entitle you to have, come to me and I will share with you the very best I have. Such are the lessons I have received from the Master during all the years I have been called to do his work."

He turned uneasily and tried to justify his acts by saying she could not pay for it, and the money she had paid him was no more than a good rent. Thus this rich man let her go out into the streets with just two dollars and fifty cents—all the money she had.

Oh, heart fast sinking beneath the load!
Sad eyes grown dim with the bitter tears!
Oh, feet that bleed from the rocky road,
That leads along through the reeling years!
Their bright wings hover unceasingly,
He giveth His angels watch o'er thee!

—L'ENFANT PERDU.

She had no one in the wide world to right her wrongs, and again she went forth to weary labor. Several wealthy spiritualists, learning of the transaction, offered to advance her money and to make Cottrell restore the property. She said, "No, it will only place me under obligations to

you and give me notoriety and injure the cause I love so dearly. I have no money for lawsuits. I have no receipts to show. He is wealthy and you know what wealth can do with courts and juries. Let him keep it. He will have to meet the consequences somewhere along life's way. The divine laws of compensation—not reward and punishment --but cause and effect, are as unerring and as exact as any and all other natural laws. He can no more escape from the consequences of his thoughts and acts than he can escape from this planet in his physical body. God has no laws we can contravene with impunity. I can care for myself, as I have done in the past. I only pity him. He knows not what he does. (Luke XVIII 1-24).

Val., one of Mrs. Lord's controls, however, proposed Mr. Cottrell's possessions should not be very profitable. Mrs. Lord walked away from the place that for more than a year she supposed was her own, and the house was rented to a family of Jewish faith. Val., the control, and his party, took rooms in the house at the same time. The lady of the house went insane and the family moved out. It was again rented to a family who remained only a short time. For some cause they could not sleep. It was next rented to a family named Brown, a very harmonious family of two brothers and three sisters. Dissension arose between the two brothers when one of them fell into the coal hole in the sidewalk in front of the house and broke his leg. The sisters said they had never known the two brothers to have any trouble in their lives before this time.

The Browns rented rooms. They were no sooner settled in the house than trouble commenced. A retired sea captain and his wife who had rooms on the second floor came down one morning and asked, "Who was that man in our room last night."

They told him there was no one in the house who could get into their room.

Then they described him as a tall man with dark hair and wearing a cloak and broad-brimmed hat, a kind of som-

brero. They again assured him no one could get into the room.

The next morning they came down and said they guessed they would not stay, as the man was in their room again. He stood at the foot of the bed so both could see him. The man did not speak and the old captain, thinking he was a burglar picked up one of his heavy boots and threw at him. The boot went clear through the man. He did not move for an instant; and, then he disappeared.

The next night everybody in the house was awakened by the noise like a keg of nails rolling from the top of the stairs down to the front hall on the first floor, striking every stair on its way down.

Everybody rushed into the halls. They tried to light the gas in the hall and front parlor, but could not. They examined the stairs and front hall, but found nothing unusual, nothing that could have made such a noise. They all dressed and remained in the parlor until morning when all the roomers left for other quarters.

The next disaster the water back in the range blew up. No sooner was this repaired than all the outside blinds on the third story blew off and were found shattered and useless on the ground next morning.

The next thing the water pipes over the parlors commenced to leak and brought down all the elegant fresco and ceiling. Plumbers came and cleared away the wreck but could not find any leak in the pipes. In two or three weeks everything was again in nice repair, and the leaking commenced again.

These transactions came to Mrs. Lord's attention in a peculiar way. Arising one morning she found \$90.00 in currency on the window sill of her bedroom. As she picked the money up she heard Val. say: "That is the first month's rent for your house on Chester Park." That afternoon she called at No. 26 Chester Park and found the family very intelligent and lovely people. She asked the sisters if they had lost any money. They were greatly surprised at such a question coming from a stranger as they

had only just missed the money and had not told anyone. They told her they had saved up \$90.00 and had placed it in a cupboard the night before intending to take it that afternoon and pay Mr. Cottrell.

Mrs. Lord handed them the money saying: "Is this your money?" at the same time telling how it came to her, and telling them how she was cheated out of her home. They in turn told her of all the trouble they had had since moving into the house and the trouble other tenants had before them.

The family remained only a few months. After this it was difficult to induce anyone to occupy the house, and, at last accounts, the owner was obliged to dispose of it. Sometimes the consequences of our acts reach us in this life.

A QUAKER ATTENDS HIS OWN FUNERAL.

To show that there are some broad, liberal-minded men in the ranks of the orthodox ministry who have outgrown their creeds and recognize that there are more ways to heaven than through the doors at which they stand guard, a Back Bay Baptist Minister sent for Mrs. Lord to come to his church and officiate at the funeral of one of his congregation, who was a Quaker and a spiritualist. In the audience were many of Boston's most prominent people who were spiritualists. A lady present told her husband it was so curious to see that old gentleman walk from his position back of Mrs. Lord down to the casket during the services. The old gentleman seemed very much interested in the remarks and in watching the congregation, and several times during the services passed in front of Mrs. Lord and looked at the casket. As she and her husband passed the casket she nearly fainted. She said, "That is the queer old man I saw near Mrs. Lord while she was talking, who kept looking at the casket so curiously." By some strange law of magnetic vibration her spiritual vision was so attuned that she could see him.

FAME PREDICTED.

Mrs. Francis Burnett, the story writer, came to Mrs. Lord, tired and weary with the struggle for fame and fortune; and, said, "Oh, Maud, must I always write stories for a living? This writing, writing, everlasting writing! Oh, dear, will it never amount to anything?"

What master of mirage drew aside the curtain of her life? "Yes," Mrs. Lord replied, I see you writing something so tender, sweet and natural that it will appeal to the higher and holier sentiments of the public. It will be dramatized and played all over the country and bring you plenty of money. See to it that you make it clean and pure and natural. Your spirit friends will help you."

"How long must I wait?" "Not long, the public are ready for it now," was the reply. All remember, "Little Lord Fontleroy," written by this lady.

A SCIENTIST'S EXPERIMENT.

J. D. Featherstonehaugh, an engineer of note, a resident of Schenectady, New York, who, like many other scientists, was quite unfriendly to this transcendental subject, in his later years made quite extensive experiments in psychical research with many mediums. From one of his unpublished works on this subject we copy one or two of his experiences with Mrs. Lord. They were all conducted under test conditions. Speaking of his first meeting with Mrs. Lord he says:

"Everybody at the seance was a stranger to me, yet the light had not been extinguished a minute when my open hand was violently slapped in a manner that indicated exact vision, and then energetically and painfully shaken, as if by some unusually strong man, after a long separation, whilst a voice in my ear called me by a boyish nickname I had not heard for forty years. This name was distinctly heard and remarked upon by those sitting near me. The medium also addressed me by my Christian and surname, described relatives of mine correctly, their right

relationship to each other, and gave their names in three instances. The names, person, personal peculiarities, habits and relationship she spoke of, in no instance were of those then living, and it is most remarkable that no mistake was made with respect to this.

She apparently had an intimate knowledge of myself and five relatives who had lived in many parts of the world, and some of whom had died fifty years before she was born. It was not only the relationship between the dead and myself which she so positively knew, but the relationship of the dead to the other invisibles, said to be present, of no kinship to me. It was, in fact, an accurate transcript of my secret knowledge and associations connected with it, coming out without any suggestion or conscious thought on my part.

Innumerable scintillating sparks rose from the floor, and oval shapes of phosphorescent light floated about, resting occasionally on the persons and heads of those present. On covering this light with my hands, it still continued to shine on underneath them, as if not coming from any exterior source.

Almost everybody was touched by fingers of different sizes, for which no cause could be ascertained, but generally in a furtive and momentary way, that carried with it the idea of human dexterity, corrected, however, by the fact that the hands, arms and manner of accost were sometimes those of small children, when certainly there were no children in the room and none could have gained admittance. The touches were so quickly made and so evasive that there was no opportunity to grasp the hand. To bring the operator, whoever it was, a little nearer to me, I asked to be kissed, as a trap to seize her, if she acceded to it. Immediately arms were thrown around my neck and I was kissed repeatedly on the face. There was no one there that I could feel or grasp. What, however, I did not ask for or expect, was a sentence whispered to me by the same lips that kissed me, which had no meaning unless it

came from the alleged source, and could be understood by no living person but myself.

In order to obtain more proof that the medium would recognize a vision she had once seen, when it afterwards purported to come to some other relative, a stranger to all present, the following experiment was tried:

The alleged spirit of a lady who had been an intimate friend of mine, so often shook hands and talked with me at different seances, that Mrs. Lord came to know and recognize the form whenever it presented itself. I engaged the son of this lady to attend a meeting under an assumed name. He had never been to a seance, and had no manner of knowledge of the subject, belief in it, or acquaintance among the persons connected with it. He knew nothing of my object in inviting him there. The seance was not held in the place where he resided, and he was a stranger to all present except myself. Whilst the medium was sitting in front of him, with her back toward me, she exclaimed that my friend, Mrs. S., was placing her arms around this gentleman's neck. On my observing that it was strange she did not come to me, as she had always done, a man's hand pressed mine (the medium was ten feet away, talking continuously) and another voice, close to me replied, "She has found somebody she loves more." The gentleman's name and his mother's were then spoken by a voice, in the same tone this intelligence had so often used to me. In this instance, the medium at once recognized the form she had before seen, this time not coming to me, but appropriately embracing and talking to her son, a stranger to all the parties.

To ascertain whether my knowledge and presence had some unconscious influence in directing the result, I engaged a friend of mine to go alone to a seance. Mrs. Lord presently told him that the spirit addressing him was the same which had so often come to me, and a voice gave its name, his own, and the relationship (a very near one) between them. Again there was recognition of a form pre-

viously seen, although the person present was entirely unknown.

Hearing that Mrs. Lord was to give some seances in New York, I telegraphed to a relative to obtain an interview. He did so the same evening, and for greater precaution under an assumed name. Nevertheless, the medium, whom he had never before seen, gave him the same description of a form she had given to me, which he recognized at once, and a voice told him his true name, its own, and the relationship to him and myself.

A medical friend, at my request, attended a seance held by Mrs. Lord, whom he there saw for the first time. A child apparently addressed him as doctor (his profession and name were entirely unknown) stating that it knew me, sending its love, and giving its name as Snowdrop. Two years previously a sprightly little intelligence with diminutive hands, arms and a child's manner of speech, seemed to take a fancy to me, and sportively gave its name as Snowdrop.

I begged a friend residing in a distant place to attend a seance. At the time of writing I formed the wish that an intelligence which often professed to be with me, should make some demonstration of its presence at any meeting my correspondent might attend. My friend accordingly went to a seance and although a stranger to the medium, my messenger, so to speak, called him by his name, gave its own correctly, and added that I had written to him on the subject.

In the experiment I am about to relate, I placed Mrs. Lord at a table, with her hands resting near the middle, where she kept them during the whole time. The table had a lower horizontal shelf, which filled up the space between the legs, and was about three inches above the floor. Under this piece I placed a slate with a short pencil lying on it. We joined hands on the top of the table for about the space of five minutes, when perfectly audible and rapid writing began, the t's being crossed and the i's dotted with vehemence. The writing stopped and a noise

was heard as if turning the slate over. Then the pencil began again, and presently the slate was handed up and placed on my knees. Both sides of the slate were filled, each in very different handwriting; the one cursive and flowing, the other cramped and stiff. The letters were signed with the names the substance of them required. Six names were written, all of them friends of mine, living or dead. This occurred in a lighted room, with a new and unused slate, the medium did not touch. One of the words had been rubbed out and another substituted in larger and whiter letters. The letters were uniform, and the lines straight and parallel to each other. The writing was not at all like the medium's, of which I procured several specimens, and did not in the least resemble mine.

By careful and repeated experiment the most exact scientific certainty is to be acquired of the reality of these phenomena, and in many cases of an intelligence directing them, not referable to the mental action of the persons present. When, however, we come to the question of the identity of the intelligence communicating with us, the exact proof that we ought to obtain is not always to be procured. Still no one can become personally familiar with the subject, without a conviction that the claim of the physical acts being done by a given intelligence is worthy of the most impartial investigation. We soon learn that we must dismiss our preconceptions as valueless and take up the subject as it actually exists in nature.

It is impossible to accept many of the communications as coming from the source they claim, therefore the chief interest in the matter culminates in identity, for without the proof of that, it cannot be determined that these intelligences are those they profess to be, and by this much the hypothesis of converse with our own dead fails in an important particular. Besides, such proof embraces the whole subject and makes the reality of the physical acts of inferior importance. The idea of spiritual power has sprung up from the occult nature of the phenomena, their self-assertion and the fact that many of the acts are

physical impossibilities to living beings. The identity of the intelligence with the one it assumes to be is supported by the averment of the intelligence itself—by its expressions and acts of affection—by its knowledge of matters in your history and in its own—by the correct revelation of a matter formerly known to the intelligence claiming to be present—by the communications in sealed slates with names appended—by exact descriptions of an alleged presence, with the act it is about to do, immediately followed by the act itself, oftentimes of much significance—or by the occurrence of some physical act as a token of recognition familiar in the long past. These remarkable things frequently occurring, however strong their logical force, are not all of them conclusive, but they point out a road that reason may properly follow in search of proof or disproof.

The correct communications we receive through these occult phenomena claiming to be from our dead friends, relate for the most part to matters within our own personal knowledge, in fact, touching reminiscences of our early days and the friends who have left us. But we must not too hastily accept as evidence of spiritual intercourse revelations which may be, as they undoubtedly sometimes are, only the reflection of our knowledge. Even when the matter is unknown to us, but afterwards proves to be correct, we are to exercise much caution in receiving it as sure proof of the action of a discarnate spirit, for we can easily assure ourselves by the most exact experiment that embodied intelligence takes perception of thought and act at great distances. We know so little of the extent of our own inherent, spiritual faculties that we easily confound the sources, and reason from a dangerous fallacy.

Experiments, however, are to be devised more or less perfect, free from these objections in which the revelation can only be within the knowledge of the communicating intelligence, if it is what it assumes to be, and cannot be within the capacity of a living being, subconscious or otherwise.

The following instances are attempts to ascertain if

the intelligence can inform us correctly of matters it alone can know, and also to discover if a spirit presents such an objective appearance to the psychic, as to be the object of recognition, at a subsequent time, through her cerebral memory.

On every occasion when I had visited Mrs. Lord's seances, at intervals sometimes of five years, an intelligence, purported to be present, giving the same name, and preserved not only the same tone of voice, but the same manner of speech and action. I procured the photograph of the person whose name was so constantly spoken, and placed it with several others of the same sex and apparent age. Attending another seance, as soon as the light was extinguished, I secretly took from my pocket the package of photographs, laid it on my knees, and when the intelligence announced itself, *mentally* requested it to pick out its own likeness. The pictures were moved about, as if being examined, and one of them was held up touching my face, which I marked No. 1. Later in the evening I made the same request twice, first, however, shuffling the photographs, and marked the cards held up 2 and 3. After the gas was lighted, I found the same card had been marked 1, 2, 3. It was the right one, and each time it had been held up with the back towards me, thus escaping any injury from my pencil, to my very great satisfaction. The experiment was subsequently repeated with like success.

The most cherished negation must give way to just methods of reasoning on the facts which come under our observation, and the proof of whose reality is easy and certain. In the experiment just recorded, I could not know which card was picked up, and did not touch it except with the point of my pencil, excepting when I mingled it with the others, after it was laid down on my knees. The medium had never seen the original, or the photograph, and did not know that I was trying an experiment, as the requests were made mentally. The room was entirely dark. Here all possibility of human knowledge seems to be eliminated, and the result is narrowed down to an intelligence

that naturally might be able to recognize its own likeness, and the only one we can conceive of, that could have knowledge or power to do so, under these circumstances.

The medium having stated that she perfectly remembered the appearance of the spirit and could select its photograph from any number, I placed several pictures in her hands, and stood in such a position, that whilst viewing her proceedings, my face was concealed. She discarded the first three or four, and without looking further, and indeed refusing to do so when urged, gave me the right photograph of the presence she had seen and described. Here, a picture the medium had never seen of a person entirely unknown to her was identified by the natural eyesight, through its resemblance to a presence seen by spiritual sight. Only one conclusion can follow these facts.

SCHENECTADY, June 13, 1899.

MY DEAR MAUD: This is the first time I have been able to use a pen in many a month, and I attribute it to some influence your last letter brought along and which escaped into my corporation when opened. Your letter supplies the scientific demand that there should be no manner of suggestion on the part of spectators. There was no one to suggest the name of Duane, as you, guided by the sound, thought it was, or that you should write to me a description of the evening's experience. It all happened as naturally as possible. The maiden name of Mrs. Robertson was Duane. My middle name is Duane, and we are cousins. The Duane who appeared at the seance and whose first name you forgot, was also a cousin of mine, and the aunt of Mrs. Robertson. Your story holds together without a missing link, and is most interesting from the multiplicity of characters concerned. The particular value of this seance, however, lies in the complete answer it furnished to brain waves or telepathy advanced by science in order to destroy a spirit hypothesis.

Beyond doubt, there is such a fact as telepathy, but at the best is only a shadow of a thought, and can't play

on a fiddle. If a fact is revealed, as is often the case, that no embodied intelligence knows, the mind that reveals it must be disembodied, and this smashes telepathy, as a sufficient source, into smithereens.

I don't remember that I ever said or wrote anything to you about my house at Duaneburg, which you describe in your letter, but I have a shanty there where I go for the summer when vacation begins, but there is a melancholy about the place which oppresses me.

THE DESERTED HOME.

Those old red chimneys, still they shine
Amid the trees with wonted gleam,
Where nature's plastic hands entwine
And lavish charm in home's sweet dream.

Glad landmarks once, lone mourners now.
O'er broken hopes that died at last,
When weary heart and saddened brow,
Bade farewell to the buried past.

Home of my heart! what memories there
Are traced upon the faded walls,
Or tremble on the lips of air
That lingers in the lonely halls.

The ruddy flame upon the hearth
No more will cast the old time rays,
The living light is out on earth
That warmly glowed in other days.

And so on. It is so long since I wrote it that I have forgotten it.

I would not be surprised if Mrs. Robertson came to see you again, but like Nicodemus she will come quietly by night. I knew her well forty years ago, and spirit rapping would not have frightened her off. Now that she is a bishop's widow and exposed to the Christian tongues of her associate church women she must walk gingerly.

I have pushed on to write this whilst my hand was on its good behavior, but it threatens to go on a strike every moment. Good-bye, God bless you and yours, as prays your friend of many years past, and for many years to come—somewhere—.

J. D. FEATHERSTONEHAUGH.

LAKE PLEASANT CAMP.

The history of Lake Pleasant, spiritual camp ground, near Greenfield, Mass., would be incomplete with Maud E. Lord left out. She freely gave her time, her talent and her wonderful gifts to the upbuilding of the association. She was always jealous of its good name. She was among the first to go there, when there were only a few cottages and a hotel and when most of the campers lived in tents. She built a cottage on the bluff, which was the favorite resort of all. Under the old pines that stood like sentinels in front of her cottage were a few benches which were seldom unoccupied. When men of science, scholars, thinkers, college presidents and professors came, the managers of the camp always knew they were perfectly safe in directing them to "Maud E. Lord's cottage on the bluff." They knew she was able to discuss any phase of the phenomena with them on their own grounds, or to present the philosophy to them in terms and in a manner suitable to their positions; and, in a scholarly way, as well as in a clean, moral way that commanded respect from all. She treated all alike. At times the private car of the millionaire was side-tracked at the station, while the owner and his company attended her seances, and was seated side by side with the laborer and camp attendants. Hers were royal gifts that had to be sought to be received. Here she worked early and late during the entire session of the association, for ten or more years. Sometimes holding two and three seances a day to accommodate those seeking admission. With all this hard, constant work, she always found time to attend the meetings and the conferences at the auditorium where she would always speak and give tests. Going and coming from these meetings and from her meals she was always surrounded by crowds to whom she was always giving tests. All this public work she freely gave for the benefit of the camp. They all recognized her as the moving spirit in their meetings and the one great factor in the association's success.

The college professors at Amherst used to come to see her and so marvelous were the tests she gave them that the old president, Dr. Seeley, came with some articles which he had brought with him from Japan about which he knew no one on this side of the water had any knowledge. He was a grand, old, white-haired man, with long, white beard. He had been professor in the same institution before he was called to its presidency and was necessarily one of the first scholars in the land.

Psychometry at that time was not recognized as an established science as it is now and the genius of man had not counted many of the infinite vibrations of nature, nor measured their potentiality as now. In fact very few of the vibratic laws were known and understood as now. Psychometry opened up a field of investigation and thought to this great scholar and thinker, and he eagerly sought the opportunity to study it. Mrs. Lord, as she always did when sought by the earnest, honest investigator, gave him every attention.

When he left he said as he passed along the bluff towards the station, "It is too bad, too bad." When questioned as to what he meant he replied, "It is too bad that I have lived so long and know so little—too bad that I have not known these things before."

This great scholar recognized the possibilities to be achieved in the study and knowledge of ethereal, electric and magnetic lines. Many do not keep themselves morally clean enough to grasp spiritualism, to understand its philosophy which to-day has spread its white wings over all the earth.

She was always a painstaking and conscientious worker at these meetings and demonstrated the phenomena and explained the philosophy from a high plane. No one ever accused her of fraud or dishonesty in even the least little particular. She conscientiously performed her duty in the best light given her. In doing this she antagonized many of those holding extreme and radical views. She always made a fight for a clean platform and for high

moral teachings. On these questions she drew the line sharply.

When that insidious foe to the sacredness of all homes, called free-love, showed itself in the midst of these meetings, she led the discussion against it. She sharply defined the issue and drew the line so there could be no middle ground, no dodging, no skulking behind silence. Before a large audience she called for a rising vote, demanding that all vote their sentiments. She demanded that the losing party take their departure from the grounds, as morality and licentiousness—spiritualism and free-loveism—honor and dishonor—the clean and the unclean could not dwell together in harmony. No glorious spiritual truth can be taught from a platform tainted with such gross material—home destroying influence. Some of the boldest advocates of that pernicious practice—a practice that always has and always will bring trouble and sorrow to its advocates, somewhere along the lines of their lives, as sure as effect follows cause—were on the platform when she demanded this vote. They hissed their venom at her, and threatened her with bodily and all other kinds of injury.

She had been the standard bearer too long to let this glorious spiritual truth trail even for one moment in the dust. What mattered their threats, so long as back of her marched the white-robed visitants from that bright Elysian shore. Thus the camp was cleansed from this moral leprosy.

Her controls were important factors in the camp and were equally as well known. Hardly ever a seance held in her cottage that the chairs and benches on the porch and under the pines in front of her cottage were not filled with those unable to gain admittance to the seance. From these seats they could hear all that was said inside the cottage and everybody at the camp soon learned to know and recognize Clarence's voice. About 1890, she sold her cottage and was no longer a regular attendant at their summer gatherings.

MEDIUMS.

Mediumship is that quality—inherent and co-existent—in the human organism by which the exanimate spirit communicates its intelligence to those still in the body. *All* of the properties of this quality are not sufficiently known and understood to be stated in scientific terms. It is, however, known that the magnetic aura—physical magnetism—a force with an unknown cause—is the combining and basic principle used. The properties of this quality are as diversified as individuals. It is elsewhere shown that this aura is modified by the physical, mental and moral attributes of the person. The higher in the scale of being the person the more refined these attributes. The stronger and more perfected their wills—in other words the more perfectly developed the spiritual faculties or senses, if we may so designate them—the cleaner this aura, and the more amenable it is to such spiritual use.

This is the force used by the spirit in its telepathic operations, which, for convenience, we designate as impression, inspiration and influence. Where is the person who is not more or less subject to these conditions? As like attracts like, it is important that all regulate their physical conditions, their mental and moral operations, their thoughts and actions, in other words, build character on high and perfected lines. This is the force by which the spirit, by and with the consent of the person to be controlled and the co-operation of their closest disembodied attendant, or guardian angel—and every living person has such attendant—can entrance the person who has these qualities sufficiently and properly developed.

There are many fallacies and very much ignorance concerning mediumship and its effects, among writers and people with limited experience in such matters. Instead of collecting reliable data upon which to form an opinion, they have recourse to a large class of commercial imitators, and accept the statements of those who cannot

stand the searchlight of mediumship, or from interested motives, seek to condemn it.

Those who assert that spirit control, or any form of mediumship, is destructive of individuality; that it destroys the will, which is an independent and essential quality of spirit; that it is subversive of self-control; that it opens the door to all kinds of evil influences, contrary to the greatest spiritual law, "*similis similem attrahit*;" that it depersonalizes and leads to immorality, crime and insanity—such writers, such thinkers have studied mediumship at long range, looked at it from a very limited angle of vision and have very little, *if any* empirical knowledge of the subject.

This applies to mediums, not to those who pretend to be such, or to those imperfectly developed, but to those who are representatives of the philosophy and phenomena, who have stood prominently before the public in such capacity for thirty, forty and fifty years; to those who have dared to present new truths in the face of ecclesiastical condemnations and scientific indifference.

These exponents of the philosophy—all of whom have acquired, or are naturally subjective mediums—are grandly individualized with distinctive personalities, strong and perfected wills and with unusual self-control. They are all, without any exception, healthy, mentally strong and sane, as their usefulness during so many years fully proves. That their characters for morality, sobriety, integrity and devotion to their families, and to all reformatory and humanitarian objects, will compare favorably with those in any other calling, goes without saying. The immutable law of spirit, from which spirit cannot deviate, classes the various bands of these mediums in the same category.

These conclusions are the result of more than fifty years' experience of those who have been closely and intimately connected and associated with mediums. That subjective mediumship opens the way for evil influences is not true. From the very nature of the operation it cannot be true. Without exception the utterances of the spirits

using the brain of the medium present the highest ideals of morality, truth and justice, and must leave more or less of this quality upon the medium's consciousness and in the brain cells—all of which goes toward building and substantiating the medium's character in the same qualities.

Attend any of the thousands of public, spiritual meetings and home gatherings, held every week all over the land, where mediums are thus controlled, and find a single instance where anything tending towards animalism, immorality, or wrong doing is even suggested by these spirits.

CHAPTER XIV.

PSYCHOMETRY.

Psychometry demonstrates that all force, conscious and unconscious, individualized or combined, in whatever form manifesting itself, is recorded. It demonstrates that everything is being photographed upon matter and upon the spiritual universe. When the psychometrist invades the ensphering limits of any object, product or person, these records, these photographs pass in panoramic view before him or her. According to their spirituality, or the development of their spiritual faculties, and their capacity to receive and fix, for the moment, these records and pictures, they can delineate the minutest acts, thoughts and the varying conditions of persons and objects. Supplemented by clairvoyance, the record of all that has been or is yet to come, can be read from God's eternal tablets—the infinite memory of creative intelligence.

On one of the statues of Isis was written the inscription: "*I am all that has been, or that shall be; no mortal has hitherto taken off my veil.*"

Isis was to the Egyptian mind the mother of earth, or the veiled Goddess of procreation and life. Their inspired writers became materialists and none could lift the veil, hence this was not a poetic fancy, but a logical deduction from their experience. Psychometry does, however, lift the veil. It reaches both ways—back through all the past, and on into the future. It is memory and divination. It is eternity's palimpsest and prophecy.

Professor Jos. Rodes Buchanan was among the first to recognize this inherent faculty of spirit which is developed by certain individuals to a degree that enables them to enter into and measure "the soul of things." His inves-

tigations were made along all lines. Fragments from the homes of noted historical people, ancient and modern; articles from Rome, Ninevah, Greece, China, Central America; Alaska and the Islands of the Pacific. All these were tested with surprising results. The names of occupants of buildings were given and their condition and surroundings minutely delineated. Pieces of bone and fragments of the teeth of antediluvian animals were tested, and the animals themselves fully described. Many of these results were verified by reference to historical records and by personal experience.

The professor's experiments began in 1842, while he was dean of a medical school in Louisville, Kentucky, and continued for more than fifty years. From his wide range of facts he formulated his theory and philosophy which he named Psychometry (*psyche*, soul, and *metron*, a measure), soul measurement; or, psychomaney, which is a more appropriate word (*psyche*, soul and *manteia*, divination), a mental and spiritual sympathy. The more sympathetic the person, the better the psychomanehist he or she is. Sympathy and harmony of vibration is the common ground—"the level"—on which all can meet and understand life's forces and purposes. Psychometry is an infallible science and sympathy is its basic and irresistible force—the daylight between this and the next life—the pathway to all the past.

The psychometrizing of articles or jewelry worn, and letters written, every influence surrounding the owners of the articles, the writers, even to their own most secret thoughts are traced. Pieces of wood carry with them all the scenes with which they have been connected, even to a description of persons and conditions. Metal and rocks give up the history of their era and of the strata in which they are found, their process of formation and their primal elements. All these mysteries are possible to the spirit, possessing in a large degree this divine light called sympathy, through its inherent psychometric faculty. It is the only faculty by which nature's secrets can be revealed. It

is the only hand that can lift the "Veil of Isis." It is the spiritual faculty that reveals the mysteries of creative intelligence to human eyes. Be not ashamed then of outward—or *of any* manifestation of sympathy. It is the radiant energy of your spirit. Its possession and exercise is essential to the development of this one grand, independent function of the spirit, which, if properly exercised, is the key to all success on earth. It is the key of admission to all the spheres above, and to the inner sanctuaries of eternal truth.

Professor Buchanan, at his school in Boston, where medical students were instructed in this science, was the first to apply psychometry to the diagnosing of disease, and to determining the effect of medicine upon people of different temperaments. He was the first to use this power to determine the constituents of plants and herbs. His wife was a fine psychometrist and aided him in his researches.

During the continuance of his school in Boston Mrs. Lord, whom he recognized and claimed to be the ablest and most accurate psychometrist in the world, frequently lectured upon this science and illustrated its principles before his classes. One of his best experiments was to take twelve bottles of medicine, number each, soak a piece of paper in each and number them to correspond with the bottles, and then remove the bottles before Mrs. Lord arrived. She would take each piece of paper separately and describe the effects of the different medicines.

Her psychometric and telepathic experiments in diagnosing were accurate and far-reaching. The Professor gave her articles handled by sick people, or from the rooms of such people, and she never failed to correctly diagnose the disease. And, in nearly every case, she designated the cause of the trouble, which sometimes dated back to the early life of the patient. Where the Professor or the students had seen the patients and did not have any articles to connect her with them or their thought, she would take their hand and tell them to fix their mind

intently upon such patient. She would then proceed to describe the person and give a complete and accurate diagnosis of the case. Sometimes she would name the result, in the recovery or death of the patient, even to naming the hour of their death, thus arriving at results outside of psychometry or telepathy, even beyond the completed record.

This occult sense or faculty, singly or in connection with other spiritual faculties, is well illustrated in the location of mineral. Some ten years before there was any thought of oil wells in Los Angeles, California, while driving over those parts of the city, where, later, several hundred oil wells were bored, she stopped and urged her husband to buy the lots and small cottages, saying that some day they would be very valuable; that oil would be discovered there in large and paying quantities.

She predicted the discovery of gas and oil near Santa Barbara, especially at the spiritual camp ground at Summerland, then owned by Mr. Williams. She advised him to bore for gas and oil, saying that the oil-bearing sands and shale extended out under the sea. All of these predictions were later fully verified.

Some years before, she had predicted similar discoveries at Paola, Kansas, which were also verified to the great profit of a few of the citizens who had faith in her interpretation of this great and accurate science of psychometry. The science is accurate, even though its interpretation be defective.

SEEING WITH THE BRAIN, NOT WITH THE EYES.

Professor Buchanan in his comments upon this department of spiritual science says: "Mental and psychological influence—thought and volition—imparted to, or expended upon anything by physical contact appears to be imperishable;" and, it may be added, is imperishable if expended without physical contact; even spirit is appreciable to this soul function.

Stepping off the Santa Fe train at Kansas City one forenoon, Mrs. Drake with her husband and daughter, went into the Union Depot Hotel for dinner. They were given a double room at the end of the hall. Mrs. Drake, while waiting, sat in a large rocking chair. She said, "I feel just as though I was blind. I am rocking in this chair, and am dictating letters to my daughter in that other room. I am feeling around the room with my cane and sometimes with my hands. I even go to the window and seem, from the sounds, to be able to tell the different kinds of wagons on the street, and also feel the street cars. I feel full of energy and my ideas of business seem so accurate. I know the value of goods, and if I was not blind I could do so much.

Passing by the office on their way to the dining room, Mr. Drake said to the clerk, "Walter, who last occupied the room you gave us?"

"What is the matter with the room? Is it not in good order?"

"Oh, yes, the room is all right, only I have a little curiosity to know who occupied it last. I wish you would look it up and tell me when we come up from dinner."

After dinner the clerk said, "Mr. Drake, both of the rooms you have were last occupied by Mr. Harrison, the *blind* commercial traveler, and his daughter, who always goes with him to make out his orders and write his letters. He is one of the hardest workers and most successful men on the road, even if he is blind. He is a strong, positive character. Why did you want to know?"

"I will explain some time when I have more time," replied Mr. Drake.

One of the leading legal firms at Austin, Texas, wrote Mr. Drake inclosing a small piece of checked gingham about an inch wide and three inches long, and asked him to write what Mrs. Drake got from it psychometrically. Placing the little piece of gingham to her forehead, she said, "I see a field covered with low bushes. These are covered with little white bolls. There is a woman

picking these white things. A colored man is slipping up behind her. He has a rock in a cloth,—in an old coat sleeve tied at one end. Her sun-bonnet prevents her seeing him. He strikes her—knocks her down. She falls—she sees him,—she recognizes him, and says to him, ‘Why do you want to kill me?’ He strikes again. Now he runs away towards some trees. He hides the old coat sleeve and the rock. Oh, he is a vicious looking negro,—not very black. I would know him if I saw him.”

Thus was described a brutal murder in a cotton field near Austin, Texas. A year or two later Mrs. Drake accompanied her husband to Texas. People knowing about this psychometric reading brought to her a colored man who had been arrested, tried and acquitted for this murder. The instant she looked at him she said, “You are the one; why did you kill that poor woman in the cotton field? Oh, yes, you did; you struck her with that cruel rock, and I can show you where you hid the old coat.”

He was badly scared and left her presence as fast as he could. He had had his day in a Texas court and was safe,—until memory calls him to face the evidence in the book of life which the angel in “Revelations” opens; in whose living, spiritual light is written the minutest acts of our lives. The church of the future will build its creed upon this fact and upon the far-reaching and eternal law of compensation.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON AND DIO LEWIS.

These two names are too well known to need introduction. They were both thinkers on original lines. They both sought information and verification of their theories at a spiritual seance held by Mrs. Lord in Boston. Dio Lewis had written a work, which was then in the original manuscript and had not at that time been out of his possession. He sought information from the spirit side of life concerning some of the hygienic theories in his work. What was his surprise when she not only answered his questions, but told him, in brief, the purpose and scope

of the work, enumerating some things which he denied being in the manuscript, but which he afterwards found were there.

Being given a book, selected at random by these gentlemen, of which they themselves did not know the contents, she first told them, without looking at the book, its line of thought and purpose, and then proceeded to point out the inconsistencies and fallacies, and to commend its virtues, without ever having seen or heard of the book or its contents.

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND ATTENDS MRS. LORD'S SEANCE.

The spiritual platform in this and all other countries has never been honored, or graced by an abler, or more talented exponent of its philosophy than Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond of Chicago. Her controls have grasped the higher and diviner ethics of this harmonial philosophy. They have discussed its most scientific and abstruse questions, and with a matchless command of language, have appealed to the intelligence and touched the hearts of all who have been privileged to listen to her, or to read her lectures. These lectures, if compiled, would be a veritable Bible for the millions who are to-day convinced of the continuity of life and know something of the conditions of spirit life, and the laws operative in this life, under which man can have a fair start in that higher life. Mrs. Richmond's position in Chicago and her ability readily made her a judge of the work of other mediums.

In an article in the *Banner of Light*, speaking of Mrs. Lord's work in Chicago in 1881, Mrs. Richmond says: "Chicago is just now, and has been for some time, the center of an earnest revival in spiritualism. The meetings and lectures are well attended, and innumerable private seances in different parts of the city attest an awakening.

"Among the test and physical manifestations, the only phases that can satisfy some classes of minds,—indeed, a phase that nearly every mind requires,—I know

of no one better adapted, and few as well qualified to act as the medium for communication and manifestation than Mrs. Maud E. Lord. Her work in Chicago this winter, in private seances, has been most wonderful. I do not know how many of her converts will stay, but out of the two or three hundred every month that profess conversion, I am sure that more than one-half will remain true to the cause of immortality.

“The writer of this was privileged to be one of fifteen ladies and gentlemen, who, by invitation, attended one of her private seances. The seance was held at the house of a prominent spiritualist, and was composed entirely of spiritualists. There were some half a dozen or more fully developed mediums among the number. The ordinary mind and casual observer would say the conditions on this occasion ought to be very perfect. But experience has shown that where several media are in the seance together, their various spheres or aura of influence sometimes neutralizes one another. Besides, mediums are not always harmonious (I regret to say), one toward another. There are trance or inspirational mediums, who deny what they are pleased to term, the *lower* manifestations. There are test-mediums, who scoff at the trance and other phases. But I believe that all who were present on that occasion earnestly desired to be in harmony with the occasion, and were, so far as they knew.

“Spiritualists, as a rule, are more skeptical than other people. And the writer could see a tendency, on the part of all who were present,—mediums and all,—to observe carefully and, perhaps, even critically, whatever might come. Yet, all were really friends to the fair medium, who so kindly tendered her gifts for the evening.

“The spirit seemingly having charge of the seance, was a son of our host and hostess,—a young man of great promise, who passed away some two or three years ago.

“We were arranged in an exact circle, at equal distance from each other (as nearly as possible), and the left hand of each clasped the right wrist of his neighbor,

thus guarding against breaking the circle or any aid to the manifestations from any one of our number, yet leaving the fingers and palms of one hand free for the spirit or spirits to place any article in the hand. The medium sat in the center. The room was darkened, and a guitar commenced to move over our heads, gently touching but not hurting. The medium clapped her hands together, at regular intervals, so we could hear her, and feel sure she was not passing the instrument. A small music box was played and passed from one hand to another, the spirit hand playing on it and passing it around. Voices,—notably among them, the voice of the son of our host,—were heard in many parts of the circle at once, the medium all the time clapping her hands and talking in another part of the circle; small hands and large hands passed continually and touched us, accompanied by voices: 'Mother!' 'My child, God bless you!' 'George is here!' and at the same time Mrs. Lord would be describing accurately some spirit friend or group of friends to those in another part of the circle.

"I watched and listened very attentively, and at one and the same instant of time I could hear Mrs. Lord's voice describing a spirit, her hands clapping together, the independent voice of a child speaking to its mother, two or three other spirit voices addressing different members of the circle, and the guitar played upon,—all this at the same instant of time. Spirit-lights then began to appear. Some members of the circle saw more lights than others, and they were often at the feet, or on the laps of some one. Several faces were materialized, but all could not see them readily. The lights accompanying them were distinctly visible to all, and a voice (that of the spirit), trying to materialize, was always heard near the lights.

"Interspersed with all personal tests and voices of spirit friends, who gave in distinct tones and sometimes in whispers the words to the one they wished to have recognize them, was the distinct voice of the happy spirit-son of the household, who seemed to rejoice in taking

charge of so wonderful an entertainment. After personal tests had been given to all, and to some many tests, we were asked to sing, and a deep, manly voice joined in the singing over our heads, passing around the entire circle, but pausing most frequently and longest by the father and mother.

“Here a funny thing transpired. Prof. ———, who was present, has an Indian control, who takes forcible possession of his vocal organs, but leaves his mind free to think. This Indian usually talks in an unknown tongue, at first much to the annoyance, afterwards to the bewilderment of the Professor, who was, and is, a member of the orthodox church, but who had no idea that ‘the gift of tongues’ could belong to modern times. This Indian control, apparently having a perfect understanding with the spirit conducting the circle, started his medium’s (the Professor’s) voice on an Indian song (if that it might be called). It rose and fell, and swayed and surged, but did not sing. Commencing a half note after, and following exactly the sound of the Professor’s Indian voice, was *another, a spirit voice*, imitating every tone,—rising when it rose, falling when it fell, and in every respect sounding exactly like an echo of the first voice. We were amused, astonished and electrified, so loud, so real, were both the voices, so utterly impossible was it that any but the young spirit-son, before alluded to, who was an excellent musician, could have planned and carried out so wonderful a performance.

“Then came what I consider the crowning fact of the evening. The circle sang again, and this time the voice of the spirit-son, distinct and clear, was heard, while another voice, a tenor, high in the air, was also heard. The latter was recognized by a lady medium, who was present, as her father’s voice. These two spirit voices sang through the whole piece, and the lady above referred to, felt the hand of her father upon her head during the whole time, the voice and hands of the medium being distinctly heard elsewhere in the circle. ‘Oft In The

Stilly Night,' was then sung, and many of the circle heard a quartette of male voices overhead, while all distinctly heard the two voices before referred to.

"I will not mention the corroborative evidence that many of the mediums present saw,—the spirit side of this wonderful seance,—with clairvoyant vision, fully confirming what transpired. Such manifestations are their own confirmation, and long may the lovely medium be spared, who was the instrument on that occasion to prove that 'There is no death,' and may the blessings of both worlds go with her everywhere."

The seances, to which Mrs. Richmond refers, and where the son of the host and hostess seemingly had charge, was held at the home of Mr. Collins Eaton. The spirit-son was named Crawford Eaton. This young man had often attended Mrs. Lord's seances and sang with Clarence. He was a beautiful singer and Clarence had, at one of these seances, promised him that when he came over to his side of life, he should conduct a seance.

At this seance, the medium's father, Mr. Barrock, came, and calling her by the name he had called her in childhood, said: "Kit, I am dead. Don't be afraid of me. I died at nine o'clock this evening. Tell mother that I am gone." The mother was living in Chicago, while he, on account of having asthma, was living in Leadville, Colorado, with an older daughter. She went home and told her mother, who said: "That cannot be. Since you left this afternoon, I received a letter stating that he was much better." They sent a telegram to ascertain the fact of his death. A message was received in Chicago, and a similar message was received by the oldest daughter in Quincy, announcing his death. It may seem strange to relate, but on mentioning the receipt of these messages, when on a visit to Leadville, the members of the family there positively denied ever sending these two messages, as they knew that none of them could come to the funeral. On examination at the telegraph office, it was ascertained that no such messages were ever sent, and yet such mes-

sages were received. In the light of the spiritual phenomena of the present day, this circumstance will not be questioned. It is, however, a fact. Mr. Barroek had to reach his death bed before he could comprehend the great fact that was demonstrated to him nearly all of his life, so strong was his religious prejudices.

He had fallen and injured one of his legs and the doctors told him it would have to be amputated. The doctors had assembled at his bedside for that purpose, when a message was brought to the house from Mrs. Lord, telling him not to have it done. If he did, he would die during the operation. She had written him only a few days before, telling him that his time was very short.

When he was brought home, with his leg injured, he had the letter in his pocket unopened. When it was read to him, the tears came into his eyes and he said: "She is right. I shall never get off this bed."

While confined to his bed he saw a little neighbor boy at his bedside, and said to his daughter: "Why don't you give Willie a chair?" His daughter, thinking he was a little flighty, and to pacify him, said: "Willie, you can take that chair." The boy had died after Mr. Barroek had been confined to his bed. Very soon he turned to his daughter and asked her why she had not told him Willie was dead.

Just before he died, he saw his father and mother, and others, long since dead, and said: "I am so sorry I ever made life so hard for Maud. Write and tell her I am sorry, and that I ask her to forgive me. I now know it is all true. How much better it would have been for me had I realized all this long, long ago. She was always right." Thus, in the wreck of lost opportunities ended what might have been a brilliant and useful life.

TWO STRANGE STORIES.

Louise Chandler Moulton, than whom no writer is better or more favorably known, published in the *Arena*, two experiences with Mrs. Lord. The incidents related

cannot be explained upon any other than the spiritual hypothesis. She said:

“Both incidents date back at least a dozen years. My friend lives in Whitinsville, Mass., and he had been invited to the house of an acquaintance, in the neighboring town of Uxbridge, for a spiritualistic seance at which Maud E. Lord was to be the medium.

“On the afternoon of the appointed day, a friend from Providence arrived unexpectedly, and there was nothing for him to do but take this unforeseen guest along to Uxbridge. It caused some delay, and the seance had already begun when they arrived, and the man from Providence was not introduced, even to the host of the evening. He was an entire stranger to every one in the room.

“Very soon, however, the medium turned to him, and said: ‘If you please, sir, Sarah wants to speak with you.’ The Providence young man made no response, and the medium turned her attention to some one else. Again she turned back to him, later on, and said, as before: ‘Sarah wants to speak to you,’ and again he made no response. Finally, just as the seance was nearly over, she turned to him a third time, and said: ‘Sarah wants very much to speak to you. She says her name is Sarah Thornton Deane—D, e a n e,’ spelling out the last name, letter by letter. Still the Providence man made no reply. After they had left the house, he said, to my friend: ‘What rubbish it all is. Why, I never knew any Sarah Thornton Deane in my life.’

“But he chanced, some weeks later, on an impulse of idle curiosity, to ask an aunt of his if she had ever heard of a Sarah Thornton Deane. ‘Yes, indeed,’ was her answer; ‘but she’s dead, long ago. She lived with your mother three years—one year before you were born and two afterwards. She took care of you those two years, and she just set her life by you.’

“‘And did she call herself Sarah Thornton Deane—

all three names? And was the Deane spelled with a final e?

“‘Yes, she always put the Thornton in, and she spelled the Deane with an e. But what set you to asking about her? She’s been dead years and years, and I doubt if you ever saw her after you were three or four years old.’

“‘Yes, but I chanced to hear her name,’ said the Providence young man; and he began to think that perhaps it was not all a fraud.

“‘The second of my stories seems to me, perhaps, the strangest of all. It was of a seance at which my Whitinsville friend was present, in company with a brother of his, now dead. Mrs. Lord was a stranger to both young men, but she insisted on talking to my friend’s brother. There was a strange, intense excitement in her manner. She gave no name, but she told him that a friend of his, very dear to him, but very, very far away in the West, was at that moment suffering terribly. ‘I see blood, blood,’ she cried; ‘Oh, *so* much blood!’

“‘Then, as he said nothing, she turned away and devoted the rest of her hour to more responsive subjects. But just at the last, she turned again to my friend’s brother and said, with a sort of triumphant earnestness: ‘Ah, he does not suffer now; he’s dead—dead!’

“‘And the strange thing was, that in the course of time, came the explanation of it all, in the tragie story of the death of a young man, who had been the closest friend of my friend’s brother. He lived on a cattle ranch in the far West. Some desperadoes had stolen his cattle. He went in pursuit of them, and was overtaken by a terrible blizzard. He tried to cut some wood to build a fire, but somehow the axe slipped in his benumbed fingers, and cut deep into his knee-pan. He bandaged it as well as he could, and struggled to make his way to the nearest settlement. Just as he had almost reached it, the bandage came undone, the blood burst forth again, and what with stress of weather and pain, and terrible loss of blood,

he died that very afternoon. As nearly as the difference in time could be computed, he was in his final agony when the medium spoke of him first. He was, as she said, already dead before the end of her seance.

“‘And all this does not make you believe in spiritualism?’ I asked, as my friend concluded his story.

“‘I am convinced,’ he answered, with the skeptical smile of the *fin de siècle* young man, ‘that there are a great many things in this world which we are not able, as yet, satisfactorily to explain.’

“‘I will vouch for the truthfulness of every detail of these two stories.’”

BOSTON'S COMPLIMENT TO MRS. LORD.

Mrs. Lord's departure from Boston was not much like her first introduction to that city, an unknown, friendless and almost penniless stranger. Other places were now demanding her presence. The people of Boston, with whom she had so successfully worked, took the occasion of her departure for Denver to testify their appreciation of her work and of her as a woman and as the representative of new thought, by giving her a farewell testimonial.

September 22nd, 1883, fifteen hundred of Boston's representative people assembled in Tremont Hall—the largest hall in the city—to bid her “Good-bye and God speed” to newer fields and possibly greater works. Much had been crowded into her short life of thirty-one years,—short when measured by years, but long when measured by the difficult way over which she had come through ignorance, prejudice, religious persecution, the unreasonable demands of skepticism and the indifference of science.

The hall was beautifully decorated; Mrs. Kettel presided at the grand organ, and Mr. W. W. Clayton called the large audience to order. The Tremont Temple Quartet sang that beautiful song entitled: “We Shall Know Each Other Better, When The Mists Have Cleared Away.”

Dr. Emily P. Pike invoked a blessing, wherein she took occasion to give thanks for the divine spirit of sym-

pathy and affection that prompted so many to extend, by their presence, the hand of deathless friendship to the worker about to go from them,—she who had, from her earliest childhood, been called to labor in widely spread divisions of the Vineyard of Truth for the demonstration of the immortal nature of the human soul.

Professor Clayton stated that the meeting was intended as a tribute of respect to one whom all sincerely loved, both as an indefatigable worker, and because of her excellent character as a woman; that the meeting,—as was intended,—would be informal, consisting of short speeches by friends.

Mr. Eben Cobb, the first speaker, bore witness to the deep interest always displayed by Mrs. Lord in everything pertaining to the benefit of the cause to which her life had been so truly devoted: to the self-sacrificing spirit she had always manifested; to the work she had accomplished all over the land, from the prairies and mining lands of the West to the extreme seaboard of New England. He considered it a grand triumph to the spiritual philosophy and phenomena, that such a congregation,—representing, as it did, many shades of religious belief among its members,—could be convened in such a place as Tremont Temple to bid farewell and Godspeed to a spirit medium. He wished Mrs. Lord success in her future labors, wherever they might be performed, until the hour when the gentle angel Death should call her from mortal scenes to wider opportunities for doing good in the land of souls.

Mrs. E. L. Fuller, of the Congregational Church, Charlestown District, favored the audience with a choice solo, “Ave Maria” (By H. Millard).

The talented and eloquent John Wetherbee followed. He thanked God that mediums, and especially Mrs. Lord, had been given the courage which enabled them to stand up in the face of a bigoted public opinion and speak the truths given them, leaving the results fearlessly in the hands of the power from which these truths were received.

He referred to the feeling which came upon him when speaking in spiritualist assemblies; that he was addressing a larger audience than those who are seen, those living in the form; that he was addressing those living, called the dead, those who will live through countless ages. He regarded the mediums of the present day as the vestal virgins who kept alive the sacred fire upon the altars of a new order of thought!

Dr. Lynn followed: "The present occasion," he said, "is fraught with the lesson which the angels sang on the Judean Plains: 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' which had been the burden of the gospel of Jesus, and was the burden of the gospel of spiritualism to-day. Referring to various important eras in the world's history, he remarked that the one now in progress was characterized by a general opening of the spirit-world, and could rightfully be denominated as the second coming of the Christ-spirit on earth. Spiritualism entertained no antagonism to truth, wherever found, whether in the Christian, or any other of the twenty-seven Bibles known to man: any truth would find a hospitable welcome at the hands of the new dispensation."

The speaker held that those in the church who recognized the spiritualism of the past, as recorded so fully in the Bible narratives, and refused to acknowledge the spiritualism of to-day which was present with them, and those others among the spiritualists who recognized the angelic ministrations of the present hour, but refused to give credence or importance to evidence of the Bible regarding the spiritualism of the past, were equally in error. The inspiration that was given to the Apostles still lived and worked in the world to-day, and Christian ministers who are wondering at the diminished power of the church among men, would find the explanation of the difficulty in that church's refusal to accept or comprehend this grand lesson of the age. He concluded with an expression of good wishes to Mrs. Lord, as one of those, through whom, in modern days, the power of inspiration worked

for the benefit of humanity, and bade her "be steadfast to the light of heaven" which she in so unstinted a measure had received.

Mrs. Handy was then introduced to the audience. Coming forward upon the platform, and approaching Mrs. Lord, as she sat on the right of the reading stand, she said she was filled with emotions of gratitude to the medium for what she had done to cheer her in her hours of sadness. She said she had never spoken in the presence of an audience before, but felt it her solemn duty to do so on the present occasion, though she was *not* a spiritualist. Mrs. Lord was a stranger to her, but through her wonderful gifts she had afforded her the conviction that her departed father, mother, brothers and sister, were still alive in the great hereafter, and were able to make their presence known to her in a characteristic manner. She had been convinced by this wonderful medium, by the giving of names, incidents, and other rare phenomena, that the dear ones she supposed were dead, were still living in light and glory.

Mr. Cobb called attention to the fact that the lady who had just spoken, though a devout, sincere and earnest Catholic, had felt moved upon (while still holding to her theological views), to present her public acknowledgements to Mrs. Lord, and pointed to the act as another instance of the practical recognition of the truth, now so impressively emphasized in this modern day, that behind all creeds and doctrines of all churches, the universal Spirit of Life was working upon human hearts.

Professor Clayton read the following telegram:

"NEW YORK, Sept. 22nd, 1883.

MRS. MAUD E. LORD, Tremont Temple, Boston:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton desire to unite with the Boston friends to-day in expressing to you their appreciation of your earnest work in the cause of Spiritualism."

Professor Clayton then introduced Mrs. Lord. In commencing her remarks, she said that her heart was too

full of happiness to allow the freedom of utterance on her part which was due the assembled friends. It seemed to her that the God of heaven had given this charming September day on which to hold this meeting. And the warm light of sympathetic friendship, which was visible on every countenance in the hall, was a reflex of the golden splendor without. She would say to each and all: "God bless you," but the full burden of her gratitude must remain unuttered.

She was about to go forth to the mountains, where a mother awaited her coming; but she wished it understood, in justice to dear friends in this city, that while she was leaving her beautiful Boston home, which had been taken from her by a supposed friend and pretended spiritualist, she was leaving in obedience to the pressure which had been continuously brought to bear upon her for some time past by her spirit guides,—who were trusted by her in all things,—who told her that it was not her destiny to settle in any fixed abiding place, but that it was her duty to go out again into the field of labor, up and down the land, wherever her services were required by an inquiring people.

She referred to the great changes during the past quarter of a century, both in the world's thought concerning death and the after-life, and also in her own condition. She, having struggled up through life from a friendless, poor and heartbroken child, having been looked upon as haunted by demons, finally came to be so blessed as to receive in this great city the friendly expressions of such a splendid audience, now convened in such a grand place of assembly. She said that while the manifestations of spirit power had, in former days, been misunderstood and traduced,—not even understood by herself,—this vast assembly is adequate proof of the personal and professional appreciation of the spiritual visitants.

She testified gratefully to what her spirit friends had done for her in all the marked crisis of her life. She said that all their prophecies to her, as to what she was to

perform, had been fulfilled to this hour. She remembered that in the audience were some who had not yet seen their way clearly to accept the light which was shining upon the pathway of mortals to-day. But why should the Christian church deny the possibility of present inspiration? Though human tongues fall out of speech, would immortal love send back no echo across the waves of death? Could He, who promised the full harvest, forget the weeping sower? If such a bridge as that at Brooklyn could be reared by feeble human means across the pulsing tides, could not angel minds plan, and spirit workers build, a bridge of communion over the soundless waters of death? Spiritualism came to take away no man's faith, but to give knowledge to each and all,—to make assurance doubly sure, that the course of human life is an upward one, and the chain of being stretches through an eternity of progress.

Mrs. Lord spoke retrospectively of the satisfaction which had attended her labors in the West—instancing her pleasant experiences in Leadville, Colorado, as an example of the kindness which had been shown her wherever she had been. She proclaimed her purpose to render whatever service she could, in the future as she had in the past, to support the cause of Spiritualism, so near and dear to her heart. She prized her mediumship above all earthly things. She had rather be a spiritual medium than a queen and she should strive in her humble way to remain worthy of this great gift by the continued and indefatigable discharge of the duties laid upon her by its possession.

She referred to what Theodore Parker had remarked in regard to spiritualism, as it appeared to him in its early days, and to what the brave poet-preacher John Pierpont had said and done for the cause in the closing years of his life,—encouraging others by his example to break the chains of the past upon the glowing anvil of the holy present, and proclaiming to them that spiritualism, through its works, “was wide as the universe, as broad as the wisdom, and as comprehensive as love.”

She closed by a renewal of thanks for the present assembly, and the expression of the hope that all would meet many times on earth, before experiencing the change which brought on the sure reunion in the land of souls which spiritualism had demonstrated to the nineteenth century.

The quartette then joined in the song "Farewell."

THE SEYBERT COMMISSION.

Very much was expected from this commission, appointed to make a scientific investigation of the phenomena of spiritualism. The result was a disappointment to all classes. Scientists were disappointed at the lack of scientific methods employed,—the illogical conclusions of the commission, and the frivolous actions of some of its members. Spiritualists were disgusted at the manifest insincerity of the members of the commission, and the flippant, foolish methods employed. The members of the commission were respectable people as the world goes, especially the acting chairman, Mr. Horace Howard Furness, who was a scholar and a perfect type of the old school gentleman. Much was expected from them by reason of his connection with the commission. Very early in their investigations it became evident to those conversant with their methods and actions, that they were spending the money left for this work with the idea, if they had any idea outside of having a good time, to prove the claims of spiritualism false—to prove a negative proposition.

Mrs. Lord received the following letter:

"222 West Washington Square.

MRS. MAUD E. LORD.

DEAR MADAM: Can you conveniently designate a day and hour when I can have the honor of waiting on you? I am desirous of seeing you in the interest of the SEYBERT COMMISSION. Mr. John C. Bundy, of Chicago, has kindly

permitted me to use his name in urging you to give a favorable consideration to the request of the commission that they be permitted to observe and investigate the remarkable manifestations of spiritual power revealed through your mediumship. He has authorized me to say for him that he feels great interest in having you lend your assistance to this commission; and that you are one of the few whom he has felt justified in thus commending. It will give me great pleasure to go to Boston for a personal interview when all due arrangements can be made more conveniently and explicitly than by letter.

We know that we are asking much, but we are encouraged by the belief, inspired by Mr. Bundy, that, like ourselves, you are seeking light on a subject which bids fair to be almost inexhaustible.

I remain, dear madam,

Very respectfully,

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

Acting Chairman, Seybert Investigating Commission.
30 November, 1884."

Mrs. Lord complied with this request, supposing they were earnestly trying to scientifically solve the great problem that means so much to the race. She went to Philadelphia, at their request, to hold a seance for their special benefit. She waited nearly a week before they could find time to attend. Finally, an evening was appointed and they came to the magnificent home of Mr. Furness, 222 West Washington Square, where the seance was to be held. They came as scientists, investigating an important question. They came dressed for an evening party and could only remain a short time. The circle was formed. These scientists (?) commenced by violating every condition necessary for the production of the phenomena. Knowing that the scholarly and gentlemanly chairman was quite deaf, they laughed and talked and snickered at everything. They were requested by Mrs. Lord to treat the occasion seriously, as becoming men acting in a public

capacity, with the whole country awaiting their conclusion. Even when thus requested, they were not gentlemen enough to comply with the necessary conditions. Mrs. Lord was obliged to break up the seance. They feared she would give some explanation to Mr. Furness and begged her to renew the seance. This she did. They received touches, descriptions, saw lights and heard voices, which they recognized. In less than an hour, these scientists (?), in their gloves and evening dress, left for the party, where their great talents could have full play. Less than an hour's investigation was all they required to pronounce on a question that had engaged the profoundest minds of the age. They consumed a week of Mrs. Lord's time, for which she refused all compensation. Mr. Furness, the chairman, however, treated her, as all thorough gentlemen always act, with due respect and great hospitality, during her week's delay and waiting for his great (?) scientists to get ready.

Mr. Furness attended one of Mrs. Lord's seances in Boston on the occasion of his first visit to see her. In this seance, a sister came to him and gave the name of Mary Ann Furness. He said, no, he never had such a sister. On returning to Philadelphia, he wrote Mrs. Lord and acknowledged his mistake. He asked members of his family and they told him that he did have such a sister.

The Seybert Commission has passed into history and requires no obituary. "Parturiunt montes, etc." Its deliberations, if what they reported can be thus designated, did no harm, and its conclusions did not settle anything, unless it might be the incompetency of that commission.

CHAPTER XV.

QUEEN CITY PARK.

This beautiful, spiritual camp ground, situated on the shore of Lake Champlain near Burlington, Vermont,—than which there is no more delightful spot in all New England for a summer vacation, was very frequently visited by Mrs. Lord after the session closed at Lake Pleasant. The honest, sincere country people who constituted the majority attending there, were very enthusiastic admirers of Mrs. Lord. Here, as at her own favorite camp, her seances were always crowded. She usually made her home, while at this camp, with Mr. William Gardner, of Troy, New York, or with Mr. Mannum, both of whom owned cottages on the grounds.

At one of her seances here, a spirit came to Mr. Ferris, of Malone, New York, and was described by Mrs. Lord so accurately,—even to saying that the spirit came into the circle dancing,—that Mr. Ferris instantly recognized him as a friend who was still alive.

“No,” said Mrs. Lord, “that spirit is here and is not in the body.” Mr. Ferris was very emphatic, and said, “No, I know better. He was alive in Malone, only fifty miles from here, yesterday; and if he was dead I would be informed of it.”

“So you will, before the day closes,” said Mrs. Lord.

In less than two hours a telegram was placed in his hands announcing the death and calling him and his wife home.

CLARENCE SINGS AT QUEEN CITY PARK, VERMONT.

QUEEN CITY PARK, Sept. 14th, 1884, 5:30 A. M.

DEAR FRIEND DRAKE, and all the rest: I must tell you about our wonderful midnight serenade last night. Clarence made this cottage echo, I assure you. He sang alone for several minutes, in as loud a voice as you ever heard him sing, accompanying himself on the guitar,—improvising words suitable to the occasion, making promises for the future, etc., etc. The guitar and music box were both played at the same time. Mrs. Lord did not hear it for a long time, and when she did finally awake, she berated them terribly for disturbing her, but I told her what they had done and she was very much interested. My time is very limited, but I will say it was about the most surprising manifestation I ever witnessed. The blinds being closed, no doubt aided them greatly. I will tell you more about it later. Kindest regards to all.

Very truly,

WILLIAM GARDNER.

A HOT BOILED EGG.

At a seance held at 26 Chester Park, in 1885, a gentleman had thrown his handkerchief on the floor in the center of the circle with the request that his spirit friends knot it so that he would have something by which to remember them. Clarence said, "All right, Mr. Furguson, we will give you something that will warm your memory." At the close of the seance the handkerchief was found with the four corners nicely tied together, and containing a boiled egg, still hot. A thorough investigation was started to find where such a warm remembrance could come from. By direction of Clarence, they went into the next door and found that the lady of the house, Mrs. Hughes, a stranger to Mrs. Lord, was preparing a lunch for friends, who had just come from the country. She had placed six eggs on the stove, which she had not taken out of the hot water. Looking into the dish, there were only five. She

knew that no one had been in the room excepting herself. One egg was missing, and here was a gentleman from the seance with it in his handkerchief.

CLARENCE AGAIN SERENADES WILLIAM GARDNER, OF TROY, NEW YORK.

No. 6, Sixth Street, Troy, N. Y., September 21, 1886.

E. H. LADD, ESQ., Malone, New York.

DEAR SIR: You have no doubt heard, through our Malone friends, and perhaps from Mrs. Lord herself, about the remarkable serenade we had in our cottage the last night we were there. All the shutters but two were in place, making almost a cabinet of the chamber, and there were only two persons on the upper floor, Mrs. Lord and my brother, and three on the lower floor, Miss Curtis, myself and Mrs. Gardner. The music box was in Mrs. Lord's room and the guitar stood in the hall, near her door. We were first awakened a little after one o'clock in the morning by the playing of both instruments, with frequent attempts to "tune" the guitar. After some preliminary playing, Clarence began to sing, in as strong a voice as you ever heard him, thumbing the guitar as accompaniment. He sang for at least five minutes,—every word being easily understood and addressed to myself and wife. He said there were more than a hundred spirits in the house, that they had done the best they could for us all, and hoped to do much better in future. He said much more that I cannot now repeat, giving a parting blessing in conclusion. One very strange feature of the occurrence is the fact that Mrs. Lord and my brother on the same floor, with such open communication overhead, were not awakened. Clarence walked along the hall, down into the stairway. I thought it was my brother and spoke to him, but he did not answer. I spoke louder, and finally shouted, but could not arouse him. Clarence said he would awaken him, and he did.

I resolved at once that if we meet there again next year, as I hope we may, we will make conditions that will

enable our friends to repeat that wonderful performance, with interesting additions. Clarence and Snowdrop each said a few words in their familiar voices. I believe we can prepare that chamber and gather a group of mediums (with the aid of Clarence) to lodge there, and give us some very remarkable results. I hope to be able to talk with my spirit friends "face to face."

Why not? Clarence and Snowdrop talked, and why not others? My spirit friends promised me early in the summer, that they would make my cottage echo, and they did. I know the singing could have been plainly heard over to "Old Folks Home."

If you have opportunity, talk with Clarence about this matter.

I am not half satisfied with our camp meeting, because I gave so much time and was annoyed so much by the management. I will not submit to it again.

Mrs. Gardner joins me in kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Ladd, and all our good friends in Malone.

Very truly,

WM. GARDNER.

At a seance Mrs. Lord held at Jacksonville, Ill., the spirit of a well-known musical man, who had passed to spirit life some years before was heard singing tenor just as he did in the earth life. Although his friends were not strangers to this phenomena, they said, when they heard this singing, so natural, so perfectly life-like, that it made their hearts stand still. No more than a line at a time was sung, but enough for recognition of the most natural and rapturous strains. This occurred seven different times, so that all heard it. The sitters were fanned, flowers placed in their hands, a gentleman's cane was taken to a lady, raps made with it on the floor and table, children sat on the laps of their kindred, shook hands, embraced, dallied with their fingers, music box changed hands, etc., much as in other seances, showing that will and memory are attributes of spirit.

A spirit came to a member of the seance in fulfillment of a promise made in earth-life, that if coming back were possible, he would do so. The medium addressed Judge ——. "You have here two of one name, a brother and a nephew. The brother and nephew died, etc." The spirit voice here articulated, "I am not dead at all, Unele, I am alive and here." The details of a horrible suicide were given from the spirit side, by the subject of it, to his father, in distinct terms, so that all those at the seance heard and recalled the event. One dear friend, who had not been a week in the world of spirit, manifested his presence unmistakably.

After the sitting with Mrs. Lord, one of the members of the seance remarked that he did not see anything in such an exhibition of spirit power that was antagonistic to the Christian religion. "No," said another, "only the resurrection is brought on prematurely before ecclesiasticism is ready for it, or those of its body who wait for a spectacular event millions of years hence, when the suppositions graveyard dust is to come forward and ally itself with its former spirit,—this process being called the 'resurrection.'

"No! There is nothing in honest spirit communion which is alien to the principles and practice of true Christianity, and if the resurrection could be regarded as a continuous reality, a development, there could be no inharmony in the lessons of spiritualism. And it would, moreover, infuse a leaven into all the sectarian organizations and illumine the firmament anew in evidence of a never-ceasing coming of the Christ, the true light of life. Another thing: Positing that man is a spirit and that in this potent factor is life, form, entity, much confusion of tongue would be avoided.

"The scriptures do not deal with material bodies. They are only an essential part of the human frame—only a time-worn instrument. They are called the grave clothes, as in the case of the disciples coming to the tomb of the Savior; they found nothing but the grave clothes, but

they saw and spoke to Him afterwards, as we do our friends under the circumstance of materialization. The spirits come to us when we make the conditions so that they can come, and when they have learned the way. They all claim that at death the spiritual body is realized at once and with it they arise into their proper condition according to their own presentment of themselves." And thus we see:

"That the beautiful dead we lay away,
With a breaking of the heart,
Was only to us the cast in clay,
Of a deathless counterpart."

CUI BONO? A HIGHER EDUCATION.

- In 1886, Mrs. Lord had reached a point in her work where it was her purpose, not so much to demonstrate to the public the fact of the continuity of life, as to evolve from the facts demonstrating this continuity, a practical philosophy—a code of ethics suitable to the times and in keeping with the advances made by spiritual science. The theory of evolution had swept away many theological myths—the lessons of wisdom coming from the spiritual side of life had done away with the scheme of orthodox salvation, original sin, and the vicarious atonement; and, there was a necessity for something to be formulated in the place of these things for those who seemed not to be original thinkers. She had, prior to this time—in 1884—held many seances in New York for Senator Leland Stanford, resulting in his devoting his millions to the building of the greatest university in the world at Palo Alto, California.

A knowledge of the great fact of continuous life and the philosophy founded upon fact, had shown Senator Stanford the great importance and necessity for a school founded on broader and more liberal lines than similar institutions East, and across the ocean. As Senator Stanford personally said to the writer, "But for Mrs. Lord and the convincing evidence she has given me of a future

life, and the important bearing our thoughts and actions here have upon that future life, my millions would not have been devoted to the building and endowing of the University."

The lessons given her of the absolute accuracy and certainty of the compensatory and unchangeable laws of nature—that effect follows cause in spiritual, as well as in material things, were such as to make it easy and very natural to formulate for herself, at least, a code of ethics to which the public and the broader and more liberally religious can find no objections.

Her presence in Kansas City, in December, 1886, was the occasion of great rejoicing among spiritualists, whose enthusiasm and admiration at her marvelous demonstrations of spirit-power soon spread into the orthodox and unbelieving element of society, until seats in her seances were at a premium. These seances were attended by the best people in the city. At her Sunday meetings, in the Spiritualists' hall, in the audience could be seen, in addition to the regular attendants, prominent society people, leading professional men and known scholars of the city, occasionally a minister, judges, doctors, lawyers, leading business men and their families.

Believers were delighted, and skeptics and unbelievers were astonished and confounded, being utterly unable to account for the wonderful manifestations in any other way than through spirit agency.

On the invitation of Mr. M. H. Hudson, manager of the opera houses, she spoke in Music Hall, which proved to be none too large for the enthusiastic audiences that greeted her. Never in the history of Kansas City did spiritualism have such a revival.

Her first meeting in Music Hall was thus described by the *Kansas City Times*:

MRS. LORD, THE MEDIUM, DISPLAYS SOME OF HER POWERS TO
A PLEASED AUDIENCE.

When Mrs. Maud E. Lord, a medium well-known in spiritualistic circles all over the country, began her lecture last evening in Music Hall, every seat was occupied. The skeptics, who were challenged to be present, were there in full force, and they were handled in such a manner that when they left the hall most of them believed that there was something in spiritualism, after all. The Emma Abbot Company were present, and Mr. Weatherill had his nervous, erratic search after a lost pocket book so vividly portrayed that he changed color frequently. One young man was inclined to become angry because he was told that he would rather eat than fight. The casual manner in which she let fall the remark was probably the cause of his anger. Another was told how many members there were in his family, how many had died or married, and what their names were. The appearance of persons not in the audience was vividly described, merely on mentioning their names. When the curiosity of the audience was awakened, a general rush was made for the front, and everybody wanted to see if his family record could be told so easily. She told the family record of some of them in a manner that made them almost grind their teeth, although many were forced to admit that in some mysterious manner she was telling the truth. One young man, who was accompanied by a young lady, was told that he would prosper if he would not touch whiskey, and one old toper, whose nose had assumed a carmine hue, almost turned pale when he was told that he would live longer if he did not drink so much water.

"I can see that several of your family have died of dropsy."

"I admit that it is a fact," said the red-nosed skeptic.

"Drink less water," she said, and passed on to a young man who handed her his watch charm and wanted her to tell his fortune. This she did in a manner that almost

made the young man wild, until he finally asked her to desist. She said that the young man had spent a month of the last summer in the country. He admitted that he had, and then she told him about a little hunt for snipe he had made with the boys while absent. This he vehemently denied, but took the caution to ask the medium to speak no further.

Many were there for pleasure, and the manner in which the hall was filled with laughter at times showed that they had forgotten business cares for the while. Col. Theodore S. Chase was told that he had been newly elected secretary of an association for making Kansas City greater, and she said that both he and the association would prosper. In telling one gentleman certain facts about himself, she remarked that his hair was red before he commenced wearing a wig, which he admitted after remaining visibly confused for a few seconds.

After the meeting had closed, Mr. J. Bolby, proprietor of the Pacific House, and a number of his friends, accompanied Mrs. Lord and her associates to the parlors of the Normandy Hotel, where a seance was held. Mr. Bolby, who announced that he could never believe in spiritualism, was astonished at the manner in which his history was revealed and the way in which his family was described. Mrs. Lord told him he was proprietor of the Pacific House, and that on one occasion he said he would like to have a cat, and a friend who overheard the remark afterward sent him a sack full by express. At the conclusion Mr. Bolby admitted that this was true, and many marveled at her skill. One who said that he was a thorough skeptic, was told what countries he had traveled in, and the names of his wife, his uncles and his sisters.

At this meeting Mrs. Lord took occasion to outline the philosophy of spiritualism in its ethical and practical aspects. It was an opportune time. The audience was composed of people of more than ordinary intelligence, thinking people, and church people who could not, or dared

not, attend such a meeting in a spiritual hall. After a formal introduction, she said:

From my earliest recollection my teachers—the only instructors I ever had—have presented the highest moral precepts. My first great lesson was obedience to divine law. I was taught to make this my rule of action and to be submissive to the right. Any deviation always brought reprimand and punishment. The voice of conscience was always audible and attended by the explanation of cause, so that the thought and the action should not be repeated. As a child and all through life, experience has taught me that any deviation, however slight, from the golden rule brings compensation more or less severe as the thought or act required. This is the law of spirit. My commands were to let no opportunity pass to impress this law—this fact upon all with whom I came in contact.

The hand that wrote on the wall at Belshazzar's feast gave these laws to Moses on the tablets of stone, and all the great ethical teachers of the races past and gone have received them from the same angelic source—from those who have passed on to an understanding of spirit and its eternal laws. With such teachers do you wonder that from childhood I have prayed that it might be my mission to teach and practice this religion—a philosophy based upon principles that do not tear down to build up, but, on the contrary, enriches itself with whatever good can be extracted from all creeds and every religious faith? My conception of this harmonial philosophy, as I teach and practice it, is that it does not disturb the traditions of the churches, but rather confirms them. Take spiritualism out of the Bible, and the churches would have no foundation upon which to build. We take from the Old Testament all that is instructive, wholesome and clean. We believe in the teachings of Christ and strive to emulate the examples of all saintly lives. We teach that all infractions of moral and spiritual laws bring punishment.

Purity of morals, a cleanly life and a practice of the "Golden Rule" are vital exemplifications of the highest



11. 11. 11.



MRS. MAUD E. LORD.

(See page 373.)

virtues. We demonstrate to all conscientious investigators the great fact that "if a man die he shall live again," that death is but birth into a new, natural, social and real life, compared to which this is the shadowy life. We demonstrate immortality. If you accept the fact on faith, we ask you to know it. We are not iconoclasts, but co-operate with churches in all reforms. We ask all to think for themselves. Ours is an established religion, with a demonstrable philosophy. To the erring it offers mercy; to the wicked it holds out opportunities of growth into better conditions; to the weary on earth it speaks of rest, and to the miserable it breathes the balm of hope. What objection can humanity have to the fact that under proper conditions the voices of their loved ones "gone before," may, and do fall again into speech and tell us that the coin current in immortal life is the good and unselfish acts we perform here—aye, that our capital "over there" is the aggregate of thought and consummation of actions here.

We advise all to first establish the fact of the continuity of life—personal, individual life—to their satisfaction; and, on such fact to build a code of ethics commensurate with their own intellectual capacity and moral needs. None can do this and live in evil ways. None can know that the eyes of loved ones are upon them and frequent the haunts of vice, or wrong their neighbor. When we know that every infraction of the moral and spiritual law brings its own punishment; when we can measure the dynamic force of thought and approximate the laws of heredity, when these things, these facts, these laws, not formulated into text books are taught to, and understood by our children and become, as it were, "bred in the bones," then may we expect a nobler and grander race, whose spiritual natures, without which man is an animal, shall balance and beautify the scientific prodigies our schools and colleges are sending out into all conditions of life.

Has the whole field of philosophical exegesis or the

entire curriculum of ecclesiasticism a grander or better message for humanity?

"It is a beautiful belief that ever around our heads,
Are hovering on noiseless wing bright spirits of the dead;
It is a beautiful belief that, when ended our career,
It shall be our mission to watch over others here—
To lend a moral to the flower, breathe wisdom on the wind
To hold communion, at night's pure noon, with the imprisoned
mind,
To bid the mourner cease to mourn—the trembling be forgiven."

Like the Rev. Heber Newton, I believe in individual responsibility after death; that transition does not work any sudden, radical change in our intellectual, moral and spiritual development; that progression of all continues under more favorable conditions after transition; and, on these lines is based the religion of the future. The churches must broaden their creeds to hold the thinkers who will fill their cushioned pews when these lessons are better understood.

I believe in all reforms and co-operate with all churches, and all reform movements. I believe in reform *NOW* and not after life has been half or mostly spent.

Let us begin now to educate our children—educate them to think, and in time we may bring about reforms. Our systems of education are too rigid and limited to produce desired results. Correct systems and methods should give the ability to think. To think is the ultimate of education. To think *IS* education. Mental science is an exact science, with phenomena as diversified as individuals, and man is the product of spirit force—the ego—the thinker, operating upon grey brain matter. One is essential to the other; guard these two elements; guide them in accordance with hereditary laws, both mental and physical, and the product will be a certain positive result. Schools should embrace and advance all thought movements without prejudice. Every vibration of human thought is important in the world of dynamic results. Every aspiration and every prayer uttered is perpetual and eternal. Thought

controls all the motor powers of the earth to-day, and hence our schools should teach people to think and not to repeat.

Our present systems produce too many failures in life because they do not take into account the laws of spirit which are as immutable as the laws of gravitation. Those who win in life, win because their education—sometimes acquired in the hard school of experience—evolves these forces of which I speak. In the natural, physical world in which we live every man should qualify himself to know the laws of his body and brain and spirit. If he violates these laws, knowingly or ignorantly, he alone must pay the penalty. It is of great importance to know and understand the laws of spirit, the consequences of whose violation reach beyond physical punishment, on and into spiritual life, making or marring the spirit's progress. "In all things created lingereth beauty or its wreck." The religion of the future must preserve this beauty—the new system of education must prevent these wrecks. Will the churches and the people join us in this work? Why should they not permit us to co-operate with them? We are all tending to the same end. We all urge cleaner, holier lives. They ask you to believe now and be saved. We ask you to know now and save yourself. We ask you not to wait until the eleventh hour, until death approaches, but now to adopt such a course, and live such a life, as to become pure, good and just—not through fear, but because *it is best for you*. All must travel the same road—all must enter spirit life just as they leave this life. Not as king and subject; not as cavalier and footman; not as millionaire and pauper. Scepters, insignia, and castes will all drop away. Character only remains. This is the inevitable—this is *the law*.

In conclusion, the speaker expressed the following as her personal belief which is not entertained by the great body of spiritualists, she said: "I am looking for the day when Jesus will return; with him will be a mighty host; the angels are preparing the way and the great Lord, with all his disciples will come again. Human beings should pre-

pare themselves by ways of peace, by purity of mind and conduct and by love to each other. God will not forget his promise and eternal death no longer will, with its fears, hold sway over our intellect. Become more holy, lead clean lives. The erection of costly temples and the observance of ceremonies is no longer necessary. Spirits come to all and all will come to the spirits. Wife and husband, mother and child, sweetheart and lover will all be reunited in the glorious season to come. Immortality has been proven; let the world rejoice. Sweet thoughts are these; sweeter still is to be all the glorious hereafter. The great harbor of safety is open to us and the beacon lights are burning for all and beckoning to each."

At the close of this lecture Mrs. Lord stepped down from the platform and called for strangers for whom she would describe. On such occasions she never described or gave readings to friends, or acquaintances, or spiritualists. She preferred to deal with skeptics and strangers. Under such conditions there could be no question of prior knowledge, or collusion.

Here she displayed that wonderful psychometric power to delineate persons, things, and places, and a clairvoyance that seemed to look with unerring vision upon the panorama of individual life, with all its kaleidoscopic changes; as well as a clairaudience which revealed the thoughts and words from lips long since silenced to mortal ears. For more than two hours she described for the anxious ones who remained for the demonstrations of her belief. It was a memorable meeting for the spiritualists of Kansas City—where, later, she was to meet with so much trouble.

Another strange incident, showing how life lines will sometimes run together as though the faithful weaver had purposely entwined the threads, or had cast life's drama to suit his purpose, or test the quality of his actors. Who can tell? Mortal eyes cannot watch the invisible actors. Do we move in the lines of least resistance, or is it design that we fall into the magnetic lines of force and imagine

we are acting out our own sweet will and way? At this time, Mrs. Lord had not, knowingly, seen or met *The Stranger* who used to come to her and Mrs. Dr. Hooker, in their "dreams and visions" at their home in Wisconsin years before—some fourteen years or more. Only occasionally did the thought and the memory of the Oriental Master's prophecy come to her. The prophecy made on that bright, summer Sabbath morning, so long ago, was seldom re-called,

"He giveth his angels watch o'er thee!

"No matter how dark the clouds may lower,

"No matter how deep the waters be,

"No matter how high the mountains tower—

"Their bright wings hover unceasingly,

"He giveth His angels watch o'er thee!

—L'ENFANT PURDU.

The manager of the hall came to Mrs. Lord and asked her what might be her method of procedure. She told him it was usual in her meetings to have a chairman who would introduce her. This was out of his line as manager of the hall, and he suggested a gentleman who was present, Mr. J. S. Drake, who was building water and gas works in Hutchinson, Kansas, and who was passing through the city, and had stopped over to attend the meeting. Mr. Drake accepted the honor and introduced her to the audience and acted as chairman during the evening.

From Kansas City, Mrs. Lord went to San Francisco, California, where she spoke in Metropolitan Hall, to an audience of over fifteen hundred people. The spiritual meetings in San Francisco were the most popular and claimed the largest congregations of any church or Sunday meetings in that city of liberal, progressive thinkers.

Returning East, in the early summer, she spoke for the spiritualists of Denver; Larned, Kansas; Kansas City; Jacksonville, Ill.; Chicago, and at the Eastern spiritual camp meetings, at Lake Pleasant, Onset Bay, and Queen City Park.

At Queen City Park, than which there is no more beautiful spot on Lake Champlain for a summer outing, she

again met Mr. J. S. Drake, who had left his office in New York City to spend a few weeks with his father and mother at their cottage, "The Old Folks' Home," as they called it. At this time Mr. Drake avowed a positive knowledge of the continuity of life; and, by a long and careful scientific investigation, had become convinced of many of the facts of spirit phenomena; that they were genuine and possible under proper conditions, with the exception of materialization.

He had consumed considerable time in visiting nearly all of the public materializing mediums at all the camp meetings and in the large cities, and unhesitatingly stated that he had not seen any of the so-called materializations that was in any way satisfactory, or that seemed genuine to him; and, that very much of it was very palpably a fraud, and a cheap imitation, if such a thing as the genuine ever was produced. His mother was a beautiful trance medium, with a control named "Neotkah," with whom he had many interviews. She had another control, an East Indian spirit, named "Eulah," who had given him considerable information relative to the religio-philosophical science of the Orientals.

His deductions from the facts that came under his own observation and experiments forced him at this time to concede all spiritual phenomena excepting materialization. That this phase was demonstrated to his entire satisfaction, is best told in his own words:

CLARENCE APPEARS IN FULL DRESS.

"Those who deny the operations of recondite forces with which they are not familiar, and refuse to grant the conditions required for the production of phenomena under investigation, have studied to little purpose, and need to be reminded that it is a little late in this age of scientific investigation to assert that the limits of their senses are the limits of intellectual progress.

Assuming, therefore, that the natural laws under which it was possible for Christ to appear to his apostles and for

Saul to talk with Samuel are extant to-day, I will simply state a few facts that have come under my personal observation, proving conclusively to my mind the continuity of life after death; and, that these laws can, under proper conditions, be applied to-day, with as practical results as in the instances so earnestly believed by the whole Christian world and by all people in all ages.

All races have believed in individual immortality, which belief must come from a conscious feeling that such is the fact. It is not difficult to believe that this feeling is entitled to as much weight, in forming an opinion upon this subject, as Biblical history, or argument that appeals to reason through the senses, from the fact that our senses are liable to deceive us, while this feeling is usually correct; but, as the world goes, the facts, accepted as such, by one or more of the senses, are received with more favor.

I will, therefore, confine myself strictly to authenticated facts in relating the incident connected with the phenomena I have witnessed, as presented through that most wonderful medium, Mrs. Maud E. Lord.

Having heard the lady say that she could produce genuine materialization, I arranged with a few friends to invite her to visit Queen City Park, near Burlington, Vermont, where my father's family was spending the summer and where I had gone to hear Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, who had been engaged by the spiritual association owning the grounds to deliver three lectures.

After her arrival, and before she had done any work, I improvised a cabinet in the front room of my father's cottage, "The Old Folks' Home," by hanging a dark curtain across one corner of the room, leaving sufficient space in the corner for the medium to be comfortably seated without touching the walls of the room or the curtain in front of her.

I arranged thirteen chairs in a semi-circle in front of this curtain, taking care not to have any space between the chairs, and that the chairs at the end of the semi-circle should touch the walls of the room, so that when my

company was seated, no one could reach the cabinet without climbing over the circle.

Thus equipped, under conditions precluding all possibility of fraud, deception, or assistance from outside, I seated my company. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. William Gardner, of Troy, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ladd, of Malone, New York; Mr. Charles Smith, of Bangor, New York; Mrs. Nathan Knapp and Mrs. Judge Hutton, of Malone, New York, the other seats being occupied by members of my father's family, while I stood outside of the circle the better to observe what might happen. Like most investigators, I had, while complying with the conditions given me, arranged everything most unreasonably for the medium, if the phenomena depended solely upon her unaided efforts. I had selected Monday morning for the test when she would not be expecting to be called, and I had appealed to any superstition which she might entertain by having thirteen chairs in my circle. My company was promptly on hand at eight o'clock, and in their places, while I stood outside the door watching for the medium, intending to ask her to come in as she passed from her rooms on her way to breakfast, at a time when she would not have any of the paraphernalia of the cabinet or seance room about her, and when her accomplices, if any such she had, were off duty.

At about eight-thirty she came past and I met her some few rods from the house; and, after introducing myself, I called her attention to the statement I had heard her make a year before, that she "could produce genuine materialization if she had a good cabinet." I told her I had a good cabinet and a company all seated and waiting for the spirits, and if she would come and make good the statement she could name her own price. She could not have known of my plans, as I had not told them to any one, and no one of my company dreamed of what was coming until they were invited to take a seat in the semi-circle.

She objected and said she had just arisen and was on her way to breakfast and did not believe she could get

anything, and seemed to be a trifle annoyed, as I thought, at being thus taken at a disadvantage. I told her that was exactly my opinion. My remark settled the matter, although it was somewhat unkind, and she said: "I will go and try."

She insisted upon the ladies of my party examining her clothing and removing anything of a white color she might have about her. This they did, not leaving her even a pocket handkerchief. She then insisted upon being securely tied. This I did to the satisfaction of all of the company. As she took her place in the cabinet I closed and locked the doors, the two windows having been previously fastened—and then I took hold of the curtain and pushed it against the wall to exclude from the cabinet the light from a lamp which had not been turned down. Instantly, to my great surprise and before I had let go of the curtain, a hand grasped it just below my hand and pushed it back.

I stood face to face with a man about my own size—five feet eleven—dressed in dark clothes, very white shirt and spotless cuffs! His hair was dark and curled a little—his moustache was rather long and pointed, and he wore a fine diamond pin.

There sat the medium not five feet distant. There sat all of my company; and, not more than three feet distant stood this stranger—an unexpected addition to our company. We all saw and marveled at his appearance, so suddenly and in the light. Here was an objective reality—a reality to fourteen full grown, reasonably intelligent people, all of whom saw the same presence under absolutely test conditions. With a smile he stepped outside of the curtain and said:

"Drake, do not allow anyone to break the conditions and we will show you something genuine."

As I stepped back he took a step forward and placing his hand upon Mr. Charles Smith's shoulders, explained the difficulties in establishing the magnetic currents so as to permit the spirit to grasp and use matter, so as to become appreciable to our senses.

Here was something—a *fact*—one remove from my senses, outside of my experience and beyond my knowledge of physics—no phantasm, but a fact. A visible, audible, tangible, transcendental *fact*,—a fact to all in the room, appealing alike to the senses and the reason of all. No hypnotism; no auto-suggestion; no involuntary cerebral action on the part of fourteen sane people, simultaneously conjuring out of somewhere or nowhere this well-dressed, talking, intelligent person with a knowledge of matter and force transcending the combined knowledge and experience of all present. Nor was this a combination of latent vibrations registered upon matter or upon any spiritual universe.

What was it? A plain, cold fact, unexpected by all present. A fact involving forces and laws not tabulated in text books, or named in our learned treatise. What would a cold, skeptical man of the world do with such a fact? It is immaterial to me what others think, I was doing my own thinking. It is a mental law to refer all facts to some theory.

Before he had finished his talk, a lady, dressed in bridal robes with her long, white train thrown over her arm, parted the curtains in the center, and, stepping out into full view of all the company, said: “Cannot I, too, join this pleasant company?” While these two forms stood in full view of all the company the medium could also be seen seated in her chair, with her hands tied behind her back, just as she had insisted on being tied previous to being seated in the cabinet. Three of my company instantly exclaimed: “Oh, Rose Wentworth, we are so glad to see you.”

There are times, possibly, in every man’s life when unexpected results so suddenly upset his theories and reverse his judgment that reply comes not readily, but to one educated in that most practical school of life—a daily newspaper office—where for fifteen years, as reporter and editor, in the cities of Davenport, Iowa, and Rock Island, Illinois, I had been taught to think quickly and to be fair and honest in judgment, even at the expense of pre-

conceived opinions, I could therefore only bid our celestial visitors welcome and acknowledge myself satisfied.

The lady in bridal costume was recognized by Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Knapp and members of my father's family as an acquaintance who had been buried in her wedding dress similar to the one in which she presented herself.

The gentleman who stepped out of the cabinet and addressed us for at least three minutes, I afterwards learned was the medium's control, Clarence Wilbourn, who was a resident of New York City, and who was shot near Fort Madison, Iowa, in September, 1862.

Several other forms appeared during our seance. Among the number was a beautiful little Indian girl who parted the curtain and threw a bouquet of flowers which struck me on the shoulder, and who said: "Here's the medium's flowers for you Brave." Later I learned that her name was "Leotah" or Snowdrop, as she was called, as she usually appeared to other clairvoyants carrying a flower by that name in her hands, or entwined in her black hair. She did not appear to be over four feet tall.

What was the most convincing of all, was the appearance of two forms at the same time, both addressing us in different voices, while the medium was talking. All three were in full view of all the company, with no possible chance for deception. This seance demonstrated to me that they who are so wise in their own conceit as to attempt to define the limitations of the spirit, or to pronounce judgment on any subject without first having investigated the same, must appear foolish in the eyes of those to whom these things have been demonstrated.

J. S. DRAKE.

Sherman House, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 1886.

CHAPTER XVI.

DO COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE?
WHAT IS DEATH?

"Spirit, nearing yon dark at the limit of Thy human state,
Fear not Thou the hidden purpose of that power which alone
is great."

—TENNYSON.

While riding with Conductor Cross, whose run was from Rockford to Chicago, Mrs. Lord said to him, pointing to his brakeman, "I see death following him—very close to him. He has only a short time to live." The conductor smiled incredulously and said: "That great healthy fellow? Well, if he dies soon, I will believe there is something in spiritualism." The conductor's train was a mixed train, and it was the duty of the brakeman to pass over the tops of the freight cars. The next day, as the brakeman was going over the train he was struck by a bridge and instantly killed.

A similar vision was shown in St. Louis. Entering an Olive street car one afternoon, she remarked to her companion, "I see death very close to that gentleman seated in the front of the car." Her companion looked and saw that she had pointed to Captain Joseph Brown, so well and favorably known, as the old city auditor, and, at one time, mayor of St. Louis. Both were well acquainted with Captain Brown. She was very nearly blind—always having been near-sighted—and did not recognize him. They called the Captain back and he said he was feeling quite well, much better than he had felt for some time. Captain Brown was a pronounced spiritualist and an unusually intelligent man. During the great Chicago fire, he was the first to send relief to the people of that city. He for-

warded the first car-load of provisions, while the city was still burning. This vision of death, in this case, was verified in less than two months.

Again, when boarding at the Sherman House in Chicago, Mr. Harry J. Milligan, a friend of her husband, came in from a drive, thoroughly chilled. She happened to be in the elevator when he went up to his room. She censured him for going out on such a day without his overcoat. She went on to her room and said to her husband, "Harry is going to die."

"What makes you think so," was his reply.

"I saw death over him as we came up in the elevator just now."

"That cannot be, as he is such a strong and healthy man. He is a perfect athlete," was his answer.

"Oh, yes, he is going to die. I never see death over any one that they do not die, in a very short time, according to the distance the shadow is from them."

"Death is not a person—how can it make, or be a shadow? What does it look like?"

"It is like a presence, a beautiful, ethereal and refined presence when the life of the person has been clean, moral, and pure; it is dark when their life has been bad. This presence is always knitting, weaving, and closing up the threads of life. Sometimes it is close up to the person and sometimes distant. Sometimes it is rushing after them and at other times it is moving along leisurely. Sometimes it diffuses a beautiful, exquisite, exotic perfume; at other times, an indescribable odor, according to the thoughts and character of the person. It does not seem to be the reflex of the people, because it does not look like them. To me it seems to be a real presence. You know how many I see following people on the street—in public assemblies, and on the cars. Whenever you have taken the trouble to learn the facts, you have always found that this vision—this actual presence, call it the shadow of the person or their guardian angel closing up his accounts, or call it what you will, is the forerunner of the person's death.

All my life, I have seen this presence, sometimes beautiful, and sometimes sorrowful, and there has never been any mistake. Yes, Harry will surely die, and I hope he is prepared to go."

"Oh, no, he is not prepared. He is just now at the most successful period in his business career," was the reply.

He went to his room, and never left it alive. He had a severe case of pneumonia, and seemed to recover. The medium's husband talked with him and tried to induce him to make his will and otherwise arrange his business affairs as a business precaution.

"Oh, that's all right, old boy; don't you get scared about me—I'm not going to die yet," was his reply.

He did not sleep well and the doctors gave him several doses of chloral without effect. He was fed on brandy to keep up his strength, and, finally, a consultation was held, and they decided that he could not live unless he could get some sleep, and they decided to give him chloroform. This was done, and he never regained more than a momentary consciousness, and died in the arms of the medium's husband, and his old friend, L. D. Cleveland, the architect.

A MIDNIGHT ENTERTAINMENT—EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATION OF SPIRIT POWER.

CHICAGO, ILL., 1886.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord spent several days with us when last in the city. Not being in her usual health, her presence was made known to but few. Past experience had taught us to expect much through her superior mediumship, mid home quietude. Clarence, her principal control, known nearly as well, from shore to shore, as herself, and to us almost as distinct an individuality, joined with us in our mirth, sympathizing with us in our sadness, advising us, and giving his opinion in such a natural way that we felt him to be one of our number. He was invited to give us a midnight entertainment as he had done some years before.

Mrs. Lord's room was across the hall, two doors away

from ours. There was no one else on the same floor. The doors leading into the hall from both rooms were left open; however, that would make no difference with Clarence, as he always opens or closes them at will, and this night of which I write, he awakened us by closing a door to exclude the light shining in from the street. My husband said: "Clarence, is that you?" In quick response came in independent voice, "Yes, Gardner, it is I." Then coming to our bedside he said, "Join hands." Resting a hand upon my head he talked kindly as a brother, even as a tender, loving mother, to her saddened children. My husband had been disabled for many months, and was very despondent. Clarence, reading the thoughts that had not been expressed, addressed himself to my husband, saying: "Gardner, you are entirely wrong; you would gain nothing by the change. The heaven you desire, you would not find. Your love, care, and thoughts, would still be with the wife that has journeyed with you so many years, and your inability to do for her, and the knowledge that years of usefulness—of needed preparation for the change—which might have been yours, would bring greater sorrow than yet experienced. Put forth every effort to overcome this morbidness, take a firm hold upon hope and life, and, my brother, I will help you. God bless you, Gardner, you shall yet see much of happiness. Work hand and hand together, as you now do, with the partner of your joys and sorrows, and the clouds will lift and health and hope be restored."

Much of the same import was given, with a tenderness that cannot be recorded. None but those who have had a similar experience can understand our feelings while being addressed in an audible voice, in the still hour of night, by a disembodied spirit. The echo still lingers in the chambers of my soul, and that much good has resulted from the divine interview, Clarence knows without my record. During the time he was manifesting, Snowdrop's busy fingers were arranging the bed clothes about my neck. She said: "I want to cover you up." Three hands were upon me

at the same time, and the medium, two doors away, slept. We thought the entertainment grand beyond our former experience. Clarence, however, thought it not complete, and sang to us. He began singing in the front parlor, three rooms away from Mrs. Lord's—then came to our bed-side and sang loud enough to wake the people sleeping below stairs, improvising words and music, upon which he afterwards laughingly commented. I can memorize but two lines, enough, however, to show the kindly sentiment:

"If we only could to-morrow
Place your feet beyond all sorrow."

The singing awoke Mrs. Lord, and she called to us, desiring to know what Clarence was doing, and to inquire the hour.

Mr. Gardner stepped to the floor to light the gas, but quickly called for help. Hands were upon him from head to feet, and he said he could not move, the room was so full, and he wished that I would light the gas quickly; but the room was peopled too densely for me to move with rapidity. Instantaneously the bed clothing was turned sheet side up, and put as smoothly down as four hands could have placed it. In fact so great was the tumult, that simultaneously the cry went forth, Maud! Maud! Do come and light the gas."

Thus ended our exceedingly interesting and rather exciting spirit entertainment. We found the hour to be 2 A. M.

Clarence has promised something even grander when Mrs. Lord shall have regained her health. Having seen so much of Clarence's power, we do not question his ability, to do anything possible to be done, by a unity of forces of the two worlds.

A letter just received, says: "Mrs. Lord is recovering from a throat trouble. Most wonderful has been the spirit power employed in her restoration," a knowledge of which will give pleasure to her many, many friends throughout the land.

MARY A. GARDNER.

CLARENCE SHOWS HIMSELF TO OLD FRIENDS.

Pawtucket, R. I., No. 47 Harrison St.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord and her little daughter passed Christmas week with us. On Christmas night, while a few friends were present, the conversation drifted to materialization, some of the party declaring they had lost all faith in that phase of mediumship, as so many pretended mediums had been exposed, and it was difficult to secure test conditions. While we were talking Mrs. Lord's arm was controlled, and the spirit wrote: "If you can arrange a good cabinet, we will do our part to convince you of the truth of materialization."

In the second story we have an alcove, with heavy draperies, and one window. We darkened the window, turned the lights down, a very little, but could see plainly everything in the rooms. Mrs. Lord called for a rope to tie her hands. Two of the party tied her hands securely behind her back. The moment she entered the cabinet, a hand and arm were thrust out. In the meantime a hand came out at the side, and reaching over the bed, pulled a pillow off onto the floor. Then Mrs. Lord said:

"Clarence, it seems very warm in here."

Immediately, we heard the window being pulled down at the top. It was a very hard sash to move. The curtain rattled, and the spirit seemed to be very strong. The window is on the back part of the house, the third floor from the ground, and there is no way to reach it from the outside.

Clarence materialized and stood at the opening in front while "Snowdrop" peeped out at the side, giving her hand to all in the circle, six in number. Some very good tests were given from spirit friends in the cabinet, who could not get strength enough to show themselves. Mrs. Lord then came out, and we all saw her hands were tied as securely as when she went in. We untied them and had a little rest, after which, she went back again. We handed the rope to Clarence, who came to the opening. He tied

her hands behind her, then secured her feet and tied her to the chair. Then the curtain opened, and a large Indian, Kaolah, lifted her in the chair and carried her out into the room. We had a good job in untying the knots, but finally succeeded. Then we tied her again, and she went into the cabinet, myself and Mr. Read accompanying her. We stood by her side while the spirits untied the rope. While the spirits were untying her we felt spirit hands on our heads and backs and heard voices talking to us. Then we came out, and while Mrs. Lord stood just outside of the curtain, and Mrs. R. was standing in front of her, a large Indian put out his hand over her head and touched Mrs. R. Mrs. Lord is not entranced during materializations.

MRS. A. W. READ.

IDENTITY OF SPIRIT.

While holding a seance, several miles from Decatur, Mich., at Mr. Osborne's home, the spirit of a lady came and was described by Mrs. Lord so accurately that the family instantly recognized her as a relative, an aunt of Mrs. Osborne. She gave her name, as well. There was no question about the identity of the spirit, but the family did not know that the woman was dead, as they had received a letter from her only a few days before. At the close of the seance they gave the medium an album and asked her if she could pick out the photograph of the lady. She looked the album through, carefully, and handed it back, saying, "Her picture is not in this album."

They gave her another album, and, on looking it through, she handed it to Mr. Osborne, saying, "That is her picture—that is the face I saw in the seance." It was the one she had described to them and whose name had been given by the voice in the seance. When she was being described in the seance and when the family persisted in saying she was alive, the voice asserted that she had died, but was not dead.

The next morning, Mr. Osborne drove to town and telegraphed to the aunt's home, in one of the Eastern states,

and found it was all true as reported in the seance, that she had died a few days before.

While holding a cabinet seance at Mr. Orvis' home, at Oakfield, Wisconsin, the spirit of a man came and showed himself and gave his name: He said he lived in Western New York near Jamestown; that he knew but one person in the room; that he was a relative of Mrs. Dr. Hooker in Fondulac and that he would like to have the medium tell Mrs. Hooker that he was dead and had come to inform her before the funeral. In a few days Mrs. Hooker received a letter from her sister verifying the fact.

While the medium and her husband were temporarily stopping in Kansas City, Mo., she awoke one morning about seven o'clock and awakening her husband, said: "Your mother has passed away." They knew she was sick, but at last accounts was not considered dangerously ill. He asked how she knew, and she replied, "I see her standing there at the foot of the bed." Never for an instant doubting the accuracy of the statement, he made every arrangement to leave for New York on the first train.

They boarded at the time with Dr. T. A. Kimmell. On going to breakfast that morning, Mrs. Emma J. Kimmell, an honest and most excellent medium, before anything was said, turned to him and said: "I think your mother has passed away."

"What makes you think so?" was his reply. She said: "I see the home, and it is so quiet and peaceful."

On leaving the breakfast table, on his way to the railroad ticket office to secure tickets on the first train East, a Western Union messenger gave him a telegram announcing her death at six o'clock that morning.

A similar incident occurred while the medium and her husband were riding from Los Angeles to Santa Monica, California. A spirit came and said to her: "Father said if you knew I was dead you would bury me as the family have no money."

She could not see the spirit, and only heard the words. She replied: "Why, of course, I would, if I only knew

who you are and where your body is." Later, she was controlled by the little Indian girl, Leotah, who told her husband that this spirit was her brother, Harry, who had been killed in Jacksonville, Illinois, and that the body would be forwarded to her mother, who lived in Quincy, Illinois, and that he should send the mother the money to pay the funeral expenses. She told him they did not want the medium to know about his death, as she could not go there and she would cry, which would have a disastrous effect upon a throat trouble which she had and which was quite serious at that time.

Her husband immediately forwarded the money by telegraph, which the mother received before the body of her son arrived and before she knew he was dead. She did not know it until the body arrived in Quincy and was brought to the house.

The medium went on to San Francisco. They had rooms at the Grand Hotel where orders were given to put all her mail in a separate box so that she should not see any letter from Quincy telling of her brother's death. Some two weeks later, while sitting in her room at the hotel, she saw a letter with a black border shoved underneath the door. She pointed to the door and said: "See that mourning letter shoved under the door," and went to the door to get it. There was no letter there.

Her husband knew, instantly, what it meant, and went to the hotel office and said to the clerk: "You have a letter from Quincy, Illinois, for my wife."

He looked in the box, got the letter; and, looking at it, said: "How did you know it was from Quincy? No one has seen it, as it only came a few minutes ago."

He was told, but with a far-away look in his eyes, the clerk turned away from the counter. On opening the letter, it was found to be from her mother, who commenced by saying, Did God tell you Harry was dead, that you sent the money? It came before we knew he was dead."

DRAKE-LORD.

Leaving Queen City Park, at the close of the meeting, in 1887, Mrs. Lord, accompanied by a large number of friends attending the meeting of the association, went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ladd, at Malone, New York, where on the 19th day of September, she was married to J. S. Drake.

Mr. Drake was known in the West and South as a prominent contractor, and hydraulic engineer. He entered Middlebury College, (Vt.), an institution dominated by Presbyterian influence, in 1862. A year later he left and went to Amherst College (Mass.), a more liberal institution. In 1866 he went to Davenport, Iowa, where he studied law, and at the age of twenty-four, was elected president of the school board of that city, on the liberal ticket opposed to religious teachings in the public schools by the largest vote ever polled at a school election.

From 1866 to 1880 he engaged in editorial work in Iowa and Illinois, where his aggressive pen made his influence felt in the councils of the Democratic party, until the Tilden campaign in 1876.

In 1880 he sold his newspaper in Rock Island, Illinois, and turned his attention to manufacturing business and to contracting, building and money-making pursuits. He was the prime mover in the building of the Texas capitol, and the building of waterworks at Austin, Fort Worth, Gainesville, and Dennison, Texas, and in several cities in Kansas, and at this time had retired from business to give his attention to scientific studies, and to looking after investments for Eastern companies.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. W. Lewis, of the Episcopal church, in the presence of a select circle of friends from New York and Boston. Mrs. Ladd's elegant parlors were beautifully decorated, and after the ceremony Mr. Ladd presided at the banquet. Mr. and Mrs. Drake took the train for the far West with the best wishes of all present. They made their home in California.

at Los Angeles and San Francisco. They attended the spiritual camp meetings in the East every season for some years and visited nearly all of the leading cities in the North, South and East, where Mrs. Drake held very many seances, which were remarkable for the variety and distinctness of the phenomena.

SPIRIT LABOR IN TEXAS.

MRS. MAUD LORD-DRAKE IN TEXAS—A TRIBUTE.

Mrs. Drake's work in the great State of Texas is best told by one of the prominent and best known men of that state, Colonel N. L. Norton, of Austin, a gentleman whose gracious manners stamped him as of the old school; whose classical knowledge ranked him as a scholar; whose engineering skill placed him at head of General Beauregard's staff in the Confederate service, and later, made him commissioner to build the great capitol building at Austin, and whose simple truth and honesty—character's brightest qualities—endeared him to the hearts of every true Texan.

Colonel Norton had ample opportunity to investigate and study the physical phenomena produced through Mrs. Drake's mediumship, as well as to analyze the intellectual, sociological and ethical ideas she presented from the public platform. He was not only well qualified to pass upon these questions, but he had the honesty and courage, and that directness of logical deduction which caused him to avow his conclusions and his knowledge. In a letter to the *Light of Truth*, in 1894, he said:

“The recent visit of Mrs. Drake to Texas marks a new era in the history of spiritualism in this latitude, and scores new triumphs for the cause, wherever she has appeared, either as platform speaker, or as a demonstrator of its manifold phenomena.

“Beginning at Fort Worth nearly three months ago she has visited most of the important cities of the state. Her eloquent appeals and wonderful tests have aroused an interest and enthusiasm from the Red River to the sea which can neither be hushed by patristic authority or

partisan bigotry. The courteous and liberal and frequent accounts published in the daily papers of North Texas respecting the Christian character and utterances of this distinguished lady, not only evince the general appreciation of those communities, but have actually opened to her the gates of this ancient center of spiritual intolerance. The result is that she and her husband have been our guests for about three weeks, during which time our home has been open to the public. So clean and acceptable was her work, so unanswerable and convincing the testimony and proofs of immortality, that of the hundreds who attended her seances and private sittings only a few but were fully satisfied. She spoke in the Board of Trade Hall on Sunday, the 18th of February, and was tendered the larger Representative Hall in the State Capitol building by the veteran, Gen. W. P. Hardeman, on the 25th. Both meetings were presided over by Col. S. H. Darden, ex-comptroller of the state, and on both occasions overflowing audiences of our most intelligent citizens were delighted and pleased beyond measure. Each discourse was followed by descriptions of spirit friends present, every one of which was recognized and acknowledged to be true. Her words of counsel and advice to the erring, her earnest pleadings for a purer, truer, cleaner life; her matchless efforts in the line of higher thought and higher education; her startling pictures of the evils of intemperance, the tobacco habit, profanity, and the inharmonies of domestic life, which were prime causes for the transmitting of crime, insanity and imbecility, made a profound impression, and necessarily directed serious reflection upon ideas so new and so grand.

"Mrs. Drake has planted, in the genial clime of Texas, a new theology based on law and reason as well as revelation. It is true she ignores most of the dogmatisms of old orthodoxy; it is true she eliminates Gabriel, John Milton and Satan, and does not introduce any of the mysticisms of theology. Yet, she never loses sight of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of humanity, or

of a happy, realistic and enjoyable life beyond the grave. This theology foretells an intellectual enfranchisement in the future study of the providences of God which shall reduce many of his beneficences to the comprehension of man. No frown or sneer of priest or pope; no decree of synod or moral obliquity of the human heart will, or can ever effect the final result.

"The world is moving, and will continue to move, out into clearer light. A few may discredit their own senses and persuade themselves back into the shadows; a few may be biased by the prejudice of file leaders; for some cannot learn, some will not, and others dare not. Each may classify according to his own testimony of himself.

"Mrs. Drake does not antagonize the churches, but rather takes them at their word and supplements their faith in immortality with proof positive of the fact; simply asking them to accept the 'God of Love,' in the character of a 'Father of mercies' rather than one of 'vengeance and wrath.'

"In her seances here, spirits frequently came, spoke to their friends shook hands with them and gave tests.

"We are, then, to-day, solving for ourselves the problem of our own destiny; each is preparing the transcript of his own doom in the assizes of infinity; no vicarious suffering by another can atone for our sins, no blood, no cross can exempt us from the penalty of our own delinquencies or transgressions; each soul must confront the record written with his own hand; each must appear in person before the remorseless prosecution of his own conscience.

"I may be pardoned for alluding, in this connection, to an incident which occurred here in the presence of a number of well-known persons, namely the treatment of an old wound by Mrs. Drake under direction of her Indian spirit control, KAOLAH, when a highly aromatic cream-colored oil was made and applied, and which, so far as test conditions and watchful eyes could discern, was drawn solely from the atmosphere. This treatment was

repeated at different times under circumstances precluding any mistake as to method or result.

"We know deliquescence, as defined by Webster, is recognized by the authorities as a chemical fact; and, until science can tell the cause of this action and control of natural law and this production of specific results at will, this fact must go unexplained and this one phase of the healing art of mediums, through all ages, must still remain a mystery. Eminent professors and mediceos may cry fraud, possibly demand protection, but a fact is a fact under all circumstances."—Austin, March 31, 1894.

SPIRITUAL FACULTIES.

Science is averse to dealing with facts and principles that transcend the physical senses. It labors to refer all phenomena to the known laws of matter. Indirectly it has conceded psychic faculties by recognizing a series of mental facts and spirit manifestations, such as mesmerism, hypnotism, psychology, intuition, clairvoyance, clairaudience and telepathy. It has, however, stopped short of a consideration of *all* of the facts, whose verity and distinctness stand out more prominently than most of those upon which it has predicated telepathy and its other psychic conclusions. In dealing with these branches of spiritual science it has attempted to eliminate from these manifestations the agency of a disembodied, individualized intelligence; or, in simple language, to eliminate the fact of the co-operation of the disembodied spirit from the results of mesmerism, hypnotism and the other departments of spiritual science as named above. The importance of the phenomena, as thus classified, is paramount to all purely physical phenomena, in that the unseen and secret process in nature's great laboratory are only perceptible through the psychic senses or faculties.

It is amusing to note the scramble among scientific leaders to dodge the corpuseles with which radium is bombarding their materialistic theories. The accidental discovery of the X-ray forced them to revise their theories

regarding ether. Radium, Willemite, Wallastonite, Kiunzite and the other radio-active minerals are pushing them to an acknowledgment of forces that they cannot refer to any of their old theories. A hundred years ago it was discovered that beyond the limit of the extreme violet of the visible spectrum there were certain rays, called the ultra-violet, that are invisible to their physical senses but which are appreciable to the spiritual senses, and can be readily manifested on the photographic plate. And, yet these men coolly dispute spirit photography and other spirit phenomena. Darwin fell short in his conclusions because he could see nothing but "blind force" behind matter. Herbert Spencer saw only "environment" directing this force. Huxley called it the "unknowable force." While Agassiz recognized an "invisible intelligence" directing this force. He could not understand that it is individualized and sentient.

Deaf men are not expected to hear, nor blind men to see. Men, devoid of spiritual senses, are not expected to recognize the spiritual, or anything outside of their own physical experience, and it is not expected that they can comprehend spiritual qualities. Fortunately there are many, such as Wallace, a contemporary of Darwin, Crooks, Zollner, Varley, the Edisons, the Teslas, and the Marconis and hundreds of others, all of whom have dared to think on original lines. To mention the names of all these bold thinkers we would have to go back to the beginning of the race and would have to invade every department of science, art, literature, law and business.

Without any hesitation the statement can be made that the men and women who have done and are doing the thinking for the race, who stand at the head of affairs and direct the destinies of nations have developed one or more of their spiritual faculties; and, in nearly all, if not in every instance, have been and are spiritualists. History has fixed their names in its annals according to their development of these spiritual faculties and their boldness and honesty in the exercise of them.

Success, which is never an accident, is entirely due to the development of these faculties in harmony with the infinite force that evolves worlds, paints the violet or vibrates in organic life. Know the law, it will make you free and give you great dominion over your own life and that of others. It will enable you "to read your title clear to mansions in the sky."

WARNED BY THE SPIRIT.

While holding a seance in Chicago, a voice said to a gentleman, "Go home immediately, your house is on fire." The warning was repeated three times before the gentleman started. He arrived there none too soon.

At another time when Mrs. Lord was traveling from Denver to Leadville she was strongly impressed to pull the bell cord. The train came to a halt and the conductor rushed through the cars to the engine, but could find no cause for the signal to stop. The train started and again she pulled the bell cord. The conductor again hurried through the train with the same result. Once more she pulled the cord—this time with a short, jerking motion. This time the engineer refused to start the train, but sent a brakeman on ahead with a lantern. Just around a sharp curve, not three hundred yards distant, a large boulder was found to have been loosened and had rolled down into a cut where it impeded further progress. It required some hours to remove it so as to allow the train to pass. Mrs. Lord said she could no more resist the impulse to pull the bell cord than she could resist the effort to breathe.

One beautiful morning, in Los Angeles, California, while riding with Mrs. Sanford Johnson, an accomplished lady and one of the few genuine mediums for slate writings, their horse was suddenly laid prostrate on the sand, on the bank of the Los Angeles River which they were about to ford. Ordinarily this ford was perfectly safe. There had been a heavy rain the night before, and the river had cut away the bank at the ford so as to leave a hole some six feet deep at the crossing. To all appear-

ance everything was all right. There lay the horse uninjured and looking as foolish as possible. A rancher living near by came to their assistance and told them if they had driven a little further they would have met with serious consequences. Was the horse laboring under psychological hallucination, or some unconscious cerebral action?

In crossing the continent on the Santa Fe route she told her husband something was the matter with the forward break-beam of the car in which they were riding. Without any hesitation he went to the conductor and told him, and asked him to examine it at once. The conductor replied that he guessed it was all right, as the car had been examined at the last station. He said, "Well I warn you of danger, Mr. Conductor, and you had better heed what I tell you." An examination was made and the train made less speed until the next station was reached where that car was left, and the passengers were transferred to another car. The conductor could not understand how one who was not a railroad man could tell what was the matter with a car when he and his crew had not discovered it. He said that the dropping of the break-beam might have caused a wreck of the whole train.

Coming home from an evening party in Cripple Creek with several others, she suddenly turned to a gentleman who was walking with his wife just behind her and carrying his little girl, and said: "Mr. Thumb you must be very careful, I see an accident very close to you."

He stopped and asked her if it looked like a serious accident. "Yes, very serious, but I cannot see what it is. It looks very dark about you and you must be very careful."

Two weeks from that night Mr. Thumb was found dead and bruised at the bottom of the shaft of a mine of which he was foreman. Did the medium's sub-conscious mind hold this fact in reserve to be told at the proper moment?

THE IRON HAND.

By some occult system of calculation Mrs. Lord's controls have been able to foretell coming events. When these events portended trouble to her,—which could not be averted, she has always been warned by a dark hand,—an Iron Hand,—typical of the Hand of Fate,—closed with the index finger extended. If the finger pointed upward the trouble was not serious; if it pointed directly at her it was always quite serious.

There are hundreds of instances of foretelling these accidents and in many cases the nature of the accident and the particulars are given. It may be questioned if these things can be foreseen—and there are too many authenticated instances on record to doubt that they can be, even to the day and hour of their occurrence—why the intelligences do not give warning so that they may be avoided. It may be because so few strive to develop their spiritual faculties so as to be able to receive these warnings. It is a fact that many seek in every way to close every avenue through which these warnings could come to them.

Mrs. Lord, in speaking of her own experience, in a communication to the *Olive Branch*, a California publication, said:

“The great truths of Spiritualism are awakening human souls from their fetters and skepticism into actual, sensitive life; removing fears, doubts and materialism.

“Infidelity is fast receding before this broad, wholesome truth, which is superceding all creeds. The beacon light from heaven's high hills shines upon the world so steadily, and with such intensity that it penetrates the darkness and gloom, conquers the most positive minds, regenerates and makes glad the souls so long bound and shackled with fear and superstition. The terror and mystery of death are vanishing like the morning mists before this light from Zion's hills.

“As Spiritualists, we believe that mind is all power-

ful, that it is not matter; and that spirit is the controlling force of the universe, transforming the human body into the temple of God. We see and know that the visitants from the other shore are our loved ones, crowding life's pathway—preparing the inner temple for the coming of the twentieth century religion—which will go hand in hand with science—a religion so natural, so human, so reasonable, so practical and so just that all will gladly accept it.

“They are our darlings who have passed on before who are now returning, bearing ‘Olive Branches’ of peace; and we hail their coming with gladness and thank God day by day for the grand gifts of mediumship. Though it has been my lot to be a torch bearer, holding the light so high, that I could not see myself where to step, and have fallen and stumbled often by the way; yet have I sacredly guarded the light, so that others might be guided in the right way.

“My work is not among Spiritualists altogether, but in the churches as well. I have spoken in Baptist, Methodist and Congregational churches, always to full houses and appreciative audiences; so that I feel, I am reaching more people with this God given power, than in days gone by.”

It may be asked why she could not see where to step; why one so obedient to spirit suggestion should not be warned so as to avoid disaster and accident? The “Iron Hand” always gave warning, but was powerless to avert the disasters that came to her.

Are these things like the ebb and flow of the tides and the revolution of planets, that they *must be*; that they are so written in cosmic law?

Her husband, in subjecting these questions to scientific methods, asked the controls to designate particular dates and was told to look out for March 13th and 27th.

The 13th came, but he had forgotten the warning. The day brought a desperate robber to her rooms in the Chelsea Flats on Twenty-third Street, New York, who

came under the pretense of examining the rooms. She lost some valuable property and further disaster was averted by her telling the thief, in reply to a question, that she expected her husband at any moment.

On her husband's return she met him on the street and told him of her loss, which she had not discovered until after the thief had left the building. Together they went to police headquarters, where she gave an accurate description of the thief. These guardians of the city, under Inspector Burn's regime, listened indifferently, but could not see "enough in it" for them, so they did nothing.

Determined to be on guard for the 27th, her husband did not go to his office that day. Believing he could defeat fate, he never let her out of his sight and hearing until three o'clock in the afternoon. They took lunch with Mrs. Breed and Mrs. Greenough, at the elegant home of Mrs. Breed, on Madison Avenue, where they spent the afternoon. At three o'clock he left her, while he went to the office after his mail, telling them he would take the elevated road and would return in an hour. She promised to await his return. He charged both ladies not to permit her to leave the room under any circumstances, and told them the reason of his request. He had not told his wife that it was the 27th. On his return he found her gone. She thought of some important work she had left and the ladies could not induce her to await his return. She had taken a bus for Twenty-third Street. That particular omnibus of the hundreds of similar vehicles running on Broadway was run into, a wheel taken off, the bus upset and the passengers were thrown out and more or less bruised. In walking from Broadway to Sixth Avenue, a thief grabbed her little handbag and badly sprained her thumb.

What impelling force drove her to that particular omnibus? From whence the thought that sent her home? Why the lapse of memory that made her forget the promise to remain until her husband returned from the office? Spirit possibilities may be greater out of the body than

in it, but in each stage of its existence it must work in accordance with fixed laws, therefore blame not others for failing to do what you cannot yourself accomplish. Blame not the spirits for your disasters. They, as well as we, are subject to the fixed and immutable laws of the universe. You are as much of a spirit as they are, or as much of a spirit as you will ever be. If you want power, ability and capabilities, develop avenues of manifestation other than your five so-called physical senses. All of these higher faculties are yours, not by way of grant, but inherently yours. Develop them now,—in this stage of existence, or continue to be “hewers of wood and drawers of water,”—remain laborers instead of artists in your avocations. The difference between you and the successful is only a difference in quality and quantity of thought,—soul essence is the same. The instrument and means of manifestation,—the brain,—is yours to perfect and control. Nature gives you the pattern and hints for its management. See to it that its casement is formed into proper shape before the infant skull is hardened, and that it is not jolted into rude forms; and, when ready for use, do not cook it with alcohol, astringe it with nicotine, neither stimulate or stupefy it with opium or kindred drugs. In all realms, action and re-action are equal. You cannot improve upon nature’s methods in its care. Life is what you make it, character is thought formulated into acts and is all there is of you. This instrument—this workshop of infinite and radiant force,—this brain,—with its wonderful subdivisions and its delicate material and marvelous creations of thought repositories is yours,—yours to make or mar. “As you sow so shall you reap.” There are no vicarious operations in nature. Evolution’s law,—“the survival of the fittest,”—always rules. As you think, so will you be here, and so will you establish your status in the life to come. Think not to cheat the law. Stays, reversals and appeals are not known in nature’s great Assizes.





J. S. DRAKE.

(See page 373.)

I CROWN THEE QUEEN.

TO MY MEDIUM, MAUD LORD-DRAKE.

I come, I come at twilight hour,
From my far off home in halcyon bower;
I bring bright sprays of living light
And crown thee queen, sweetheart, to-night.

For Truth's own sake thy gentle life
Hath stood, unscathed, through ceaseless strife;
For Truth's own sake, unterrified,
Thou hast been scourged and crucified.

Thy life has been a fragile boat
On a tempestuous sea, afloat;
That with each ebb and flow of tide,
Hast shown but reefs on every side.

A soldier in the hottest fray,
Of Might against Right in fierce array;
With banner rent and crimson dyed,
With shot and shell on every side.

With ear attuned to mortal's cry,
With eye that sees bright "loved ones" nigh,
Thou hast brought to weary souls of earth
Sweet messages of heavenly birth.

The great and learned from all the land
Have listened to thy guides' command;
Have sought Love's messages divine,
Have knelt to worship at thy shrine.

The immortal Lincoln, great and good,
Before thy guides in awe hath stood;
Hath sought the strength from "powers that be,"
That set a race from bondage free.

Brave peerless Grant, our hero true,
Who led our valiant "boys in blue;"
Our Nation's greatest, truest, best,
Has been to thee an honored guest.

I saw thee at that beauteous vale
Known to the world as "Lilly Dale,"
Home of the souls from bondage free,
Temple of sweetest liberty.

I watched thee, mid thy garnered sheaves,
Nailed to the cross between two thieves;
Traduced, reviled, and earthward led,
A plat of thorns upon thy head.

With outstretched arms and eyes most fair,
 Raised oft to Heaven, I heard thy prayer;
 "Oh, earth-bound souls, look ye and live,
 They know not what they do; Father, forgive."

At beauteous peerless "Lily Dale,"
 Embowered by woodland, stream and vale;
 In vernal beauties sweetly dressed
 With purest lilies on her breast.

There, crafty minds with sordid aim,
 Who sought their selfish ends to gain,
 Did strike the cruel poisoned dart
 Of envy, though my medium's heart.

A medium formed by God's own hands
 To bring sweet truths from angel bands;
 To light the weary souls of earth
 And guide them to their heavenly birth.

Oh, sweet, uprisen, triumphant soul;
 With love thy life and truth thy goal;
 What harm can come, what cloud dispel
 The angel light thou know'st so well?

Oh, pilot, true; oh, soldier, brave;
 The hosts of heaven be thine to save;
 To touch thy brow, to soothe thy heart,
 And peace and love and joy impart.

I've loved thee long and guarded well
 The love that mortals may not tell;
 I've watched thy torn and bruised feet
 Climb to the heights where grand souls meet.

Go forth anew; at they right hand
 The loved of earth in concourse stand;
 Speak thou the truths they bring to thee,
 Till men shall rise from bondage free.

Oh, life so pure; oh, heart so true;
 I come through fields of azure blue;
 I bring bright pearls of living light
 And crown thee queen; sweetheart, to-night.

—Clarence Wilbourn.

New York, Sept. 19th, 1890.

The reference made by the control to the envy of certain parties at Lilly Dale was when the medium volunteered to hold a meeting for the benefit of one of the oldest workers in the cause, a lady who had been at the camp for some time and had not done anything in a

pecuniary way. This old worker was a lady of great ability and a relative of a man noted in the Democratic party before and during the Civil war of 1861-5.

The clerk at the hotel on the grounds wrote a notice of the meeting and posted it up in a conspicuous place, only to have a prominent officer of the association slip around, when he thought no one saw him, and tear it down. The unaccountable thing about such transactions is that men of sufficient ability to be elected officers in a spiritual association, presumably spiritualists, and knowing that spirits and controls can, and do know all that transpires in connection with mediums and their work, will do these surreptitious things. The fundamental principle of spiritualism teaches that nothing can be successfully concealed from spirit eyes or psychometric investigation. Such actions belittle the cause and injure an association. The world measures a philosophy by the quality of its advocates and men are measured by their consummated thought.

CALL THYSELF "THE EON."

(Written in 1892 by one of the medium's dearest friends.)

MY DEAREST MRS. DRAKE:

You cannot imagine how glad I am to receive your lovely letter. We have just returned from Lake Pleasant and Boston,—been absent several days. Had a most delightful trip, such cool weather. How deeply and sincerely I appreciate your confidence and love. I am very proud to be the recipient of your friendship, for your heart and spirit are proud, and pure, and clean, and your spirit is now overcoming obstacles and obstructions that you little dream,—you need a little storm,—a little lightning to clear the sky, that the sun of all your blazing hopes may find fruition. They will—they are being realized, and focalized, and materialized in a manner all their own way. God bless these hidden springs of light and love and beauty. They are harmonizing your life forces now: gathering in the sheaves that are ready to

yield their wheat. Wait beloved mine, thy soul's quickening and quivering has just begun. Thrice have I called thee and thou art just awakening from a Rip Van Winkle sleep, not the "spirit's sleep," but the heart's. Lead us onward, Oh, Evangels of truth and light: Lead us outward, Oh, divine wisdom! Then these signs shall follow those that believe. Always remember that pure love is the soul's divine magnet. For all souls are but greater, or smaller streams, flowing from the great central soul of the universe, God is love, and we are of God, and we are members of one another. All true and holy aspirations, all beautiful deeds, thoughtful acts and noble efforts are true worship. I would urge you, just at the present time, to be calm and quiet, with the self-conscious balance that the angels need, and all will work out to your utter satisfaction and down to your credit and prosperity. "Sanctify them through the truth," was the beautiful and fervent prayer of Jesus. You see, dearest, our conceptions of truth unfold and develop as the soul expands and approaches the more perfect standard, the "Absolute." Human life is a never ending struggle, and sometimes, to our tear dimmed eyes, a seeming failure, but not so. God made us. The least as the greatest shall count in the Great beyond for what they are worth. For He knows, and doeth all things well. What are we? As souls are a portion of the Divine soul, God incarnate, the souls of men and women sustain a similar relation to God that the little streams do to the great ocean—to the living streams of everlasting life, to the living fountains that swell the great soul of man. I am positive that life and death are the great economies of Nature. Nature's kingdom admits these general and useful divisions. The strictly animal, the vegetable, then the wonderful mineral world—all are marvels of order and beauty. But human and spiritual is the key-stone in the arch of heaven, that is the crowning glory of all. Find it,—this key-note, sister mine. Soul growth is a peculiar process. It is a ripening and unfolding of the God within. The purest spiritual nature. The

Logos of John proclaims it. Christ of the New Testament taught it. This soul-saving, Christ principle of life unto life. It is the gleaming of the star of Bethlehem. The morning star of the Apocalypse. My dear sister, they chasteneth us after their own pleasure, but it is so done for our profit and our benefit, that we may be partakers of His holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth good to thee, but very grievous and sorrowful, nevertheless, after it cometh rightness unto thee. These hours of agony yieldeth up unto thee the peaceful fruits for which thou didst pray. I have fought a good battle. I have kept my faith, but I have not yet finished my course. My work must go on. I but rest upon the trusting shield of my unyielding armor. "The Lord is my Shepherd." I shall not want. He leadeth me beside still waters. He restoreth me my soul. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no harm, no evil—for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they shall comfort me. There is a midnight blackness over thee—now changing into gray. The deepest dark has past—these chasms are being bridged; shall your golden, glowing hopes expire? Nay, nay. They have just begun to burn, and may you realize that one utter spirit moves all things, moves in the outer and deeper heart of all nature.

One soul is the central light round which moves all souls, and all souls revolve to its central light and life. One mighty heart beats in the tiniest flower and throbs alike in the brightest sun. The great sea of life floweth through utter seas of infinite space, and the bright revolving worlds above are moved, each one in their perfect sphere and place, and God, with His presence and heart of love, doth illuminate. How dare we complain, how can we become small and pusillanimous and little and whining over the snarls and petty affairs of life, so fruitful after all of good? There we shall find long ways illumined by truth and love. Nay, each loving thought and deed of pure worth shall be immortalized, and we will find them

all there in the mansions "not builded by hands." Behold how they gleam, how they shine from afar.

Many a life will become o'er framed
With a pathway of sorrow and tears;
Every trial and truth bravely sustained
Will be treasures in the endless years.

There you will find your inspired thoughts gathered together like a rapturous dream, wholesome and pure. There will be found the dear friends and relatives gone before, whose going made such sad havoc in our hearts. We shall meet and know them. They return to tell us, "as ye sow on earth, so shall ye reap in the spirit life."

Now, why, and for what, do I sit here and wield my pen, penning these thoughts that must astonish you with their stupidity? I seem hemmed in and bound about by invisible forces, nor stop just yet; why should these thoughts, these words, rush on like some restless river? I write like one possessed, fearing, yet daring to go on. I love you, hence I write. Should I with ruthless haste unconsciously tread on sacred ground, and wound thee, pray forgive. I know how your proud spirit would smart and hurt. I know thou art asking for signs and symbols by which thou mayest be led unto the hills of everlasting light—the hills of Zion,—weary, doubting heart. Proof takes the place of faith. Reason takes the place of belief and demonstrated science crowns them all. Vainly do men seek for signs. Why vainly? Because they seek for supernatural evidence. They look for the coming of a material kingdom—an established power that shall reveal their especial religion to be true.

Those who search do not search with the eye of the spirit, for signs are here in plenty, to prove the power and the forces that tell us of these heavenly visitations. Some seek signs in the clouds, with the sounding of trumpets and the coming of the temporal kingdom, whose might shall restore the lost power. Some seek for the voice, like the Angel Gabriel, and the sound of the trumpet that shall call the dead and living to judgment. Some fanatics are seeking an utter destruction of the earth, by

the fire of brimstone, when the world shall be destroyed, as in a furnace. Though you know it not, the fire is already abroad in the world. The searching eye of the spirit, that searcheth all parts, is near you,—the heavens and the earth are filled with signs. The air is darkened with the changes taking place, and that are to come. Of “the poor old man at Rome, whose last hours are nearing and close at hand, should he seek the acquisition of his temporal power again” to be renewed unto him, it would be denied him, so great is the law of progress. The old is giving way for the new. “If the German Emperor, for the sustenance of his material power, should seek to build up the temporal power of the church” in his land again, he could not do it, nor could he get it done. “Rome herself, the most ancient mother of all churches, falls away from the grasp of him,” who would seek only its material and external power. Let me prophesy, another and *better* Rome shall rise,—shall be erected upon the ashes of this, the decaying Rome. Another church—a *grander, better* church—shall be born of the true spirit, endowed with the life and breath of the Infinite. A divine aspiration and inspiration shall usurp the place of these old forms and symbols of worship. The last struggle of the *worldly* and *material* church is very near at hand. “That form of religion which Jesus rebuked when He denounced the Pharisees and Sadducees is being rebuked now by the same holy spirit that comes to us.” I refer to the many actual truths and the potent evidence received by so many intelligent men and women that prove the continuity of life. This continual testimony,—this proof,—is brightening all the darker places of earth. This return of the departed spirit of man is working the heaven so long promised. That portion of the church that denies these manifestations to-day is, in reality, an anti-Christ of the age, while those great and wise ones within the church, who see these signs and read them aright, and hear the voices and know the evidence and admit their presence, are regenerating the church that shall take the place of a mere formal belief. There are a great many

responding to these evidences of spirit return and dare proclaim it in their church. So I say, soon, very soon, great and still greater will be these evidences, until all the earth acknowledge that the signs so long foretold, have been fulfilled.

This pen must stop, for thou shall not wax wroth with me, when I would only represent all that is peaceful and would harmonize and bring out only the purple and gold of your inner nature to Eternity's truth that lies hidden within your soul's deep wells. Yes. Publish your book. Write something and let it be published. Adopt thee a name to write over. Call yourself "The Eon." Some one says it means eternity and will be quite appropriate to what you write. I wish you every success. The best articles from the pens of others, that I have read upon the subject you have touched with your pen, are inferior to yours. I shall hope to see something soon.

Yours lovingly,

JOSEPHINE.

(Jesse Wilbourn.)

JOHN C. BUNDY'S TESTIMONY.

Very many spiritualists at one time contended that John C. Bundy, the editor of the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," then published in Chicago, but now published in San Francisco, did not believe in materialization, because he was so relentless in his condemnation and exposure of those fraudulently producing this phenomenon. Colonel Bundy was a fearless and conscientious writer, and never permitted his paper to endorse a medium without he had the indisputable evidence of the genuineness of his or her pretensions.

The compiler of the facts stated in this book knows this to be true from being consulted by Colonel Bundy in many of the cases brought against him or threatened, for what they would have the public believe was defamation of their public reputation. Few of these threats ever came to a suit and none were ever successful, showing that his publications were based upon facts. To show that Col. Bundy was a consistent advocate and indorser of this

phenomenon we reproduce from his Journal his experience in Mrs. Lord's seance.

"Some years ago, at a seance with Mrs. Maud E. Lord (now Mrs. Drake), in a private house, and while the medium, with her back to me, was conversing with my friend on the opposite side of the circle, there came a peculiar light about three feet in front of me and about five feet from the floor; it was about the size and shape of a large apple: the glow was soft, and different in color from any phosphorescent light I ever saw. Instantly, by the side of this light, there came out of the darkness the face of my son, looking as natural as in life, full of intelligence and expression—an eager but pleased expression. The lips moved and I distinctly heard the words, 'see me, papa, see me papa.' The sight lasted but a few seconds. The scene might be compared to that of a little fellow peeking around a corner, with the exclamation, "peek-a-boo!" and then springing back out of sight. There was no possibility of illusion or deception, and the experience was not subjective.

"With the same medium, in a private house on Michigan Avenue, this city, where only invited guests were present and the medium came unattended, I have repeatedly conversed with 'Frank,' a son of Mr. ———, in whose house the seances were held. This spirit, 'Frank,' would join in singing, and it was easy to distinguish his voice as well as that of Mrs. Lord, both engaged in rendering the song. It was not uncommon for 'Frank' to sing a stanza after the rest had ceased and while Mrs. Lord would be speaking in low tones to me or some other sitter, describing some spirit she saw. No one who knew 'Frank' in this life could fail to recognize the voice—Mrs. Lord never knew him—and the effect of his solo ending of a song is beyond description. In the same house, with Mrs. Lord as medium, and with no possibility of mistake or deception, forms have repeatedly been seen and recognized; and with no cabinet, and the medium's hands held by the sitters.

“Some years ago, at Lake Pleasant Camp, in Franklin County, Mass., I was invited to attend a private seance, which was held for Mrs. Leland Stanford, who came there solely for that purpose, accompanied by Mrs. Newman, wife of Bishop John P. Newman. I sat on one side of Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Newman being on the other. At that seance, Leland Stanford, Jr., came to his mother and manifested in a most unmistakable manner. There was a test which she desired him to give, and this she, with much emotion, then and there declared she received. The privacy of the seance forbids my entering into further details. I can only say that the most confirmed skeptic, possessing a rational mind, would have been convinced that the idol of his mother still lived and loved, and was there present and manifesting in his own proper person.”

Mr. Bundy did not publish the name of the very excellent people who held the seance where their son “Frank” came and sang so grandly. He might have done so, as they were too broad and liberal and too grand to be ashamed of their belief in so great a truth. This seance was held at Mr. J. H. McVickar’s, on Michigan Avenue,—the owner of McVickar’s Theatre. Their son “Frank” was an unusually bright and intelligent spirit and “Clarence” used to permit him to conduct the seances. These were with one other exception, probably the only cases where the seances were conducted by any one excepting Clarence.

Very many seances were held in Mr. McVickar’s beautiful home, at which many of the most noted and famous actors were usually present, as well as prominent people of the city. The harmony in that home and the care exercised in selecting the members of the seance,—only earnest investigators and honest thinkers being invited,—made the conditions very favorable for the manifestations. In these seances, as in all of the manifold seances of life, results are commensurate with the conditions we make. He who is not in tune with the infinite forces of nature, must not expect favorable results.

Col. Bundy remained a staunch friend of Mrs. Lord's as long as he lived, and was always delighted to send scientists to her. He always said he could recommend her, knowing that, if she gave them anything, it would be genuine.

So convincing were the manifestations at the seance held at Mr. McViekar's residence that twenty years later one of those present, Dr. Edith A. Emmett, whose office, at the date of this work, was 405 Altman building, Kansas City, Mo., distinctly remembered the singing and the names of many of those present—among the number, the noted actors, Joe Jefferson and Jno. B. McCullough.

COL. BUNDY INTRODUCES AN EMINENT SCIENTIST.

Chicago, Sept. 20, 1891.

MR. J. S. and MRS. MAUD LORD DRAKE, Los Angeles, Cal.

DEAR FRIENDS: With great pleasure I introduce to you my friend, the distinguished scientist and psychical researcher, Prof. Elliott Coues, also his delightful and cultured wife, who is equally interested in spiritual things.

Dr. Coues has so often heard me relate accounts of the marvelous phenomena I have witnessed in the presence of Mrs. Drake, and extol the great good sense of Mr. Drake, that he is anxious to share with me the pleasure of a closer acquaintance with you both, and if possible, he and Mrs. Coues would dearly love to join with you in a season of communion with the spirit world. You will find them genial, reasonable and considerate friends and investigators.

Faternally,

JNO C. BUNDY.

Santa Cruz, California, Oct. 25, 1891.

DEAR MRS. DRAKE: I have the pleasure of enclosing a letter of introduction from a mutual friend, which I had intended and hoped ere now to present in person, but unexpected business makes it doubtful whether I can visit Los Angeles in the near future. Yet I shall strive to do so, as I would

not like to miss an opportunity of meeting one so wonderfully gifted. and Mrs. Coues would be not less gratified to have the same opportunity. Kindly drop me a line, to above written (not the printed), address, letting us know whether you are at home, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

ELLIOTT COUES.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

Stockton, Cal., Nov. 9th, 1891.

J. S. DRAKE, Los Angeles.

DEAR SIR: I desire to congratulate you on the splendid lecture delivered by Mrs. Drake yesterday afternoon to one of the finest audiences which it has been my pleasure to see in Stockton. It was simply grand. It will do more for our cause than all the spiritual lectures that have been delivered here since my residence, three years. Her wonderful tests are simply marvelous and are making converts.

I trust the good work will continue, I know it will while Mrs. Drake is with us.

Very respectfully yours,

A. L. FOREMAN.

PREDICTION VERIFIED.

Los Angeles, Nov. 9, 1891.

MRS. MAUD LORD-DRAKE, Los Angeles, Cal.

DEAR MADAM: I write to inform you that the information you gave Mrs. Eugenia Crampton, of Milwaukee, Wis., while she was in this city twenty months ago, has been fully verified, much to her regret.

You told Mrs. Crampton that her lawyer, who was then attending to some important business for her, would betray her. The lady scouted the idea. But I have just received a letter from her in which she informs me that your prophecy has come true, twenty months after you told

her. The attorney in question basely sold her out, and she is \$40,000 behind as a result of the betrayal.

Allow me to congratulate you on your remarkable gift.

Yours truly,

MRS. KATE COLVER.

MRS. DRAKE PSYCHOMETRIZES FOR MR. BARKER, OF SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

Santa Barbara, Oct. 1, 1891.

Last evening I met Mrs. Maud Lord Drake at the house of a friend. My mother, who was with me, brought a small piece of wood, perhaps two or three inches long, and while in conversation with Mrs. Drake, handed it to her for psychometrie reading. After holding it in her hand a moment, Mrs. Drake said:

"You have had this piece of wood in your possession a great many years; thirty, perhaps fifty; no, not fifty, but more than thirty. It gives me strange sensations. There was more of this wood when you first obtained it. Several pieces have been taken from it. This has historical associations. There is a tragedy connected with it. Much could be written about it. I believe its history would fill a large book.

"It does not belong to Santa Barbara. I follow it far away, across the mountains, to the extreme East. I see water, a large river. No, a large body of water,—a lake,—perhaps the ocean. I see a hill, not very high, but an elevation, and a tree. I see a large number of spirits in the air around the tree. I see a log house. No, a frame house, but a very rudely constructed house. I see Indians and people queerly dressed, with queer costumes and funny looking hats. It seems to me there was a battle near this place. I see smoke and hear drums. This piece of wood is more than a hundred years old. Yes, two hundred years ago it was in a tree,—a large tree."

After a moment's pause, she said: "I see water and people standing on a rock, and a queer looking ship. I believe this piece of wood is in some way or other con-

nected with the Mayflower. No, I go away from there. I see a large building with four round pillars in front. I see a dignified, severe looking man with antique costume riding around on a horse. I see people afraid and hiding. I see people going to this tree on the hill. I see an old woman with gray hair. They put a rope around her neck. Why, I feel that this piece of wood is connected with Salem witchcraft murders."

The piece of wood referred to was presented to my mother about thirty-five years ago by a Methodist clergyman. He said it was taken from the tree in Salem, Mass., upon which some people were hung for witchcraft. Shortly after receiving it, my mother cut off either two or three pieces and presented them to friends and kept this remaining piece as a relic.

JAMES L. BARKER,
Santa Barbara, Cal.

CHAPTER XVII.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION OF SPIRIT POWER—KAOLAH,
THE INDIAN CONTROL, MAKES MEDICINE.

Denmark, N. Y., Sept., 5th, 1894.

The following remarkable manifestation of spirit power was given through Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Tuesday evening, August 28th, 1894, as testified by the writers and signers of this account.

"As Mrs. Drake was passing the Severance cottage on First Avenue, she stopped to speak to Mr. Asa P. Pierce, who handed her a watch to psychometrize, and asked her to give him a reading, which she did most fully and perfectly. She then turned and said she wanted to see that little, sick woman, meaning Mr. Pierce's wife.

After holding Mrs. Pierce's hands two or three minutes, she said: "I believe I can cure you, little woman." She then and there gave her a treatment. She said, "I will give you another treatment to-morrow morning," which she did. Mr. Drake and she remained at the camp from Wednesday morning until Friday, *beyond* the time they had planned to stay, for the sole purpose of giving these treatments.

Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Drake came in and again inquired for the little woman, she being very near sighted could not distinguish faces, saying, "I want to see her."

Mrs. Drake then placed one hand on Mrs. Pierce's chest and with the other hand rubbed her back violently on the outside of her dress for perhaps two minutes. Then

she suddenly stopped and held up her hand, exclaiming, "What have you on your dress? See, my hand is covered with grease." Mrs. Pierce, very much surprised, went and looked on the chair she left when Mrs. Drake came in, but there was nothing of the kind there. Mrs. Pierce's sister, Mrs. Barnum, and Mr. Pierce then examined her dress and found it as clean and bright as new.

By this time Mrs. Drake was wholly entranced by spirit Kaolah.

He signified his desire to bathe her entire body with the oil. Mrs. Pierce, her sister and husband went into a bedroom, accompanied by Mrs. Drake, and removed Mrs. Pierce's clothing and placed her in bed. Still under control, Mrs. Drake commenced at the neck and covered her with oil as far as the stomach then calling our attention held her hands over Mrs. Barnum's head, her husband standing within two feet of the medium, the oil dripping through her fingers. She then applied the oil on her back and limbs to the knees, then again holding her hands in plain sight with the palms together, the oil again appeared, which she applied to her feet, leaving her body completely covered with oil; the control then called for soap and water. She washed her hands thoroughly and wiped them dry, when Mrs. Pierce said she wished she could get some oil for her ear, as she was deaf, thinking it would help her hearing. The oil again appeared in Mrs. Drake's hands in plain sight of us all, but it was of a different kind, being very fragrant (the first had an offensive odor), which she applied to her ears. Mrs. Drake positively refused any remuneration for her services, saying she was only too glad if she could be of service to any person in distress, at any time. Mrs. Drake tells us this is only the fourth time she has ever had this experience of oil coming in her hands in all the years of her medial work, and then only in very critical cases. Of course, we cannot yet tell what the final result will be, as Mrs. Pierce has been under treatment of eminent physicians for a number of years, and yet has been on the decline all the time, until there

seemed to be no help for her. This much we *can* say, she is feeling very *much better* so far.

ASA P. PIERCE,

MRS. ASA P. PIERCE.

Denmark, N. Y.

MRS. IRENE A. BARNUM,

Copenhagen, N. Y.

MRS. JULIA ROCKWOOD,

South Boston, Mass.

G. D. PARSONS,

Copenhagen, N. Y.

Mrs. Pierce completely recovered in a short time, and later met Mrs. Drake in California.

Mr. A. J. Pethod, of Beatrice, Nebraska, writing of his experience with our medium, says:

"In the fall of 1892, at the home of Judge H. W. Parker, of this city, on the occasion of her first visit here, I met that incomparable medium, Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, with whom I had a 'sitting.' Let it be now understood that she could not, by any possible means, have known anything of myself or my relatives, but she told me of my father, mother, sisters, uncles and aunts, in each instance giving the correct name of the person and in one instance giving the occupation of one uncle as that of a minister, which was also correct. These were all in spirit life. But our modern philosophers will say, 'Oh, she got that from your mind.' Very good. Where did the medium get what follows?

"She said to me, 'You have a brother in spirit life who is present and takes great interest in your affairs.' 'No,' I replied, 'you are mistaken, I have no brother in spirit life.' 'Yes, you have, as he is here now.' I replied, in a very positive manner, that I did not have a brother in spirit life. That if I have, he was born away from home—meaning thereby that he was illegitimate. To this the medium made reply in very emphatic language, as follows:

“ ‘I tell you that you have a brother in spirit life, and that he was not born away from home either. Your mother is here and says he is your brother and was born at home. That he comes in between yourself and your youngest brother.’ ”

“Of course, that ended the contention, as she had already given me indisputable evidence of my mother’s presence.

“It was the first intimation that had ever reached me that I had a ‘dead’ brother. Now the proof.

“About six months after this interview, I called upon a sister much older than myself, to whom I said, ‘Mrs. Drake told me that we have a brother in spirit life. She replied, ‘We have. He came in between you and James, and lived but a couple of hours.’ ”

“Now, James was the youngest of the family, and I supposed I was next older, until I was informed by intelligence to me entirely unknown, if not as claimed to be that of my dead mother and brother.”

TESTIMONY OF A MATERIALIST.

Boston, July 14th, 1894.

MRS. MAUD LORD DRAKE, Onset Bay, Mass.

DEAR MADAM: Through the “Banner” of this week, I have just learned of your whereabouts and hasten to let you know that I am alive and “on the Lord’s side” (spiritually considered).

Your wonderful tests given at Ft. Worth, Texas, last January, followed up by strict investigation, has turned me from a materialist to a spiritualist.

You will remember me as the one occupying, for a few days, the room at Mrs. Burns’ at Ft. Worth, Texas, and the one who put up a cabinet for a materializing seance, which you kindly gave.

That seance, with others, before and since, has placed the subject in such a light that I cannot dispute the truth of spiritualism. I have mentioned your name many times

in connection with my conversion, and have also published my experience in the "New York Truth Seeker," and other papers. While I have, in some cases, discovered what I deemed to be fraud, yet I have evidence so clear in nearly all forms of the subject that I must accept its truthfulness, although so wonderful that it staggers my comprehension.

Yours truly, with respects to Mr. Drake,

A. D. SWAN.

DR. DE HAVEN PERFORMS A MARVELOUS CURE.

At the time of Mrs. Lord's marriage to Mr. Drake, she was troubled with a fatty tumor in the throat or neck, so close to the phrenic nerve as to seriously interfere with her breathing. Mr. Drake consulted the leading physicians of the Eastern cities without receiving any encouragement. He was told by Dr. W. F. Peck, dean of the Iowa Medical University, who was a noted surgeon and an old time friend of Mr. Drake's, that nothing could be done. To use the knife would be extremely dangerous on account of the growth resting upon the nerve that controlled respiration. At Kansas City they met a physician, skilled in the use of electricity, who guaranteed to remove this growth.

After treating with him for three months without any relief, he acknowledged he could not do her any good. Her control, Jesse, then told him that if he was satisfied human skill could not do her any good, and he would give them a chance, they thought the difficulty could be removed. All they required was that she should retire from the public for a year. This was readily granted.

In one year to a day Jesse came and said they had not been able to accomplish all they had expected in the year, but if they could have more time he was certain they could entirely remove the difficulty.

Much was said by spiritualists all over the country about so good a medium being taken out of the work. Many of them were not backward in denunciations, and made

dire predictions against Mr. Drake for her retirement. He was not one given to explaining, or apologizing for his action, and those regretting the loss to the cause were left in ignorance. Mr. Drake never objected to the exercise of her gifts, or to her public work. None were more pleased and none prouder of her grand mediumship and the daily phenomena that occurred in her presence, or her work in public and on the spiritual platform, than he. While not possessing a particle of mediumship himself, he often assisted in her platform work when required, in discussing spiritualism and its varied phenomena from a scientific standpoint.

A few months after Jesse's asking for more time, something was said about her throat difficulty and she made the discovery that it was gone,—entirely removed. How it was done was as much a mystery to her as how it came.

By what process the spirit chemist, or operator, obtains unconscious strength and nerve particles from the medium—and many times from members of the seance, for his process of materialization, leaving them exhausted—cannot be explained by any known method of science. Peculiarities of organization, permits of the generation of this peculiar magnetic force, and this process of generation may, in part, account for such physical growths.

VAL SHOWS HIS POWER.

While living among the hills in Los Angeles, many unexpected manifestations occurred. The controls were as prominent in their daily life as any other members of the family. Grant the continuity of life.—the individual spirit; grant the existence of this force generated by vital chemistry; grant the spirit's ability to use this force in moving the smallest amount of matter the smallest fraction of distance, and who can limit the amount of matter or the distance in any direction it can be thus moved? The facts, thus far related, places this assumption beyond postulation and hypothesis.

One night, Mr. Drake was awakened from a sound sleep by his wife's unusual laughter, supposing she was dreaming, he commenced to shake her violently, when he recognized Clarence's voice in place of her voice. When asked what was the occasion of his laughter, Clarence said, "I have not had as much fun since I have been in spirit life." He continued, saying, "You remember when you first moved here and was putting a lock on your stable door how 'Val' told you you would not need any locks, as he and his band would see to it that no thief should get off of the property with anything that belonged to you?" "Yes, I remember," replied Mr. Drake, "but I did not see how he was going to stop them if they came after anything."

Clarence replied, "You know that camp of graders over on the hill, just west of here? They can see your hay from their camp. Two of those teamsters thought they would come and borrow some of it. They rolled a large bale out of the shed and as far as the west line of the lot, when 'Val' struck one of them hard enough to knock him from under his hat. As he sat down in the mud he cried out, 'Be Jabbers, I'm shot with an air gun.' The way those two went across the field was better than a foot race."

Mr. Drake and his father, who was spending the winter with them, both dressed and, on going to the yard, found a large bale of hay, which they had put into the shed only that evening, had been rolled nearly one hundred feet from where they had left it. It was lying *just inside* of the property line.

Three different attempts were made to take articles from the place at night, and in each instance the thieves were unsuccessful. In two instances a new brass faucet was taken from a watering tub at the back door. It was found each time about a foot *inside* of the property line.

THE NEIGHBORS SEE VAL.

Returning from a three days' visit to Riverside, at which time the house was left unoccupied, Mrs. Drake met some boys who lived about half a mile distant, in the only house that could be seen from their cottage. They said to her, "What a queer man you left to watch the house. When we came up where he was he was gone, and we would hear him in the house, but couldn't see how he got in." When asked to describe him, they gave her a very accurate description of "Val."

His care and protection of the medium cannot be expressed in words. From the day he was shot and ushered into spirit life in the glorious strength of perfect manhood, at the termination of a hotly contested law case at Marysville, Mo., with every feeling of resentment and defiance aroused, he has protected the medium and punished, with all his great strength and ability to control events and mould circumstances, all those who have raised hand or used tongue against her, and has brought golden reward to all who have lightened her burdens.

Many of the incidents of her life and much of the wonderful phenomena about her has come from "Val's" great knowledge, strength and power. While her guardians and chief control debarred him very much from her presence, and she herself has feared and condemned him for the severity of his measures,—which, though severe, have always been just,—he has been their reliance and her tower of strength in danger and trouble. As he himself expresses it, "I permit no serpent to leave its trail across my garden of flowers." "I permit people to receive the consequences of their own acts, '*Jure Divinio*.'" Wherever she made mistakes he soon righted them. Those who sought her for evil found obstructions in their way. Those who sought her for selfish purposes, and persisted in it, met with disaster.

Among the most determined of those who sought to oppose his will was Dr. S. —, of St. Louis, Mo. We omit

the true name for obvious reasons, and will call him Dr. Paul Brandt. He was a talented man, eminent in his profession and wealthy, but was not a believer in spiritualism. His story, while true in every particular, reads more like a romance than the actual life experience of a professional man.

A BLASTED LIFE.

Paris, France, Dec. 22, 1879.

MY DEAR DOCTOR BENARD: When I parted with you I stated that I was about to take a lengthy journey; that I desired to place in your hands on the eve of my departure a strictly confidential communication, which was for your eyes alone; that it would contain matters which I considered sacred because of their private, personal concern to myself. The communication I referred to you will find enclosed with this note. It contains some memoranda of my most secret history, and will unfold to you knowledge that which as yet I have never divulged to mortal man.

You have known that a deep mystery hung over my life, but could not possibly imagine its fearful character. You know of my varied public experiences, and throughout the tangled web of my life you have ever been my most steadfast and enduring friend. Were it not for this I would not feel it my duty to acquaint you with the mysterious facts that I am about to reveal. I know that you will give a just consideration to this recital that truth always merits, and which you never fail to bestow in your investigations of truth, no matter how marvelous or incredulous the results of your researches may appear. Believe me, when I say that every recital is true. But let the knowledge you thus obtain repose in your mind alone until I am gone. The world would ridicule, but the mind of the true scientist will bow before the truth, no matter in whatsoever garb it may appear. You will readily perceive after you shall have read this, why I have never heretofore, even to you my most beloved friend and comrade, spoken

of these matters. I have made a will. It is in the hands of my long trusted attorneys. They will acquaint you, according to my instructions, with its contents. And now, old friend, I bid you a lasting farewell. When you receive this letter I shall be far beyond the waters of "Life's Golden Gate." Remember me as one whose life was a *wreck*, forever tossing on the angry waves of a tempestuous sea. (Signed.) PAUL BRANT.

The enclosure referred to in the above letter was in the following words:

"My life up to the time of my arrival in St. Louis, in 1865, was uneventful. My capital at that time consisted of a highly finished education, an experience in the hospitals of Europe and New York of five years, an experience as practitioner for three years, a few thousand dollars in money and a manhood measured by much knowledge of human nature. You did not know me at that time, but you will remember the reputation I had already established at the time of our acquaintance in 1867. The dreams of my ambition had become realities. I wanted for nothing, nor did I realize that my bachelorhood required the sympathy and love of woman to make my life more complete.

"It was in 1867 that I first met Maud Barrock at the Art Gallery, in company with my old friend Levey, who, you know, roomed at the Southern Hotel. I was not, and never had been what might be called "susceptible" to woman's fascinations. Still, the very first view of this woman, who was much older than her years indicated, and who, as she looked at me with her wonderful, dark gray, emotional eyes, that seemed to change in expression with every passing thought, turned the whole current of my life without my knowing it. While distant and reserved, she seemed to be a world of tenderness and love, and at times all sunshine, life and song. The first look of those eyes, so soul speaking, has haunted me ever since. She had, too, those other graces of person that attract the eye of the artist. A form, the embodiment of symmetry, and her every

motion, a reflex of her inward grace and beauty. On an acquaintance of some months with her, I found the refinement, accomplishments and brilliancy of her mind equaled the grace of her person. The spiritual element in her was predominant and not hidden by a stronger development of the animal. A just equipoise of both natures produced that just harmony that sympathizes with man, when in his loftier moods he would rise to consort with angels.

"Do you wonder, then, at the result? I was in love. But who could know her and not love her? The very center of her social circle all loved her. Even the women, I believed, loved her. While her power over the hearts of men was undisputed, she was not spoiled; she was not a flirt, to idly encourage, and then disappoint the love of men, but sweet and genial in all her friendship with all men. She sought not to win their love. No bitterness against her kind, never a venomous word, or a suspicious thought that breathed an accusation. A heart truly at peace, and filled with sunshine. Such was Maud Barrock.

"Yes, I believe I loved her from the very first meeting. Yet, I did not tell her, unless maybe my furtive eyes at times spoke the words I suppressed until many months after our friendship commenced. I would have done so, for I knew my own feelings, save for a something on her part that appeared unconsciously to repel the disclosure. And yet I was the most favored of all her admirers. I felt there was a closer attraction between us than existed with any others. I felt that there was complete harmony between our natures; our feelings seemed to so exactly correspond, to so mingle together. We seemed to adjust ourselves to each other, even like the harmony of musical sounds, never a discord to this sweet swelling melody. I felt it could not be otherwise, even had I wished it so. I sometimes thought she loved me even as I did her. I have said there was an unconscious something that kept me from her, repelling me from conversation on this subject. It was her will. Without words from me her mind divined my thoughts, and she seemed to shudder with a

kind of dread at all approach on my part to a disclosure of my love. She would tremble and at once avert herself from me. It seemed to produce a sort of horror, that, in turn, alarmed me, and forced me to abandon the attempt to come any closer to her. Every repeated attempt on my part to break past this barrier between us resulted in the same manner. This state of affairs continued for some months. I at last insisted on knowing the reason. I did not ask her for her love. I told her she must know that I loved her, and why was I not permitted to tell her of this, which to me, was the richest possession of earth and heaven. But why, I entreated her, must I never speak of that love, and why would she not permit me to ask the love I felt might be told and pledged in sacred union.

At last, seeing there could be no longer any further evasion or postponement, she paused a moment in deepest emotion, and then replied: "Paul, do not blame me that I have tried to defer this moment, or to keep you from knowing what you now force me to disclose. A terrible power I cannot control seems to bear me onward to an end I cannot foresee. Góð and the angels know how precious love would be to me. But a dread, an awful fear for you has made me try to postpone this avowal, and to avert it, even entirely, if possible. Are my words mysterious to you, Paul? Then listen, and you shall fully understand.

"Before I ever met you, or heard of you even, I had a lover, Vallour Dupree, whom I called, 'Val.' He was tall, commanding, black-eyed, swarthy-faced, quick, bold and passionate. He was a lawyer by profession, and had most of those traits of feature, person, and mind that charm women. I never really loved him, but with my girlish fancies, proud of such a handsome lover, I imagined I did. We became engaged. He was imperious, jealous, dictatorial. I chafed under his unreasoning jealousy and dictation. I saw the selfishness of his nature, and shrinking from a union with a temper and nature such as his, I told him our paths lay apart; that I could never be happy in a

union with him. He became furiously angry, maddened almost, at my decision. He then took a dreadful oath that no living man should ever hold me to his heart and possess my love; that, living or dead, he claimed me as his; that neither the powers of Heaven or hell should tear me away from him, and that should I ever bestow my love upon another, he would forever blast both him and me, even if he should rise from the grave to do it.

“Oh, Paul, I need not tell you that his awful threat rang in my ears with a dismal sound, as he rushed out of the house, for I well knew his fearful passions and maddened jealousy would make him hesitate at nothing. When, therefore, a few days after, he was called to the northern part of the state upon some professional business, he became engaged in a sudden quarrel, in the midst of which he was shot dead. I am sure you will understand why I felt relieved of a terrible and oppressive fear, but that threat has haunted me ever since. There are times when I am conscious of his presence around me, and it throws a pall upon my spirits, and a feeling of dread and of impending disaster that I cannot overpower or drive away. It may be foolish to entertain such feelings, but knowing as I do the power of spirits who step into the next life suddenly with all their strength unimpaired by sickness, with great wills and unusual intelligence to grasp the infinite forces, there is nothing they cannot do. He, with his dominating will, is a leader, and commands great forces for good or evil.”

How I laughed at Maud's fears! I called them girlish fancies and nervous whims. I ridiculed the powers of the dead to interfere with, or control, the destiny and happiness of the living. To my utmost I endeavored to calm her fears and banish her dismal apprehensions. I could not wholly succeed, and this want of success, in a measure, depressed my own mind. I, however, attributed it to her nervous sympathies, which, I felt, after the terrible shock of an encounter with a man of such bold and resolute nature, as undoubtedly Vallour Dupree had been, would easily

be impressed with the memories of his threats, and retain those impressions for an exceedingly long period. People of a keen, nervous, sympathetic nature, after Maud's type, I had long observed in my medical practice, were wont to be influenced by the slightest causes. Hence I concluded to leave it to time to dissipate her illusions.

Maud showed me now, for the first time, a photograph of this passionate man, this unyielding lover. It was a picture of a man whose face I had occasionally seen on the streets of St. Louis. His face was repulsive to me, although he would be called a superb and magnificent man by most women. It was the want of spirituality that rendered it distasteful to me. It indicated a nature that lived on the animal plane, that did not know the loftier ideal world which makes the poet, the artist and master of song.

I parted from Maud that evening with her benediction, it drove away from my mind all thoughts of Valleur Dupree. In this spirit, therefore, I left her and returned to my apartments. A little fire slumbered in the grate, just sufficient to throw a pleasant glow and warmth about the room. I was not in a humor to retire to my bed; so throwing off my coat, and donning my slippers, I wheeled my easy chair before the grate, lit a cigar, and with heart all aglow, lay back in the chair in reverie. I had not lit the gas. The soft light from the grate accorded with my feelings as in fancy this new world opened up before me.

How long I sat there I cannot tell, when suddenly I felt a presence in the room. The door had not opened. It had a spring lock, and when shut it was self-locked. No one but myself had a key. So on feeling this presence of another in my room, I partly arose from my seat and turned around. The light was sufficient to easily distinguish every object in the room. In the center, under the gas chandelier, stood a large marble-top table, well littered with papers, ink, writing materials, etc., and upon the opposite side of this table, with one hand resting thereon, stood a man wholly unknown to me. His presence there, so mysterious and unannounced, for I had not heard a foot-

fall, nor a sound—I had felt his presence rather—his presence, I say, startled me, and, in spite of my usual coolness, I was extremely nervous and agitated.

I gazed at him in a half dazed sort of way. Clutching firmly upon the arm of my chair, I arose, steadied myself and continued to gaze upon the stranger. He said not a word, but lifting his hand from the table he crossed both arms upon his breast, and made a few steps toward me from the other side of the table, not, however, going around, but to my consternation, advancing right through it, as if it had been invisible. When but a few steps away he stopped, the light from the grate flared directly in his face—a swarthy complexion, dark and piercing eyes with a light of lurid hate. What! Great God! It was the face of Maud's lover, Vallour Dupree!

Stunned with astonishment, weak with terror, I staggered back against the marble column at the side of the grate. Beads of perspiration ran down my brow, and my heart almost burst with its beating. Human flesh could not thus startle me; but here, gazing into my eyes with fiendish hate, was a visitant from the spheres of the dead. In a moment Maud's terrible recital, her belief in, and trembling fears of that unseen presence at her side, her terrors over the memory of that fearful oath of this dead lover, her alarm for my safety from his revenge—all these recollections flashed in a moment upon my mind—and I felt that I knew the object of his coming. With this realization came also a firm decision that I would oppose my will against his, that neither flesh nor spirit should come between Maud and me to separate us. So, starting up again, erect and firm, I accosted the determined spirit in these words:

“I know you, Vallour Dupree, Spirit of evil, I surmise what has brought you from your place in the world beyond; but, let me tell you at once that your jealous hate and wicked persecution can never tear Maud away from my love. Were you in a mortal body I would defy your hate to come between us and our happiness; but, dead, and

belonging to the world of spirit, you have no part to further concern yourself with the affairs of mortals. Go back to the realm from which you came, and leave the world of flesh to its own pursuits."

With mocking laugh, he replied: "Fool, you are rushing upon your fate, and to your own destruction. Maud is mine, by her own sacred pledge, from which I have never, and never shall, release her. She belongs to me. In a mad passion she bade me leave her, rousing the ugly devil in my nature. I quit her sight to carry in my heart a burning hell. 'Twas in this mood, caused by her, that I met that death that hurled my unbidden spirit to an unwelcome realm. Not allowed to enter the precincts of the happy, I am condemned to walk this earth by your sides; but not impotently. A power that you know not of I possess—a power to control your destiny, a power to thwart your every plan and purpose, and to ruin or upbuild. I came not to ruin you, but to warn and save. You must relinquish Maud. You must abandon her. She is mine. I swore it in my body. I swore it again in the never ending world of spirit. Bid her farewell forever. Swear this to me, and I will guide you into fortune and fame beyond your wildest dreams. Laugh not at my promises, for, by a law that feeble man knows not of, the unseen intelligences have it in their power to shape man's fortune, fame and happiness, according to their own superior wills. Ask me not why this is so; but know it is a great truth, and that I, Valleur Dupree, can make you or thwart and ruin you. Do you agree to my proposal, or will you rush headlong to your own destruction, and destroy her life as well?"

"Valleur Dupree, I defy you and your infernal powers! Either in hell or on earth, I oppose my will and my purposes to yours; and, in this contest, I invoke the aid of all that is true and good against you and all that is bad. Go, hence to the world where you belong!"

"Mistaken man!" he replied. "Be it as you wish! Yet, ere I go, I will leave you a token of the offer I have made."

"In the light of to-morrow's sun you may say that this was all a wild dream; but, that you may remember the demand I have made upon you is a reality on which shall hinge your destiny, I leave you this tangible evidence of my wish and will."

Here he bent over the table. I saw him use no pen; he apparently picked up one of my blank cards on which was my monogram, and then dropped it. It was the act of but a moment; yet, when it fell from his hand I saw a written message with signature. The falling card rattled upon the table as it fell, while the form of my visitant dissolved into air before my eyes.

I reached for the card he had held; the ink was not yet dry. Upon it were the following words:

"Be it as you will. Remember."

VALLEUR DUPREE.

This strange night passed, and the morning sun found me sitting in my easy chair, lost over the startling events of the night. The more I pondered over the matter, the more I thought it must have been a dream. It seemed as though the hours of the night had lengthened into days, since he disappeared, as though his presence was a something that occurred in some long remote past. I really had doubts of its being a reality. I even questioned if my own mind had not become shattered and filled with fantasies. But when I came to this conclusion, I was staggered again, for here was the message on my card.

It, perhaps, would have been better had I told Maud of this occurrence; but, fearing the effect upon her mind, and body as well, were she to have this positive confirmation of her belief that Vallieur still swore to claim her—once to him plighted—I omitted to confide to her, what now was to be a terrible secret and anxiety to me as well.

I will pass hurriedly over the events of the succeeding few months. Maud was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. Her life was despaired of. I bestowed all my skill, but without avail. For hours she lay cold, and still, without

evidence, hardly, of life. Her ailment baffled me and my other medical counsel as well. We could locate no specific disease. The symptoms were wholly unlike any we had ever seen before, or read of in the books. No medicine produced any effect; but silent, motionless, her beautiful, cold face seemed to reproach all the skill of science, and predict the loosening of the cords of life. Wild in my agony, I was unfitted for any duty, and interests that demanded my personal attention were sacrificed. I had made very large investments in stocks. The bulk of my fortune was engulfed. It was at this critical time that my coolest judgment was most required. I had always been successful, but now, in my wild and despairing fear about Maud, I lost my head. I gave orders to my brokers to buy this and sell that, without knowing what I did. The inevitable result—almost in a day, from opulence I became as poor as any beggar. I cared but little for this, though, at the time. It was only when Maud, as strangely as she had sickened, regained her former health, that I realized my pecuniary losses. My love, however, made me buoyant, and I felt that I could soon, in my professional capacity, place my life in easy circumstances once more.

It was at this time, when I was never more ardent in my duties in my life, never more anxious to excel my previous reputation for skill, that the most unaccountable losses occurred in some of my best cases. Four of my patients in the best and most powerful families, one after another, died on my hands. The last one was the wife of the editor and proprietor of one of the principal daily political papers. The case was not alarming. I used the usual remedies, but without avail. I could not account for it. I could not even explain to the husband the cause of his loss. He consulted with other leading physicians, men jealous of my reputation and anxious to pull me down. Honestly believing what they said, he came out with editorial comment upon my management of the case. He accused me of having murdered his wife by malpractice. He even went before the grand jury and secured my indict-

ment. He followed this up by publishing full accounts of my losses of the three other cases I have mentioned. He had no trouble in finding physicians who made affidavits that, in their judgment, I was guilty of the murder of these people also. In this way the public mind became turned against me, as it will sometimes unaccountably do, on a one-sided statement of a case. I was tried in the papers and in society, in the club rooms and on the streets, and found guilty. So when my case was called in the courts of law on the charge of murder, I was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to fourteen years incarceration in the state prison.

After one year's imprisonment, by the kind offices of a few friends, of which, doctor, you are fully cognizant, as you were the chief agent in the matter, I was pardoned by the Governor, and again I trod the streets of the city of my home—now a convicted felon, branded with the mark of a second Cain—a blasted, ruined wreck.

Do you wonder then that I lost hope—that the world seemed a blank? You have never been tried, know not the weakness, the womanly weakness of the boldest man, when he loses hope, and he thinks the world arrayed against him. Thus it was that the weakness of my nature, at this fatal time, let me sink still lower and lower in the maelstrom of destruction. I now gave myself up to drink—unbridled, welcome drink. Maud had gone north and married. What was there left for me? Rumor reached me that she had not made a worthy match, and was not happy. What might her life and mine have been but for the hand of fate that had seemingly brought me to my present condition? I felt that all was lost to me. I also felt that she would not long live with the man she had married. I remembered the terrible threat of her swarthy lover. But what was this to me? I could not come into her presence, and had given up all such hope.

For a year or more I went the downward way with no power or desire to stop. I now ceased to have sober moments, and yet I was ever haunted with a consciousness of

misery. I kept informed of her movements in Chicago and learned that she was not happy. Was this unhappiness due to Valleur's power and purpose, as she had told me so long ago, seemingly in some other life time—not the one in which I then lived? Mine was a useless life.

So, I determined to end my career by suicide. Yet I could not leave the scenes of my misery without writing a last message to Maud. For this purpose I sought the wretched place where I made my abode, and once again reviewed the golden days. Even at such a moment as this when death seemed gladly to be welcomed, my mind caressed the past, even as a loving friend, and lingered over its sunny spots with tender, sweet delight. Ah, Maud, what might life have been with you at my side in the days before my shame! Your cheery words and sunny smile! Your loving arms and caressing lips! Poet never dreamed, nor painter created a sweeter Paradise than might have been ours.

But it was not to be. "Not to be," and why? Why should my brief hour of happiness be blasted thus? I had taken the few mementoes and letters of Maud and laid them before me on the table. Involuntarily my eye rested on a card in their midst. It bore the sentence:—

"Be it as you will. Remember.—Valleur Dupree."

Like a flash, the interview of that fatal night uprose before my mind. I defied his power to tear me away from Maud. I opposed my will to his. He promised to blast my fortune and bring me to ruin. He said, by a law we know not of, the unseen beings could thwart our purposes, and mould our destiny by their superior will. I scoffed at his threats; he then left me this message: "Remember!" Ah, I do now remember it all! Fool that I have been, that I have not seen your hand, Valleur, in all this work of destruction. Even now, I was about to complete it by giving up my life. What terrible,—what awful power is this that enables you to shape and control our destiny? Do with me as you will. I am powerless against you. I have given up Maud. Is not your awful revenge yet glutted? Take

your hand off me, and I will go far away, where I will never see her more.

Perhaps I may have uttered these thoughts in bitter tones as they rushed through my mind. Or, it may have been that I uttered no sound. My impression is that I spoke not aloud. I was startled to hear a voice make reply:

"You now know our controlling power. Yet, I would not take thy life. Keep it. You have now promised. You shall now know that our power to upbuild is equal to our power to blast and destroy." I looked upward at the swarthy face of Valleur, but in a moment it had faded into a cloud of mist, which, in its turn, vanished and was gone.

I cannot tell you how changed I was when I uprose from that table. The intended farewell letter to Maud, announcing my proposed death, was changed to announce my departure for Europe. I told her now of both interviews with Valleur, and sent her the card. I showed her that my downfall and ruin was the result of his work. I showed how idle it was to further contend against his will and of my final promise to go away from her forever. I told her of my renewed ambition to regain my former good repute, and of my determination to seek a foreign land for the upbuilding of a new career. I told her, too, what a life of hopeless misery it would be away from her, and that through all time she would never cease to be to me as in other days. She replied saying that while our paths could never run together—that her work must be for humanity and the unfortunate on life's way—that by the law of spirit her best thought would ever follow me like a morning benediction and prayer for my redemption and upbuilding.

The Franco-Prussian war had just ended and Paris, where I had some acquaintance, seemed to offer me the greatest inducements. I started at once and on arriving in that great city, I immediately entered the hospitals and engaged in the work of my profession.

In looking back at my career there, it seems like a tale of romance. The whole country was one hot-bed of pas-

sion and fury. France had been bathed in blood, and filled with the maimed and dying. What a field for the physician! Success most marvelous, attended my efforts, and soon I attracted the attention of the most eminent professionals. I was invited to appear before the United College of Physicians and Surgeons, to perform that perilous and remarkable operation that won me the greatest honors from all the medical societies of Europe, as well as the Cross of the Legion of Honor of France, and attracted so much attention at home. You will remember how I at once sprang to the highest point of scientific honor and renown. You have not forgotten the invitations showered upon me by the great and learned associations of Europe to appear before them as their guest; nor yet the wonder and excitement caused in America, and particularly in the city of my old home, at my grand success. You sent me many clippings from the press of America, approbating the honors conferred upon me, and confessing the great wrong and injustice done me in the days past. Such is the measure of my professional vindication. Nor was I less successful as regards substantial results. I had become, through the many large gifts conferred upon me, in addition to my regular fees, enormously rich. I could now justly say that I had already reached the summit of professional glory.

Having thus more than redeemed myself, my thoughts were now less engrossed in my profession. I found that even excitement no longer diverted my mind from Maud. In all these days I had not heard a word from her, and my soul now hungered for the sweet communion and rest I had known alone with her. What, after all, was fame; what was wealth and honor to a starving soul like mine? In the wild frenzy with which I applied myself to my new duties in Paris I could force myself to avoid this thought of my loss, but now with the satiety of all my efforts, came indifference to everything. I now shunned the world, and lived a recluse. With this added liberty, and in this retirement, came back all the old passionate yearnings for Maud. The world was now a blank, and life a constant struggle to re-

strain my wild desires to fly to her side. I dreamed of her by night, and even by day, her seraphic visage floated like a vision before me.

This intense strain could not long continue; I knew my physical strength was giving away; that each successive day sapped my vital powers. Soon I could barely walk about in my apartments. I had ceased to go outside of my hotel. My condition was soon known to my good friends, the medical fraternity of the city, who vied with one another in their kindly offices, but I kindly declined their aid. I knew that no medical or scientific skill could arrest the sure collapse of my poor body which the vital essence of my life was consuming under this fire in my soul. But I dared not return to her. Her life, I well knew, or mine, would go out under this superhuman power, that had sworn never to let go his claim upon her soul. No, this horrible, living death must be endured to the end.

Thus, one night in June, of this year, when the city was lovely in her garb of flowers, I sat, as was my habit, alone in my apartment. I had fallen into this habit of dismissing my attendants, and sitting without other light than that of the stars, indulging my reveries of her so far away. I seemed to come nearer to her at these times, and my mind became calmer and more restful. This evening, I had flung open the casement window, and a stream of mellow moonlight gently illumined the room.

I was very weak now, and it was with much of an effort that I was even able to walk about the room. I sat in an invalid easy chair, and the balmy soft evening air seemed very soothing and restful. My mind, however, was with her, and her gentle and beautiful face, as in the olden days. She seemed almost again by my side.

I suppose in my reverie I must have sat there for many hours, for the noisy hum of the distant streets had quieted into after mid-night hush, when I was roused by a gentle, cooling breeze upon my face, and delicious fragrance in the atmosphere. That perfume! I knew it at once. It was her favorite, and, whether as flower or essence, its delicate

aroma always accompanied her presence. I gazed about me, but I was alone. Then, whence this perfume? Even as I wondered, a hand,—a woman's hand, plainly reached from out of space in front of my very face. It touched my forehead, and now a handkerchief of gauze, softer and more delicate than the down of silk, fell against my feverish cheeks. Gently the gossamer fabric moved over my face, and I breathed a cloud of Maud's perfume. Tenderly and caressingly the hand touched my forehead. I saw an arm that seemed to emerge from the atmosphere; and, then as though a veil had dropped from in front of my eyes, I saw the form, the head of a woman, clearer the face, and still clearer, until there by my side, I saw the sweet enraptured face of her for whom my soul sought so long in vain.

I reached wildly forward; I tried to clasp her to my heart, but receding from me she said:

"No, Paul, touch me not, or you destroy the power that makes me visible to your eyes." She then said:

"I have been instructed by my Oriental guides in laws too mysterious and intricate for your science to grasp,—too sacred and dangerous to be formulated for the public, whereby your thoughts reach me, on the ethereal vibrations; and I am permitted, by the manipulation of forces known only to the initiated, to come to you for a brief moment while my body lies in a quiet, darkened chamber in my home over the sea. I am instructed to tell you that my mission was decreed by the Magi, long ago; that it was written our paths should not join in this existence. My dark-eyed lover was but the instrument to warn you; and, failing in results, then to teach you this great lesson. Your trials and your sufferings; and even your material triumphs, which now seem so empty and valueless, were but the means to evolve the grandeur and strength of your character, which is the only enduring wealth you will carry with you into that existence where all things shall be made clear, all questions answered and all problems solved. No, touch me not. You could not, if you would. In trouble call for me; and, as long as you live a noble, pure life, I can come to

you. You may not always see me, but some presence will tell you I am present. I will leave with you the sweet scent of the flowers I love so well, and that peace which you are now fitted to comprehend, as a waking evidence of my presence in your day-dream."

She paused; and, with her old-time smile, vanished. In the place where she had stood was naught but vacancy.

As Val's card testified to his presence on that fateful night so long ago, so the perfume she loved so well filled the room in testimony of her presence. By what law these things are, I know not. I know, if man can know anything, that they *ARE*—and are as much a reality as any experience in this life of mine which now seems so vain and valueless. Think not these are fancies—phantasms of an overwrought brain. I have no further doubt. Having lived, I shall always live,—an expression of infinite, deific force; inheriting with this body an individuality which I hope to carry with me through eternity, if such be *THE LAW*. Gladly I await the great change, and until we meet over there, remember me, not as I have been, but as I am.

Your friend,

PAUL BRANDT.

There are people still living in St. Louis and in Los Angeles, California, who remember this brilliant doctor, and will here learn, for the first time, these facts in his eventful career. Life is full of tragedies and travesties and no imagination can picture things more strange than realities. For years after the events above narrated, Maud retained Val's card which the doctor forwarded to her on the eve of his departure for Europe.

EXTRAORDINARY MATERIALIZATION.

An unusual incident occurred in the city of Stockton, California, which is vouched for by several well-known people of that city who were present and are conversant with the fact. The seance was held at the home of Mr. Williams.

Among those present were Dr. A. L. Foreman, Mr.

William Lester, an upholsterer by trade, now living in San Francisco and some fifteen others. Mr. Lester's wife came to him and made herself known so that he fully recognized her. She stood by his side for some time and placed her hand in his. He held on to the hand so hard that when she left him he still retained her fingers in his hand. Realizing what he had done, he cried out: "I have pulled off my wife's fingers."

He dropped them on the floor so that those seated next to him heard them strike the floor. He instantly felt around on the floor to find them, but was too late.

If spirits can materialize a hand so that it is tangible; and none who have been in Mrs. Drake's seances can dispute this fact, who can put a limit on what they can do? These spirit hands possess strength sufficient to carry articles of considerable weight around the circle with precision, exactness and intelligence; and, while doing this, there is no body—materialized body—attached to them, so far as the best test conditions can detect.

By agreement with the spirit, or through its consent, these hands have been felt up as far as the wrist where all material,—tangible material,—ended.

As further evidence upon this point, when these heavy articles, like a guitar, are being carried rapidly around the circle and the sitter extends his feet or hands so as to reach out and fill the space between him and the medium sitting in the center,—practically covering the radius of the circle,—he is no obstruction to the one carrying the guitar around the circle. In other words no materialized body is attached to the hands carrying the instrument.

There are many instances where investigators have held these hands firmly until they faded and disappeared. Mr. Porter of Quincy, Illinois, who is considerable of an athlete, and quite capable of holding any ordinary man, once grasped with both of his hands the hand and wrist of one of these spirit hands. He instantly cried out: "I have it," and exerted all of his strength to hold it.

As he expressed it afterwards, "When I get hold of

any man's wrist with both hands, as I did on that occasion, I can hold it. But this hand and wrist melted in my hands. I could feel it dissolve until I held nothing."

It is a safe conclusion that these materializations are like a glove covering the hand and held in place by magnetic force, from which the spirit is withdrawn when this force ceases, or is disturbed. The material, in such cases, is returned to the source from which it is taken. In cases where extraneous matter is added to the materialization it must go with the other material and with the force holding the same.

A case illustrating this point occurred where an investigator had covered his hand with printer's ink and lamp black. He shook hands with Clarence, the controlling spirit of the seance, leaving the black matter on the spirit hand. What became of this matter?

In this case, when the medium retired for the night, the print of a large black hand was found on her back, between her shoulders. Had it been left upon her hands it would have been considered positive proof of fraud. Much of circumstantial evidence which is considered stronger than direct testimony, is misleading and contrary to fact. The wisdom of the controlling spirit in this case saved the medium.

CLARENCE AND VAL AT A SUMMER RESORT.

Sister Lakes, near Dowagiac, Michigan, is as beautiful a summer resort as can be found in that state. One of the largest buildings on the grounds was divided into four or five rooms on each side of a very wide hall running through the building from end to end. Each room opened out into this wide hall.

Mrs. Lord occupied one of these rooms—her daughter was in the adjoining room. Mrs. E. H. Ladd of Malone, New York; Mr. J. S. Drake, of Chicago, and E. W. Sprague of St. Louis and later of Chicago, were on the opposite side of the hall. These were the only occupants of that building.

About two o'clock one morning, the entire company were awakened by the music of Mrs. Lord's guitar being played in the hall in front of Mrs. Ladd's room, while Clarence's well-known voice sang with words improvised and applicable to her. All could hear and distinguish the words.

The singing and the music then moved along the hall to Mr. Sprague's room, and then to each of the others in turn, coming to Mrs. Lord's the last. All could hear every movement of the serenaders, the music, the singing and the words. The words improvised were applicable to the person, and in each case their names were woven into the song, sometimes prophetically and complimentary.

Speaking of the incident, the next morning, Mr. Sprague, who had a large experience in psychic phenomena, and who was an educated and well read man, said that the manifestation was the most satisfactory and convincing he had ever experienced. It was so actual, so realistic and reasonable; and, that he would not, if he knew it, miss such a manifestation for any amount of money or trouble.

FISHING.

While visiting this resort a year after her marriage to Mr. Drake, Val. showed his ability to assist his medium in catching fish. Equipped with a boat and her husband to row it; and, with almost any kind of bait, she would always bring in a string of large, black bass. Others, the best fishermen from Chicago, equipped with everything desirable, and with the best "live bait," tried conclusions with her and were invariably beaten. She would bring in big fish when they could not get "even a bite." She would say to her oarsman, "Row over there, such and such a distance. I see one or two or more fish, as the case might be, and Val. says he will catch them for me." Almost without exception she would catch fish answering the description given before starting for the designated spot.

At this time she remained thirty days and never missed fishing three times a day during the whole time—forenoon,

afternoon, and evening. She caught them just as well in the dark as in the daytime, sometimes when it was too dark to see the line or bait the hook, except by feeling for it. She caught the most when the water was still and when alone in the boat with only her oarsman. He usually had all he could do to handle the boat, as directed, and to land the big fish after she caught them. Every time she caught a big fish she would cry out, "I've caught one!—I've caught one!"—so that she could be heard half way across the lake. Fishing was her only dissipation—nothing could take its place. It was evident to all who came to the lakes to verify reports of her fishing; and to those who sought to know how it was done that the control, Val, made use of some magnetic law whose operation was known to him to produce these results, as Jesus did the third time he showed himself to his disciples when he told Simon Peter to cast his net on the right side of the ship and they caught, according to Biblical statistics, the 153 great fish.

VAL, AND HIS PARTY AT A RESTAURANT.

In the early experience of the medium it is told how the chairs moved up to the dining room table in the hotel where she was employed. This class of manifestations was repeated in after years when she was married to Mr. Drake. The medium, her husband and daughter, were boarding in Kansas City at the time of President Cleveland's first visit to that city. Owing to the crowds of people in the city at the hotels, they were obliged to go to a restaurant for their dinner. Chapin & Gore's, near the depot, was the only place at which they could get a private table and a good dinner. There were several large tables in the place, some of which were occupied when they entered. The three were scarcely seated at a table by themselves when loud and distinct raps were heard upon the table, their chairs, and the side of the room. The daughter remarked: "I guess the spirits are hungry as well as we." More raps came in response to this remark. Her mother said: "Hush, what will these people think?" Mr. Drake replied: "No matter what they

think. My spirit friends can take dinner with me whenever they wish."

At this juncture a heavy chair moved out from the side of the room and slid up to the table, to the astonishment and consternation of the colored waiter who was just coming towards them with a bill of fare. He stopped and looked. The attention of all others in the room was by this time directed to them.

Mrs. Drake was greatly embarrassed and said: "If you two do not stop encouraging them to do such things so publicly, I will not remain."

Mr. Drake, intent on watching this phenomenon, did not heed her confusion and said: "That's right, sit up here, and take dinner with us. It seems to me there are more than one of you in our family."

In response to this, a chair from the other side of the room slid up to the table with a rush.

The colored waiter and all the other colored help in the room and those seated at the other tables were, by this time, watching the strange performance.

Mr. Drake again remarked, "Good for you, Val. Bring up your own chair. There is room for all of you. This table will seat eight." Another chair from the opposite side of the room slid slowly up to the table. For a time all business in the dining room was suspended.

When conditions are right with the medium and her surroundings these daylight manifestations are possible; but, are no more remarkable than those in the dark. They, however, appeal to one more sense and are to some more convincing on that account.

Mrs. Drake was dining at the Commercial Hotel in Stockton. There were eight people seated at the table. The waiter came to the opposite side of the table from where Mrs. Drake was seated, with a pitcher of water, and filled three glasses. He picked up two of them and started to place them at the plates of two of the guests. One of these was a conductor whose run was from Sacramento to Stockton. The third glass was intended for Mrs. Drake. As the

waiter started around the table with his two glasses, the other glass, full of water, moved steadily above the dishes and went in a straight line diagonally across the table and gently set itself down at Mrs. Drake's plate. Everyone at the table and some at the adjoining table saw the glass move; and, all eyes were riveted upon Mrs. Drake. She was a stranger to them all and could not stand their continued and amazed scrutiny, on account of such an unusual and, to them, impossible occurrence. She left the dining room without her dinner. The conductor met Mrs. Drake a year or two later; and, recalling the incident, which she had forgotten, said: "That convinced me of the truth of spiritualism more than anything I ever heard or saw, or have since seen."

While waiting for a train at a junction near Dunkirk, N. Y., with several friends, among the number, Mr. C. C. Conroy of Buffalo, Mrs. Drake picked up a small hand-bill which she held in her hand as she walked up and down the platform with Mr. Conroy. His attention was called to ten or twelve faces pictured on the margin of the hand-bill. All side views, in colors, and all different. He had seen her pick up the bill and knew these faces were not on the paper at that time. The faces were life-like, shaded and colored with great skill. Mr. Conroy asked the privilege of retaining them to show to his friends in Buffalo. Soon after folding the bill and putting it into his pocket he took it out to show it, and every face was gone.

At his request Mrs. Drake placed the bill in her little hand-bag. In a few minutes she took it out and found eight different faces on the margin where the twelve faces first appeared. These faces remained about three minutes and then faded out as the party were watching them. Mr. Conroy, himself, then placed the bill in her hand-bag and they continued their walk. He, in the meantime, held the hand-bag. When he looked for the bill he could not find it. They looked but it could not be found. No one ever saw it again until Mrs. Drake arrived at home in New York City when there lay the innocent bill on the table. The

number of people conversant with this incident precludes the possibility of accounting for it upon any hypnotic or subliminal theory.

A MATERIALIST COMES IN CONTACT WITH A FACT.

While visiting at the home of W. D. Hardy in Malone, N. Y., Mrs. Drake received a call from Mrs. Jewett, whose husband was the inventor of the Jewett milk pan, known to all New York dairymen. The lady was accompanied by a young Irish boy—possibly 20 years old. This boy was a Catholic. He had a vision, or a dream, as he expressed it, of a British soldier of Continental times who came to him several nights in succession and told him to go to a certain place and dig, telling him that at a certain depth he would come to a flat stone; that a little deeper he would come to a bottle containing an one hundred pound, Bank of England note; that it was for him and no one else.

The priest went with him at night and they dug down until they came to the flat stone. Both were frightened and hastily filled up the hole and fled. The old soldier came again the next night and told the boy to take some one other than the priest with him. He selected a protestant minister. They found the bottle and secured the note, just as was shown in the vision. In getting the note out they broke the bottle.

Mrs. Jewett brought a piece of the bottle for Mrs. Drake to psychometrize. The Irish boy came with her. Without any previous acquaintance with either of the parties, or any knowledge of the circumstances, Mrs. Drake gave a minute and detailed account of the whole matter as far as Mrs. Jewett or the boy knew, besides she told them both very much of their family history and their own lives. She described the old soldier so faithfully that the honest, simple-minded Irish boy said it was the same he had seen in his dreams

Mrs. Jewett returned home, and the next day her husband, a materialist, came to see who was telling such impossible things. He knew Mr. Drake's family and had no hesi-

tation in making known the object of his visit. He really believed his wife was crazy, or had in some way been deceived. What had been told the lad and his wife was repeated to him; and, then his investigations took a different line. He was invited into Mr. Hardy's parlor, where he, Mr. Drake, one of Mr. Hardy's family, and Mrs. Drake, sat down to a small table. Mrs. Drake sat with her back towards the door leading out into the hall, in which were stairs leading to the rooms above. Mr. Jewett sat facing this door which was open. He had a fair view of all in the room and a part of the hall and stairs. Seated, with all hands on the table, he was told to mentally ask any question that could be answered by raps, or by the table tipping in any direction he might mentally request.

After some time spent in this way, he suddenly started and fixed his gaze out in the hallway.

What could possibly startle this cool, logical, materialistic thinker who only recognized in his theorems and equations, blind, unintelligent force and inert matter?

Slowly coming down the stairs, slipping through the air into the room, just about six feet from the floor, came a folded, red silk bandanna. It passed directly over Mrs. Drake's head and over his head, where it unfolded; and, as if taken by diagonal corners by invisible hands, it was laid upon his shoulders and around his neck. Here was a fact, the reality of which could not be questioned, calling for classification; a fact showing intelligent purpose carried to completion with directness and certainty.

While holding a seance at this same place, a very remarkable manifestation occurred. A local medium, who attended this seance, requested Mr. Drake, who was present, to leave one of the windows open. Just before the seance closed—about eleven o'clock,—a ring was placed upon one of Mr. Drake's fingers. No one in the room missed any ring, and when the light was brought, Mr. Drake found he had a masonic ring—32nd degree—which his daughter, Maude Alberta, had left in Pawtucket, R. I., only the week before.

The next morning the daughter wrote to her friend, Mrs. Mary Read, in Pawtucket, with whom she had been stopping, to express the ring to her.

Mrs. Reed wrote in reply that on the night in question, she, having retired early, was awakened by hearing some one at her writing desk, where she had placed the ring for safe keeping. She supposed it was her son looking for something and thought no more about it until she went to get the ring. She could not find it, although she had placed it there after she (Maude) had left; and, she positively knew it was there. Her son denied knowing anything about it, and said he had not been near the writing desk.

A similar instance occurred when a letter was transported from Abilene, Kansas, to Fondulac, Wisconsin. At the time of this occurrence, in 1885, it took thirty-six hours, by fastest trains, to go from Abilene to Fondulac. Mr. Drake wrote a letter on Monday to Mrs. Lord stating that he would be in Fondulac on Thursday of that week. He, in company with his brother, P. D. Drake, John C. Howe, and Hon. J. E. Bonebrake of Abilene, went to the east bound train at 10 o'clock that (Monday) evening and handed this particular letter, with several others, to the postal clerk, who was standing in the door of the mail car. The clerk took the letters, turned around and threw them on the table behind him. The train pulled out.

On Thursday afternoon, Mr. Drake arrived in Fondulac. He was shown the letter. The stamp had not been cancelled and it bore no receiving date stamped on the back. He positively identified the letter as the one he had handed to the postal agent in Abilene, at 10 o'clock P. M. Monday of that week. They all told him how the letter was found in the blinds of Mrs. Lord's window in the second story, at 7 A. M. Tuesday,—*just nine hours* after it had left his hand, seven hundred and fifty miles from Fondulac. Four reliable witnesses at each end of the line establishes the verity of this fact. How was it done? Who was the doer? Questions not easily answered. Their solution was very important to one trained to scientific methods

and Mr. Drake determined to learn more about this fact that seemed to lie away out beyond all known science of the times. Mrs. Lord could only say: "Val. did it." Val. was one of her band, but, for some reason, seldom controlled. She told him that Val. sometimes visited the school of the Campbell sisters in Boston.

These estimable ladies were mediums and held a reception, or a school, once a week, where spirits who had been ushered into spirit life before their earth experiences were completed could attend. Taking his sister and Mrs. Lord, they went to Boston; and, from there to Onset Bay, where he found one of these ladies.

"Yes, she knew a spirit by the name of Val. who sometimes came to see them."

"No, she could not give him a sitting, as she never did any public business. Her mediumship was devoted to the education and relief of 'spirits in prison.'"

Miss Campbell was delighted to meet Mrs. Lord—so long Boston's favorite—and, while talking, Miss Campbell was entranced by some spirit who knew Mrs. Lord. They talked together for some time, when the entrancing spirit turned to Mr. Drake and said: "Well, sir, what can I do for you? My name is Val.

"I have come a long way to ask you a question," Mr. Drake replied.

"What is your question?"

"I am told that you carried a letter from Abilene, Kansas, to Fondulac, Wisconsin, for me; and, if consistent, I would like to know how it was done."

"If I were to tell you, you are not mentally qualified to understand the forces employed, or our method of handling them. I will give you a suggestion that you can follow in the investigation and solution of your question.—"*I was the carrier dove.*"—Your science knows comparatively little about this occult, vital force which we employ, and practically nothing about its use. To control this force, to direct it with accuracy requires purest intellect, cool courage, a well trained will, and great discretion,

which you have not acquired. Few ever acquire the ability to command this element in your stage of existence—so few are physically and mentally perfect—free from prejudice and passion—so few are given to meditation and silence. You live in the body and for the body. I may also say that few on our side of life care to understand and use this Arcane knowledge,—the potencies of magnetism and electricity. The coming century will, however, see some of these vibrations, or, as yet unnamed waves, brought into use.”

SPIRITUAL LIGHT IN A METHODIST CHURCH.

Either the surplus of ozone on the Pacific Coast, climate or something else, is conducive to great liberality in California. The Los Angeles *Express*, with some surprise, noted in its editorial columns, the result of Mrs. Drake's work in Los Angeles. Mr. Drake had on several occasions asked the controls why the church did not co-operate with spiritualists. The only difference he could see between the two was that the spiritualists demonstrated what the church asked their members to accept by faith. The control, Jesse, replied that they proposed to show that an honest, true and faithful representative of spiritualism could stand within the church and co-operate with the church people in their good work.

On that very day, in the year 1890, two of the resident Methodist ministers of the city, called and invited Mrs. Drake to take part in their revival meetings. She joined heartily and earnestly in the work. She took the old and the poor to these meetings in her own carriage. She spoke in their meetings, and was importuned to tell them something about her own belief and work. She declined to do this in their meetings, saying that there might be those who were not prepared to receive new light, who had come to take part in their own revival, and it would not be right to impose anything new upon them. These liberal minded, thinking ministers were not

afraid of new thought, and, at their request, an evening was selected when she promised them a talk upon spiritualism. The evening came, and with it one of California's typical rains. She went in a closed carriage to keep her appointment, not expecting any one would come out in such a rain. The unexpected again happened. The church was filled. There was not even standing room. Even reporters from the city papers were present. The *Express*, which was always by far the ablest and most liberal paper, in commenting upon this meeting, and Mrs. Drake's work, said:

"It is a strange and unusual thing, but it has nevertheless come to pass here in Los Angeles. Did any one ever hear of an advocate of spiritualism aiding and assisting in conducting a Methodist revival? That is the case, however, in Vernon, where a Methodist revival has been on for some time past, in which Mrs. Maud Lord Drake has assisted, in that she has, on several occasions, spoken at the revival meetings, at the request of the pastor and some of the members of his flock. Mrs. Maud Lord Drake is one of the best known advocates of spiritualism in the United States. She formerly resided in Boston, where she was famous as a test medium. For several years, she has resided in this city with her husband, but she has not, of late years, been seen much in public. Only on special occasions has she delivered lectures upon her chosen subject, about which she is so well informed. The remarks Mrs. Lord-Drake delivered at the revival meeting in Vernon, have attracted considerable attention in church circles. The fact that a strong spiritualist is permitted to participate in a Methodist revival these days, shows that a liberal Christian sentiment is prevailing in this community. Ten years ago, such a thing would not have been thought of."

A METHODIST MINISTER AT FORT WORTH DISCUSSES SPIRITUALISM WITH MRS. DRAKE.

Sweet thought that the One who ruleth all
Regardeth nor sect, nor class, nor creed,
But noteth even the sparrow's fall—
For sinner and saint the rich veins bleed.

Not bound His love, by the bigot's rule,
Nor narrow measure of churchman's hate,
That would balk thy life of sweet renewal
Beyond the gleam of the golden gate.

Texas, the Empire state of the South, gave Mrs. Drake a royal welcome wherever she spoke and held seances. The business men, scholars and thinkers, accepted the philosophy she taught, as natural, and investigated the phenomena in a practical, logical way, without religious prejudice, fearing neither ecclesiastical condemnation nor social ostracism. As the leader of fashion in the city of Waco said, in discussing the question of the attendance of her fashionable set at the seances: "It is not who will attend, but who will I invite. It is a privilege to sit in Mrs. Drake's seances that all may be glad to have granted to them."

This was the manner in which she was received in Dallas, Fort Worth, Waco, Austin and Galveston. At Fort Worth, Dr. Lloyd, one of the leading orthodox ministers, undertook to check the rapidly growing popularity of her work. He conceded the fact of spirit return, but claimed that only evil spirits came back. He claimed it was all evil because its theology was of the *universal* type, teaching the endless progression of all after death; because there was no hell in it to scare people into righteousness; because there was no endless punishment, no vicarious atonement in it. In fact, "Spiritualism took the Bible to show that many would be deceived in these latter days by spiritualism. Christian Science and the so-called New Thought, which were all destructive of the church's plan of salvation. All through this learned

Methodist's sermon he conceded the fact of the continuity of life and the return of spirit.

Mrs. Drake, on the following Sunday, was greeted with an unusually large audience to hear her answer. Her subject was: "The Orthodox View of Spiritualism." She began by alluding to the sermon, quoting the main points made by the preacher, and his conclusion, namely, that spiritualism was from the devil. She wondered how an educated minister could so mislead his audience by quoting some texts from the Bible—just enough to bolster up his own opinions, and not noticing the larger number that most fully taught the great doctrine of the ministry of angels. While it is true that the Bible teaches that evil spirits do return and influence men, it is equally true that the good also return. Both Testaments teach this. Some of the most noted texts were then quoted in proof of this assertion. It was certain that the birth of Christ and of John the Baptist were both announced by the angels. It was certain that Moses and Elias came and talked with Christ, Peter, James and John, on the mountain. It was certain that Samuel, who was a medium from childhood, came back and talked with King Saul at the request of the medium of Endor, and his prophecy was fulfilled concerning the King. In II. Kings, vi:17; we have the account of the young man, who was a clairvoyant, whose eyes the Lord opened and he saw the mountains full of the hosts of his friends. In Genesis xxxii:1-2, Jacob was met by the angels of the Lord, and he said: "This is God's host." Ahab and the 400 prophets, the lying spirit that came from the Lord and took possession of them, and also of Saul and many other instances were quoted. Paul was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but yielded to Jesus, whose voice he heard saying, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." Peter was let out of prison by an angel and conducted to a place of safety. In Hebrews, Chapter 1:14, we are assured that the angels are all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation. In Revelations

1:10, John is said to have been in the spirit on the Lord's day and he heard a great voice as of a trumpet. Having turned he beheld one like unto the Son of Man, clothed with a garment and the hair of his head was as white as snow. And he said: "Fear not * * * I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forever more."

She quoted from the 4th chapter of Job, 15th verse, where the spirit passed before the Temanite. She told the story contained in the fourteen chapters of the book of Tobit in the Apocrypha, which good orthodox revisers of the Bible have left out of that good book. She called the attention of the good brother to the emphatic assertion of Jesus, the medium, in John's gospel, 14th chapter, that he was going to prepare a place for his followers, just as returning spirits now say they are preparing a place for their loved ones, whom they urge to more cleanly lives, that they may be prepared to occupy these celestial mansions. Very few people, she said, live as they should in order to fulfill the end of their being and be happy here or hereafter. The tobacco habit, the liquor habit, morphine and licentiousness, so derange all the vital powers, and fill the body with disease, that it is impossible for the spirit to act naturally through it as an instrument. These bad habits were dwelt upon and denounced in strong but chaste language. On account of them we behold physical, mental, moral and social wrecks everywhere. Nor does the evil stop here. It is transmitted by the unerring laws of heredity to our children, and on, down, the stream of human history. Everything that has been involved in the new being must be evolved. Where there is involution, there is evolution also. She said there were but twenty-two men in the vast audience who did not use either tobacco or liquors. Then in most eloquent terms she pleaded with all who were thus intemperate, to give up these habits. They have no right to curse themselves and posterity with them. After a discourse of wonderful power and singular beauty of diction, which was listened to with rapt attention. Mrs. Drake spent some time in psychometrizing for

different persons present. This was a most exciting and interesting feature of the meeting. Her method was to take a ring, watch or something the person had worn. She always preferred that the owner should be a skeptic or an unbeliever in spiritualism and a stranger to herself. She read their life history rapidly and with a wonderful degree of correctness. Nor is it done in any degree by the aid of phrenology or physiognomy, for she always has been very near-sighted, not being able to distinguish the features of a person farther away than a few feet.

Mr. W. D. Linn, a prominent man of St. Louis, was among the first at this meeting to hand her a ring for a reading. The gentleman said he was not a believer in spiritualism and was a total stranger to Mrs. Drake. He admitted publicly, however, that the delineation he received was absolutely correct. Several others were read almost as an open book. The interest was so intense, and, the crowd pressing to the front to hear every word, that it was with difficulty the reporters could get all the names.

Just before the meeting closed, John Brownson, well known in Fort Worth for many years, started out. Being near the speaker, her eye caught the form, and she asked him to stop a minute. He did so and received a very complete and correct description of his family relations for a generation back, with a touch as to business relations and the tobacco habit, which he had not entirely abandoned. A gentleman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ingalls, citizens of Fort Worth, whose child, Mrs. Drake said, was afflicted with spinal trouble, were present. The disease was described by the medium and the parents admitted its correctness. Mrs. Anna Bell Birdwell, Mrs. Julia Bird, Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Johnson from Big Springs; Mr. A. D. Swan and others from Chicago, were present.

The press of the city was much interested in the new science of psychomaney, as demonstrated by Mrs. Drake; and, accredited her as its profoundest exponent.

DRIVES ALL NIGHT TO VERIFY A TEST.

In a seance held at Col. Norton's residence in Austin, Texas, Mr. P. B. —, a court official, was much surprised at the phenomena and the accuracy of the descriptions of his fathers' family, both the living and the dead. He was the oldest child, as he supposed, and knew all about all of the family. He readily acknowledged the accuracy, and the truthful details of every description until Mrs. Drake described the spirits of twins in his father's family. He disputed this most emphatically.

He was the oldest in the family, had helped his mother with her house work, was more like a girl to her than a boy, and was her companion and confidant. Everything told him was surprisingly accurate but this. The medium insisted that it was true, as these two spirits came into the circle with his other spirit relatives and claimed him as brother. She told him to ask his mother. He said he certainly would, as everything she had told him,—a complete stranger,—was true. She told him they had died before birth and had been buried under a rose bush in the front yard, more than thirty years ago—two lovely, beautiful children, grown to maturity in spirit life, who would greet him as brother when he came to them. This one mistake, or error, completely upset his belief in spirit return. He was a direct and logical thinker; and, to his mind, a theory to be correct must cover all the facts.

He was a thorough investigator of this, to him, new philosophy, and it was of great importance for him to know its truth; and, to know it at once. On leaving the seance, at a late hour, past 11 o'clock at night, he secured a livery team and started for his father's home,—thirty-five miles back in the country. He arrived before they were up and dressed.

"Here is Phillip, before we are hardly up. What in the world brings you here at this time in the morning?" was his mother's greeting.

"I will tell you, mother. I have had a strange experi-

ence. There is a lady in Austin telling the strangest things. She tells all about you, everything of importance you ever did, but what is the strangest thing of all, she tells you all about all of your family and relatives who are dead; and, she described them accurately. Everything she told me was true except one thing. She said I had a twin brother and sister who were dead."

"Why, Phillip, what a foolish idea. Here, father, what do you suppose Phillip is telling?"

"I knew it was not true," he said, "but as everything else she told me was so faithfully true I could not rest until I came here to ask you."

The father came in and he repeated the question to him and added that "She said you planted a rose bush over the spot where you buried the little bodies and that you have kept a rose-bush growing there ever since."

The father dropped into a chair; the mother stopped her work and said: "Yes, Phillip, all that is true, but they never lived. They couldn't come back."

"Another curious thing she told me. These two spirits gave their names, and said that you had selected a name if it was a boy, and a name if it was a girl; and, that one being a boy and one a girl they were called by these two names."

"Phillip, that is very true, and that was a long time ago, before you were born," was her reply.

All those long thirty years had this father planted and replanted the rose-bushes—feeling, yet not knowing the truth, and keeping the fact from this trusted son.

This incident, or these facts, go beyond the theory of sub-conscious cerebration, telepathy, the Psychical Society's working hypothesis for apparitions and visions, or that vibrations from the personality of spirits once impressed upon the ether or astral light continue on the earth plane forever, only awaiting the medium in order to appear "subjectively" in the seance. No such full grown personalities as appeared in the seance and was described to this court official in the Capital of Texas, ever vibrated in full

grown bodies on the earth plane to accommodate these theories. As long as the hypothesis of spirit return best covers this fact and all others related in these pages, why flounder in deep and unknown waters for some other theory? What objection has science, or have you to spirit return? Theology objects because these returning spirits do not bring testimony for its scheme of salvation. The great Ecclesiastical "Trust" objects because it interferes with its revenues. The theory that can confront and satisfy every demand,—and, failing in this, can cover the largest number of facts, is the best and most logical. Bring forward your facts, the reality of which there can be no question,—demonstrable facts. If they are not referable to natural law and your theory will not cover them, dismiss your theory. The facts must stand.

Hundreds of incidents similar to the above have occurred in Mrs. Drake's seances, where the spirits, appearing as full-grown entities, never opened their eyes in physical life. From these facts may be learned much of spiritual law and conditions; and, may also be drawn lessons of great value to those who are ignorant, careless or indifferent to embryonic life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARRESTED IN KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE FIGHT FOR PERSONAL RIGHTS.

It may interest many to know that nearly all of the unpleasant and unfortunate events in Mrs. Drake's life have occurred during the month of March, the month in which she was born. On the 9th of March, 1892, Mrs. Drake, then on a visit to Kansas City, Mo., held a seance at the residence of Dr. T. A. Kimmell, 610 East Eighth Street. A *Star* reporter called and begged to be admitted to the seance. Mrs. Kimmell, who was an excellent medium and psychometrist, was impressed to exclude him from the seance. The legendary "Iron Hand"—the fateful, warning hand that had foreshadowed trouble for the family from earliest records again appeared. She could not think, or did not think its warning could be in any way connected with an insignificant reporter on an evening paper. She had always found reporters well-bred and gentlemen under all circumstances. She disregarded Mrs. Kimmell's request to exclude him, and looked for the portended trouble from some other and unknown source. That it would come she was certain. The Dark Hand had never made any mistakes. This time it pointed up and she knew the trouble would entail no serious consequences.

The seance was held with many remarkable manifestations. All were apparently delighted and pleased. The next afternoon the *Star* came out with what was intended for a burlesque account of the seance. As a sensational article it was a failure. Cheap wit applied to any serious or scientific subject usually reflects only the quality of the writer.

No attention was given to the article, and not until the reporter called at the house the next day did Mrs. Drake and her friends give him and his "little piece in the paper" any thought.

He came to the house and called for Mrs. Drake. Dr. Kimmell met him at the door, and stepping to the parlor, said: "Mrs. Drake, here is the *Star* boy who wishes to see you."

She came into the hall, and when near enough to see who *it* was, she said: "What, you here! How dare you come here, you little insignificant puppy? After we treated you like a gentleman, and then you attempt to ridicule me, why do you come here uninvited? Your very presence is an insult to respectable people."

With a characteristic, simian smile he backed up against the door and said, "Oh, I just came to see if I made a ten-strike with my report."

"You insulting puppy, leave the house before I am tempted to lay hands on you." Saying this Mrs. Drake took hold of the door knob with one hand to open the door, and with the other hand took the lapel of his coat. He instantly struck her a severe blow on the arm. She promptly cuffed the puppy's ears just as Dr. Kimmell sprang forward.,

Seeing that he was liable to be punished, for his insolence and brutality, he crept down behind Mrs. Drake's skirts, saying, "Don't let him strike me, I'll go out."

Mrs. Drake begged the Doctor to let him go. She opened the door and he crawled out. Once outside, he arose to his feet and hurriedly left the house. Turning, he grinned and said, "Well, I've had a d—l of a seance this time."

The purpose of this second attack did not appear until 9 o'clock that evening when he returned accompanied by a deputy constable and another reporter for the same paper, named Bloss, who also wore a deputy constable's badge. They had warrants for the arrest of Mrs. Drake, Dr. Kimmel and his wife. They served the warrants upon

Mrs. Drake and Dr. Kimmell, and for some reason said nothing about the warrant for Mrs. Kimmell. Mr. R. W. Goldsby, a prominent attorney of the city, happened to be spending the evening at the house. Mrs. Drake stepped into the parlor and asked Mr. Goldsby to look at the papers. He told the officers that the charge was assault—only a misdemeanor—and that the highest possible fine under the law was \$100. He asked them for the bond, with which all officers are usually provided when arresting citizens and well-known people on trifling charges, saying he would sign it.

Bloss, the reporter and deputy, insolently replied that they did not have any bond; that they would have to go to jail. Mr. Goldsby replied, "Oh, no, they will deposit the full amount of the highest fine in cash."

This was declined in the same insolent manner. Nothing could be done but to accompany the officers to the city jail.

Delivering their prisoners to the deputies in charge, the reporters left. When out on the sidewalk they danced in great glee, and the reporter, Bloss, was heard to say, "Two d—d spiritualists will stay in jail one night any way. I have fixed Marshal Stewart (sheriff) so all h—l won't get them out."

Mr. Goldsby accompanied them to the jail and then went to look for the magistrate who had issued the warrants. Both reporters had wilfully lied about where he was, and he could not be found. The next nearest justice was Mr. Worthen, who accompanied Mr. Goldsby to the jail where the warrants and commitments were examined. The justice approved a bond, handed it to the deputies in charge of the jail, and told Mrs. Drake and the Doctor they could go.

Here the deputies interposed and said they had been instructed not to let them out on bail, or any other way. The purpose and the conspiracy was thus made manifest.

Justice Worthen said, "I am authorized under the law to accept bail in this case, as you personally know

I did in a similar case only last week and you accepted it. You are incurring grave consequences for your principal in refusing to release these people."

"Such are our orders," was their answer.

Mr. Drake was at that time better known in Kansas City than these reporters and deputies. They did not, however, connect him with the noted medium whom they had conspired to hold in jail over night, denying her her rights under the law, because she did not bow to their particular religious shrine.

In response to a short laconic telegram from his wife, "Come, am in trouble," Mr. Drake stepped from a special train from Chicago the next morning. One of Marshal Stewart's deputies, at the Union Depot, caught sight of him and a very forcible idea struck him about the same time. He hurried to a telephone, called up the Marshal's office, and said, "Ask Mrs. Drake, the spiritualist you arrested last night, if she is the wife of J. S. Drake?"

Evidently the reply confirmed his suspicion, as he said: "Let them go as quickly as you can. Make them go. You have put yourself into a h—l of a hole."

By this time Mr. Drake had communicated with Mrs. Kimmell and learned that his wife was in jail. On learning this he remarked "Is that all the trouble," and immediately called up the Marshal's office. His wife came to the 'phone and said, "An officer has just come in and says we can go, that there is nothing against us, what shall I do."

"Remain there until I come," was his reply. "We will see if there is any law in Missouri that permits petty officers to arrest people at an unseemly hour of the night on a trifling charge; keep them all night; deny them bail, and let them go in the morning without trial, just because you do not subscribe to the religious or political belief of courts and officials clothed with a little authority."

Mr. Drake was soon at the Marshal's office. He said to the two deputies in charge, "Boys I am going to ask you a few questions. It is immaterial to me whether you

tell me the truth, lie to me or refuse to answer. I will advise you, however, to tell the truth as far as you know it." Here was laid the basis of several suits in the local courts of Kansas City, in the United States Circuit Court and the United States Court of Appeals at St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. Drake found his way blocked at every step by the political ring that dominated Kansas City at that time. He was obliged to have the prosecuting attorney, Marey K. Brown, removed and a special prosecuting attorney appointed before he could secure the arrest of Bloss, the reporter-deputy, for malfeasance. The ring corrupted the grand jury and he was obliged to have a special jury appointed. Judge White of the criminal court was next disqualified. All this time Marshal Stewart, who was the officer in charge of the jail, was lending his aid to shield these petty officers, with whom he had conspired to deny the accused their rights under the law. The conspirators were in the habit of meeting in Stewart's office to discuss their plans to defeat Mr. Drake's efforts in bringing them to justice. In their fancied privacy they laughed and joked about how they would tire Drake with postponement and delays. Here they planned who they would have on the jury, and how the jury would be selected, if they ever came to trial. All these meetings, all their planning and their conversations were regularly and fully reported to Mr. Drake by his wife's controls, who were present, and heard and knew all that was said and done.

Later, when the case against Stewart came to trial before Hon. John F. Phillips, in the United States Circuit Court, the controls informed Mr. Drake of their efforts to corrupt the jury, and told him the names of Stewart's three friends on the jury, and what the result would be. The controls also reported what transpired in the jury room, relating the conversation between the jurors, and how each member voted. Notwithstanding the efforts of the defendant's friends, the case was so well managed and the evidence so conclusive that the jury awarded Mrs. Drake twelve hundred and fifty dollars damages for false

imprisonment. This result was largely due to the very able and conscientious work of Attorney Robt. W. Goldsby.

Inasmuch as the jury did not consider the charge of conspiracy, Mr. Drake asked for a new trial. Judge Phillips had charged the jury very strongly upon this count and immediately granted the motion for a new trial. The defendants charged him with prejudice and the case came before J. S. Priest of St. Louis. Judge Phillips stated very emphatically that he was prejudiced against the methods of the ring or "push" in the discharge of their duties under the law.

During the trial of the case before Judge Priest, which was conducted by John W. Beebe on the part of Mrs. Drake, the controls told Mr. Drake where and with whom Priest spent each evening, during the trial, and all that was said and done, as well as what his rulings each day would be, and the result of the trial before him. They impressed Mrs. Drake so strongly with the injustice of Priest's prejudice, or agreements with, or desire to please the ring, as might have been the case, that she turned to him, while she was on the witness stand, and said:

"Why do you continue this farce any longer; why do you not dismiss the case at once, such is your agreement and intention?"

His actions each day, and the ending of the trial, convinced all who heard her of the accuracy of her impressions. The controls at that time predicted what would come to each of the participants in this outrage upon justice and right. They stated that it is not wise to stand in the way of spiritual progress, as these men were attempting to do. Justice sooner or later reaches all. Every thought and act must be followed by its legitimate consequences.

Most of the things predicted have already occurred. The balance is sure to come. No human being can deviate from the "plumb-line and square" of absolute truth, right and justice, in dealing with his brother man, and not pay the full penalty at some point in their lives.

Later, when the case was called in the Court of Appeals, at St. Paul, the controls informed Mr. Drake, who was at that time in California, of the efforts made to influence that court, and of their understanding with one of his attorneys. This caused Mr. Drake to visit St. Paul to see that the case was properly managed.

Marshal Stewart, yielding to a weakness in craving favor from the reporters, became so officious in his efforts to shield the reporter, Bloss, that Mr. Drake was obliged to commence suit against him in order to give him something to do on his own account.

By this time it commenced to be serious business for the ring. There was not so much hearty laughing in the Marshal's back office. The case against the reporter, Constable Bloss, was called to a higher court. He had died under the surgeon's knife. The judge of the criminal court, Henry P. White, died sitting in his chair. The father of another of the deputies who had been prominent in some feature of the case had also died. The death of these people had been predicted by Mrs. Drake at the commencement of the legal proceedings.

As every move of the conspirators was told to Mr. Drake by his wife's controls, he was never surprised nor taken at a disadvantage. The methods and practice of the ring were made public and their power to control was curtailed. The prominent members of the ring met trouble in many other ways, and in a short time those prominent in this outrage were relegated to political obscurity. The local Congressman, who needlessly interfered to protect the ring, lost his position, and the opposite political party elected their candidate. It does not pay to stand in the way of the invisible host, who are heralding the coming of a new era of intellectual, scientific and spiritual progress.

The first trial of the case against Stewart, before Judge John F. Phillips, than whom no man on the bench is abler, or more just or upright, attracted the attention of the whole state bar. It was a single-handed fight of

one woman, prominent in the ranks of spiritualism, against the officials backed by the dominant political party of the city and state, and protected by the local courts. Even the local Congressman, belonging to the same church and party as these officials, lent his presence to influence the court. No one ever heard of John F. Phillips being influenced or intimidated or failing to do his duty. His charge to the jury was a masterpiece of law, classical learning and sarcasm against Marshal Stewart and his methods.

The second trial before J. S. Priest, of St. Louis, was nothing more than a travesty upon law and justice. He ruled against Mrs. Drake's attorneys on every question raised, refused to permit the evidence to go to the jury, and directed a verdict upon every count for the defendant. He very wisely retired from the bench, on the termination of this case, before Mr. Drake had time to commence impeachment proceedings against him.

Mr. Drake remarked at the close of the case: "It is only what I expected, in view of the reported intimacy of the court and the defendant, which has reached me daily during the trial through my wife's controls, and from my opinion of the court's character. Very few men of the court's intellectual caliber ever reach the United States bench, and when, by accident or political favor, they do appear in such position, they wear the ermine only for a short time when they seek positions more congenial to their moral tastes and more in keeping with their characters." The manifest prejudice of the court in all of his rulings, or possibly his ignorance of law in the case, is susceptible of only one interpretation.

The case was then taken to the United States Court of Appeals, sitting at St. Paul, composed of Hon. Henry C. Caldwell, of Little Rock, Ark.; Hon. Walter H. Sanborn, of St. Paul, and Hon. Amos M. Thayer, of St. Louis. The case had by this time assumed considerable importance as bearing upon the practice in many cities where petty officials exceeded their authority in making arrests for the sake of fees, as well as in defining and interpreting

the rights and liberties of the people under the existing laws.

The spite-work on the part of the defendant, and the church influence that he called to his aid against Mrs. Drake for her liberal teachings and her work in the reform movements of the day, dates back, especially on the part of the church, to October, 1878, at which time Mrs. Drake took a fearless stand in defense of an unfortunate young girl who visited at the convent of the Franciscan Brothers, in Quincy, Ill., in which case the girl claimed to have been ruined by some of the brothers, a sensational account of which was published in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, and the Chicago *Times* of that date. While Mrs. Drake had nothing whatever to do with the confession of the girl, as parties living in Quincy can testify, she did protect the girl, after it was made, until the parties most interested removed her from Mrs. Drake's protection.

The defense canvassed the country from Boston to San Francisco and all over the country, north and south, wherever Mrs. Drake had ever lived, to find something detrimental to her character, something pernicious and wrong in her teachings, something against her character, only to find that she had hosts of friends wherever she had been; friends in the churches and out of the churches; strong, determined friends, even among Catholics; friends among the wealthy and the poor; among the best and most noted names of the land, so clean and unselfish had been her life and her labors. Hence, the ring that conspired to injure her was obliged to come to bar on the law in the case.

The Court of Appeals made short work of the case; and, in Judge Caldwell's most emphatic language, laid down the law and decided for Mrs. Drake. He thanked God, if such was the administration of the law in Missouri and such the ruling of the courts, that he was not obliged to live in that state.

The spiritualists in all parts of the country as well as the press of the leading cities congratulated Mr. Drake,

who at one time had been prominent as an editor and in politics, on his ability and disposition to protect and defend his wife and her good works against all comers, even the desperate ring that dominated Kansas City.

They had selected her as one of the most prominent in the ranks of spiritualists with a view of disgracing and checking the growth of the cause in Kansas City, and, at the same time, gratify their religious prejudices, as incidents in the trial of the cases developed. They had not calculated on a determined and persistent fight through all the courts. Nor did they understand the silent, irresistible, invisible forces bringing to them consequences of their own thoughts and acts, until the prominent actors were removed, as was the case with those prosecuting and persecuting Mott, the Materializing Medium, in the same state some years before.

These cases were in the courts four years, during all of which time Mr. Drake gave his entire time to the undoing of this political ring, until all of those prominent in the affair, who were still living when the case was ended, were relegated to political obscurity. Truly did the portentous "Dark Hand" of the house of De Corichie tell of the coming trouble, and as truly was the prophecy of the Oriental Master, made so long ago—nearly thirty years—verified. "He shall stand for our cause and we will bring him success in all our battles."

LEOTAH GIVES WARNING OF DANGER.

While living on Michigan Avenue in Chicago, during the World's Fair, at which time he was pressing the cases against the Kansas City officials who had conspired to drive his wife and all other mediums out of that city, Mr. Drake was told by Leotah, the Indian maiden, one of his wife's controls, that a black man would come into their rooms some night. He said to the control that if they knew that such a thing would occur they must know just when he would come, and he thought they should tell

him that he might be prepared to give them a suitable reception.

Leotah replied, "We know what you will do and we do not want you to be responsible for such acts. We will awaken the medium when he comes."

The Kansas City cases had, at this time, reached a very acute stage. Mr. Drake had been threatened with death and other dire results if he did not stop them. They were heard to say, if they could get rid of him, that Mrs. Drake would drop the fight, as they knew that retaliation had no place in her character, or in her philosophy. His persistency in pushing the cases, and his success in finding out their most secret plans, and defeating them, was making it very expensive and annoying to the ring, or to the "push," as it was called. They must get rid of him at any cost. He insisted that the control tell him. All he wanted was a fair chance with the black intruder, whoever he might be. They admitted that they knew when he would come, but they would not tell. They would, however, be on hand and would awaken the medium.

The night came. Before retiring the medium was unusually restless and constantly watched the door. She, contrary to custom, on retiring, placed a chair against the door and adjusted it two or three times before going to sleep. Even these unusual actions did not arouse his suspicions as to their true cause. He attributed it to nervousness on account of the presence of hundreds of thousands of people of all kinds and classes in the city attending the World's Fair.

About 2 o'clock in the morning he was awakened by a most unusually frightened scream from his wife. He instantly took her by the shoulders and tried to awaken her. She finally gasped out,—“Man in the room.” Then came the thought of what the control had told him. He seized his revolver and started for the front parlor. Seeing the door open into the front hall and the street door open, he rushed out and saw some one crossing the street on the run. Evidently the negro had been as badly fright-

ened by her shriek as she was by the sight of his black face, with a long gleaming knife in his teeth, while he held a club in one hand and two lighted matches in his other hand as he peered down into her face. When she screamed he threw the lighted matches in her face and ran.

She felt a hand placed on her and opened her eyes in the blinding light of the burning matches. She first thought she had been sick and unconscious. Realizing the situation, she screamed with fright. By what prescience came her restlessness and actions before retiring? Did she catch the thought of the assassin as he planned his deadly mission?

On examining the locks and keys the next morning it was found that the keys in both doors had been turned from the outside by some instrument. This was not the end of the assassin's attempts. Probably reasoning that he would not be expected to return the next night he would take them at a disadvantage and be there.

Leotah came and said, "Did we not tell you we would awaken the medium. We helped to scare him, but he will come again. He is paid to come here."

"I don't think you are any friend of mine if you know when he is coming and don't tell me," was Mr. Drake's reply. "I have no objection to dying, but I don't want to be killed in my sleep.

Still they would not tell. She only said, "We are more powerful than you think. We will frighten him away again."

"Very well," he replied, "I will take care of myself without any of your help."

That night he placed a chair at the door in such a way that it would not let the door open readily and would make a noise when it was opened. About the same hour in the morning, when people sleep soundest, he heard the chair move. He slipped quietly out of bed, got his revolver and was carefully going towards the door, leading into the front parlor, when out went his wife's hand and pushed the door shut in his face, just as he could see the

chair which he had placed against the door leading in the front hall slide back and the door slowly opening. His wife slept on the side of the bed next to the door which she could just reach without getting up. As the door closed in his face she said, "Is that you?"

"Yes, of course, what on earth made you shut the door in my face? But for that I would have had that nigger this time."

"Did I shut the door? I must have been asleep."

On going into the parlor the doors were found wide open to the street as before, and a fleeing form was seen just turning the corner on the opposite side of the street. This ended their attempts in that direction.

The next attempt showed how far-reaching is the church influence they called to their aid. Mr. Drake had for years carried a small flask of brandy in his valise. Someone, who calculated that good brandy was carried only to be drunk, placed about a teaspoonful of arsenic in this flask, where it was finally discovered.

The cases being carried to the United States Court of Appeals, where it is extremely hazardous to use influence and to pervert the course of justice, and where very few judges like Priest hold their places on the bench very long, the ring was ready to do anything to stop what at first afforded them great amusement.

SOPHISTRY OF THE DUAL MIND.

In the attempt of some writers to formulate a tenable theory of a "dual mind" as a basis on which to attack Spiritualism, their usual plan is to select a title calculated to make spiritualists buy their book, as the surest means of presenting their sophistry in sugar-coated form. They assume for the major premise of their syllogism, and assert as a general truth, that which the facts do not warrant and which they do not attempt to prove, or demonstrate; and, then, with logical precision, reach a conclusion on which they formulate their insidious theory.

The term "mind," when not used as synonymous with

spirit, or soul, is defined as a product, as the result of spirit operating upon gray matter—brain matter. When operating through the cerebrum, the results are classified as reason and will. Manifesting through the cerebellum, we have the co-ordination of the voluntary movements. Operating through the solar plexus and along its related nerves, which is sometimes designated as “the brain of organic life,” the results are classified as involuntary functions of the body, because seemingly carried on independent of will, which, however, is not wholly true. Mind being the effect, while spirit is the cause, it is quite proper to classify effects. To consider mind as an effect and as the *cause* of that effect, is an inconsistency.

- The manifestations of spirit in the form of mind is not only “dual,” but is manifold—is infinite. It may be compared to stored electricity operating on many wires, some producing light, some turning machinery, some imperceptibly disintegrating metal — “objective” and “subjective” results. To take anyone or two of these results, or to place all results under two classifications and call them electricity, is about as logical as to call the results of spirit operating upon brain matter, spirit, or to call such a result a “dual” mind. The operator and the result of the operation—the doer and the thing done are not identical.

It is an indubitable fact that *will* is the distinctive essence of spirit, and is to the spirit what voltage is to electricity. It is a further incontrovertible fact that will controls the body. On this fact, supplemented by the will and skill of disembodied spirits,* system of healing

*NOTE:—Whether the Christian Science operator, the mental and magnetic healer admits it or not, they are all aided in making their cures by their spirit controls. The wiser and more experienced the controls and the better developed these operators and healers, the more successful the cures. Let those who possess little or comparatively no mediumistic powers try to cure by any of these methods and note results. The successful teachers on new lines of thought are likewise thus assisted. A recognition of this fact adds to their efficiency.

of the sick are based; and is one of the tenets of Christian Scientists—a class of thinkers who have segregated a few spiritual truths and laws upon which they have founded a sect, rather than a philosophy. The vibrations of will in the performance of these so-called involuntary functions may be so slight as to be imperceptible, as in the circulation, respiration, digestion, perspiration and other physical functions: but, lower the *voulance*, or increase it, and note the effect, even to the total cessation of these functions. Under strong emotions of excessive joy, fright or anger, these functions have been known to cease and death ensue. These things show that the will of the spirit controls these results.

Certain scientists claim that the location of the will is in the ganglia that secrete the infinitesimal particles of nervous life. Be this as it may, the will belongs to the spirit. This individualized force, this integral spirit, can not be divided into objective and subjective entities; one subject to the other; one all moral, the other irresponsible; one wise and the other not. The results, or the effect of the spirit's operations, may be classified and named according to the whim of the classifier.

All of the manifold evidences of human life are from spirit manifesting through such avenues as have been opened to it, or that it has opened to itself. All phenomena related to human life is from spirit, either in or out of the physical body. The attempt to refer to involuntary cerebral action all visions, inspiration, prophecy and other spirit manifestations, as is attempted by this "dual mind" theory, which has no foundation in the fact, as we have shown, is futile. It is a sophistry pernicious to belief in spiritual truth and destructive of knowledge of the continuity of individual life, which is a demonstrable, scientific fact. Such a theory is illogical, because based upon premises deduced from assumed general truths or facts, that are not, and cannot be demonstrated.

Involuntary cerebration, or unknown action of spirit

(mind) will not account for any spiritual manifestation. Either this whole class of manifestations, which it is attempted to explain by this theory, is delusive, or is produced by voluntary intelligence, outside of the physical body. If a consecutive message comes, or a voice is heard, which is not from an embodied intelligence, it is positive proof that it is the voluntary action of a disembodied spirit. The cerebrum *per se*—brain matter—cannot act. Individualized spirit force—conscious spirit—is the only actor that can produce intelligent results. There is no such thing as intelligent, involuntary, spiritual action. When the cerebrum is at rest, as in sleep and unconscious trance, the spirit is by no means comatose. It may, at such times, carry on mental operations, receive suggestions and informations from other spirits, in or out of the body, and communicate the same. That the brain is used, and the information conveyed transcends the knowledge and intelligence of the subject and all other living persons present, is *prima facie* evidence that the information is given by a disembodied intelligence—by a spirit.

Any attempt to postulate this “two-mind” theory upon assumed, involuntary, cerebral action, or the operations of a disembodied intelligence using the brain of a living person, or any attempt to claim all knowledge and wisdom for the embodied spirit or soul, by reason of its divine nature, on the strength of the wide range of information and wisdom conveyed when the person is asleep, in trance, or hypnotic condition, is illogical and unscientific in so far as the one important factor—the disembodied intelligence, that *is always present* in all such instances, is not taken into account.

The premises denied and the reality of the truths and facts upon which they are predicated questioned, it is not necessary to consider the inconsistencies of the reasoning or the conclusions. In the judgment of the court—public opinion—upon this question of the “dual mind” theory is—NOT PROVEN.

OTHER THEORIES.

Certain other would-be "higher scientists," noting some kinds of motion and some of the qualities or conditions of matter, have attempted to promulgate a theory that mind or consciousness is only blind force—that life is only vibration caused by the expanding and contracting of matter by heat and cold—a purely materialistic theory, which covers only a very small portion of the manifestations of life. Heat sometimes expands and sometimes it does not. *Vice versa* with cold, which is only the absence of heat or low vibration. These attempted theories, to have any standing, whatever, must recognize mind as an effect and cause at one and the same time—as the cause of itself—the thinker and the thought—the motion and the thing moved, recognizing no other element or force connected with it. If such theory was either scientific or logical it does not cover a single psychical fact not connected with a physical body.

The brain is the instrument used by the ego—the thinker and doer, in other words, by the spirit in the various manifestations of life; and, anything affecting this instrument, such as stimulants, sedatives or narcotics, must necessarily modify the effect produced through this instrument; and may not affect the spirit itself.

SPIRITUALISM CO-EVAL WITH THE HUMAN RACE.

Communication between departed spirits and men on earth is as old as the human race, and is, in fact, the foundation of all religions, past and present.

That communication between mortals and spirits existed through all the ages of history is admitted by the highest church authorities.

In the *Encyclopedia Biblica*, Vol. I, column 1121, it is said: "In the ancient world, divination by calling back the spirits of the dead was widespread." And in Vol. III, column 2895 of the same work, we read: "Magic rests upon the belief that the powers of the world are con-

trolled by spirits." Again we read: "The Babylonians had the same idea as the Israelites respecting the spirits of the departed, and the possibility of causing them to appear." This is plainly shown by the repeated mention of Necromancers—those who caused spirits to appear—in Babylonian history of official names.—*Encyc. Biblica*, Vol. III, Col. 2899.

L. H. King, in his work, "Babylonian Magic and Sorcery (1896) No. 53," gives the translation of the prayer of one possessed by a spirit, with a petition for deliverance from its control. And this is referred to by the *Encyclopedia Biblica*, Vol. III, column 2899, as proof of the ancient Babylonian belief. And in Vol. X, page 452, *Library of Universal Knowledge*, it is said: "Necromancy is a mode of divination by calling back the dead. It originated in the East, in the times of the most remote antiquity."

The word *necromancy* is composed of two Greek words, *nekros* meaning dead, and *manteia*, meaning a *prophecy*, a *communication*. Primarily a prophet was one learned in the mysteries of nature, and a prophecy was a teaching, discourse, or communication of a prophet. See Watson's *Biblical and Theological Dictionary*, page 785, and cases cited.

Hence "necromancy," a word shamefully abused by the church, literally means *spirit communication*. And the word *necromanteion* was the place, temple or shrine, where spirit communications were given to mortals. And these consecrated temples and shrines were established through all the nations of antiquity. They were usually presided over by persons consecrated to that service.

Most of the Greek shrines for spirit communication were presided over by *Psychagogoi*. This word is a compound of two Greek words, *Psyche*, meaning soul, or spirit, and *agogoi*, meaning leading, attracting, evoking. Hence the "Psychagogoi" were the persons through whose instrumentality spirits were able to appear or hold converse with

mortals. The functions of the "Psychagogoi" were identical with that of the modern medium.

Striking instances of the return of spirits, their materialization and communication with mortals are to be found in the case of the return of Samuel through the mediumship of the woman of Endor, and that of Melissa, Queen of Corinth, who had been murdered by her husband Perianther, and who upon his solicitation materialized and communicated with him.

Saul and his two men came to the medium of Endor by night. The law of spirit communication was the same then as it is today. The spirits of the departed then, as now, can most successfully materialize in the dark.

In Book XI of Homer's *Odyssey*, we have a most graphic account of the visit of Ulysses, King of Ithaca, to a celebrated Necromanteion, or consecrated shrine of spirit communication. Ulysses, King of Ithaca, was one of the principal Greek heroes in the Trojan war. He was persuaded by Agamemnon and Menelaus, his brother, to join in the Trojan expedition.

In this expedition against Troy, Agamemnon was chosen chief commander, and his brother Menelaus was next in command. Then in their order came Achilles and Patroclus, the two Ajaxes, Teneer, Nestor and his son Antilochus, Ulysses, Diomedes, Idomeneus and Philoctetes as subordinate leaders. The entire Argive army of 100,000 men and 1186 ships assembled in the harbor of Anlis.

For ten long years the siege continued ere the walls of Illos fell. Ulysses then set out for his home in Ithaca. But, driven by adverse winds and cruel fate, ten years had passed ere he reached his natal shore.

The main incidents of the siege and fall of Troy, the wanderings of Ulysses and the fate of Agamemnon are related in Homer's *Illiad* and *Odyssey*. During his wanderings on his return to his native soil once again to see his cherished wife Penelope and his son Ascanius, the idol of his heart, Ulysses desired to communicate with the

spirit of Teiresias, the Theban prophet. In Book XI, entitled *Necromanteia*, or *Spirit Communications*, a full account is given of the visit of Ulysses to one of the consecrated shrines of spirit communion.

True, some of our good Christian writers in translating the *Odyssey*, try to make it appear that Ulysses descended into hell and communed with the spirits there. And some of them have gone so far as to translate *Necromanteia*, the title of the book so as to read, "The Descent of Ulysses into Hell." But we, fortunately, have the original Greek text before us, and are not compelled to depend upon a Christian translation.

Ulysses launched his ships and with auspicious winds sailed for the land of the Cimirians enshrouded in darkness.

On his way to the consecrated shrine, Elpenor, one of his trusted men, drank too deeply of the sparkling wine, got drunk and was left by Ulysses at the Island of Eaea, sometimes called the Island of Circe, from the fact that Circe, a lady skilled in magic arts, resided there.

Elpenor was conducted to the roof of Circe's house and there fell asleep. It was customary in ancient times to have the sleeping apartments on the housetops.

When Elpenor awoke he forgot where he was and fell from the roof and broke his neck. Ulysses finally reached the *Necromanteion*, the place dedicated to spirit communications, after dark.

Then, it is said: "With prayers and vows he explored the spirits of the dead." Then follows the account: "Then gathered there spirits, out of the darkness, of those that were dead and gone—brides and unwedded youth, decrepit old men, and delicate maids with hearts but new to sorrow. And many pierced with brazen spears, men slain in battle, came wearing their blood-stained armor. In crowds, they flocked around from every side." He then says: "First came the spirit of Elpenor. I grieved to the bottom of my heart and wept to see him, and speaking in winged words, I said: 'Elpenor how came you

in this murky gloom? Faster you came on foot than I with my swift painted ships.' ”

“The spirit answering, said: ‘Heaven’s cruel doom and excess of wine destroyed me. After I went to sleep on Circe’s house, I did not notice how again to descend the long ladder. And I fell headlong from the roof. My neck was broken in the socket, and my soul came down to the abode of spirits.’ ”

The spirit of Elpenor implored Ulysses to bury his body. This Ulysses promised and on his return fulfilled his vow.

Next came Anticlea, the mother of Ulysses, who, left at Ithaea nearly twenty years before, had passed to spirit life. She told him of her death, of what had occurred during all these years at his home and on his native soil. She told him of his wife Penelope, how that many suitors importuned her hand and plighted love, and how, faithful to her loved Ulysses, she refused them all. She told him of his son Ascanius, how he had grown to man’s estate, and then she disappeared.

Then came the spirit of Teiresias, the great Theban prophet, who told him of his many toils, his trials and his victories of the past, his adverse surroundings of the present, the fidelity of Penelope, and the longing hopes of wife and son, and then he stepped into the abode of spirits. Then Anticlea, the anxious mother of Ulysses again appeared and a long converse held. Ulysses says: “As she thus spoke I yearned to clasp the spirit of my mother. Three times the impulse came. My heart urged me to clasp her and three times out of my arms, like a shadow or a dream she flitted. And then, in winged words, I said: ‘My mother, why not stay for me who longs to clasp you, or is it a phantom sent by Persephone to make me weep and sorrow more?’ She answering said: ‘Ah, my own child, in no wise is Persephone beguiling you, but this is the way with mortals when they die. The sinews then no longer hold the flesh and bones together. For these the strong flame of the burning fire destroys when once the

life leaves the white bones, and like a dream the spirit flies away.' "

Then one by one the spirits of those he once had known came for eager converse with him. He continues: "But, all I cannot tell, nor even name the many heroes, wives and daughters whom I saw ere that immortal night had passed away. Then came the sorrowing spirit of Agamemnon and around him thronged the spirits of men, who, by his side, in the house of Aegisthus, were slain. He knew me and came alone and stretched out his hands most eagerly to grasp me, and speaking in troubled words I said: "Agamemnon, great son of Atreus, lord of men, what doom o'erwhelmed you?" He answering, said: 'It was Aegisthus plotting death and doom, who slew me, aided by my accursed wife, when he had bidden me home, and had me at the feast even as one kills the ox before the manger. You have been present at the death of many men—men slain in single combat, and in the press of war. Yet, here, you would have felt your heart most troubled to see how around the mixing bowl, and by the loaded tables, we lay about the hall, and all the pavements ran with blood. Saddest of all, I heard the cry of Priam's daughter, Cassandra, whom crafty Clytaemnestra slew beside me, and I on my side, lifted my hand and clutched my sword in dying. But she, the brutal woman, turned away, and did not deign to draw with her hand my eyelids down, or press my lips together.' " He then told Ulysses many things of interest to him respecting his home and neighbors and acquaintances.

"Then came the spirit of Achilles and other spirits of those who were dead and gone, heroes who fought and died under the walls of Troy and those who were slain on the battle field. Only the spirit of Ajax held aloof, still angry at the victory I gained in the contest at the ships for the armor of Achilles. I spoke in gentle words and said: 'Ajax, will you not, even in death, forget your wrath about the accursed armor?' I spake, he did not answer, but went his way."

A word of explanation as to the untimely fate of Agamemnon. During his absence Aegisthus was installed into the heart and affections of Clytaemnestra, the wife of Agamemnon, and they plotted his murder on his return. And the plot was executed as described above.

From the foregoing we see that the laws of spirit control were the same in the time of Ulysses, 1300 years before the Christian era, that they are to-day. These communications were given in the dark.

Spirits innumerable came clothed in a temporary material body and talked face to face with Ulysses. They appeared, pierced with brazen spears, and some with blood-stained armor.

Study the narrative, and the more you do so the more will you see that every detail of the spirit control was manifested under the same laws and in the same manner as similar manifestations occur to-day.

CLARENCE CATCHES THE MUSIC BOX WHEN THROWN OUT OF THE CIRCLE.

Mr. George F. Whitney of Cleveland, Ohio, in discussing spiritual phenomena with a gentleman then living in Washington, D. C., who claimed that the spirits in Mrs. Lord's seance could not carry articles to the outside of the circle, said:

"I know from personal experience this to be an error. I have attended many of her seances in Boston and in the West. One evening in particular I sat outside the ring of sitters, and beyond the reach of all. A week previous to this seance, however, I had attended a private seance elsewhere, in which I made arrangements with a spirit friend to give me, if possible, certain manifestations at Mrs. Lord's as a proof to me of that friend's presence. I felt much curiosity while sitting outside the ring, to know if the promise given could be fulfilled. Suddenly a guitar which had been left inside the circle formed by the sitters, rose above their heads and descending gently onto my lap, resting there nearly a minute, giving forth in the mean-

time beautiful strains of music. As the music ceased, I raised my hand and it was grasped by another and shaken vigorously the hand remaining with me, according to promise, long enough for me to examine it as thoroughly as the sense of touch would permit, the seance being a totally dark one. Giving my hand another vigorous shake, it vanished, taking the guitar into the circle over the heads of the sitters. The hand appeared to me to be very small and delicate. To the touch it was warm and velvety but just as tangible as my own. The fingers were smooth and tapering. And when grasping mine, they were just as active and pliable as any human fingers could be.

At another seance given by Mrs. Lord, at which I was present, some noted manifestations occurred, which to me were good proof that spirits do return. Among those present was a young man, who claimed to be a reporter on one of the daily papers. He professed to be a confirmed skeptic, and so expressed himself loud enough to be heard by all present, claiming that the manifestations were mere tricks of the medium, and such he would prove them to be, to the satisfaction of all, before the seance was over. He failed, however. He constantly grasped "at the darkness" every time anything occurred near him, with the hope of catching the medium's hand or sleeve. I sat at his right side, and held his right wrist. This gave me a good chance to closely observe all that passed. At the medium's request that he must not break the circle in his efforts to grab the spirits, a discussion arose between them regarding the genuineness of the manifestations, which resulted in his asking the medium to allow him to apply a test to the then present so-called spirits. His request was granted on condition that he should not break the circle, to which he agreed. Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, he caught the small music box, which was played by turning a crank, and required two hands to play it, and, which had been left on his lap by some unseen fingers, and threw it quickly into the air over the heads of the sitters. The room was totally dark and you can imagine my

surprise, and the skeptic's also when the music box, instead of falling to the floor, as expected, started off on a musical tour around the room, over the heads of the sitters, and finally came back and dropped into the young man's lap. He was very quiet and thoughtful during the rest of the seance, and no doubt is a firm spiritualist to-day.

Cleveland, Ohio.

GEORGE F. WHITNEY.

ANIMALS ARE CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT.

Facts warrant the conclusion that animals can see and hear spirits, and are amenable to their control and direction. That they think and reason, cannot be successfully disputed. Science must contradict itself to demonstrate that this stage of existence is all that is granted to them. What their next stage of existence may be is not so clear. Clairvoyants see animals which are not visible to other people, and until such animal presence, if actual presence it be, can be demonstrated to the sense and reason of others and simultaneously demonstrated to more than one who are not clairvoyant, there will be question and doubt.

When Mrs. Drake lived in Fondulac, Wis., Mr. G. W. Hooker purchased a young, four-year-old, unbroken colt. He was black as Erebus, wild and untamable. Few men were bold enough to bridle or attempt to harness him; and, none had been able to hitch him to any kind of a vehicle. He was a beauty and knew his strength and defied all efforts to do anything with him.

Clarence controlled the medium and asked Mr. Hooker if he was willing he should try their power on him. Mr. Hooker's faith in Clarence knew no limits and he readily assented. Walking deliberately out to the colt, the medium, under Clarence's control, put her hand on his arched and glossy neck. Mr. W. F. King, now living in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, said to Mr. Hooker: "Do not permit her to touch that colt, he will hurt her."

"No, he wont," was the reply. "Don't you see how he

behaves? He acts as though he expected her to pet him. See him put his head down."

To Mr. King's astonishment, and to the surprise of all witnessing the operation, she called for the bridle. This wild horse put his head down and she put it on, and then calling for the rest of the harness, put it on and hitched him to a buggy. There was not the least evidence of timidity on the part of the medium during all this time. Any old family horse could not have behaved better.

After this, Mr. Hooker could hitch him up and drive without any difficulty as long as the medium was present. It is a safe presumption that the controls were also present at such times.

Riding in the country, one time, they unhitched the horse from the buggy and tied him to a fence. They soon saw that he had broken loose. Now, what to do? Forty men could not catch or corral him. Here was a chance to walk home. The medium seemed unconcerned and only said, "Clarence will catch him as soon as his help comes."

"How is that?" said Mr. Hooker. "He has sent after Dick LeRongee, a sailor friend of his," was her reply.

In a short time, they noticed the horse stop and arch his neck, then turn his head on one side and then on the other, as if he was being approached by two people, one on each side of him. The medium then said: "There, papa, (Mr. Hooker) you can go now and put on his bridle. Dick LeRongee is holding him." The horse was secured without any difficulty.

Another instance occurred when the medium and her husband lived in Los Angeles among the hills on the Montana tract. At that time there were no fences in that part of the city, nor from there to the ocean; and all the hills were covered with green barley about fifteen to twenty inches high. Adjoining their cottage were two vacant lots, each fifty by one hundred and fifty feet. Leotah, Snowdrop, the Indian control, came and said to Mr. Drake: "Why don't you let the horse eat the grass on those lots?" Mr. Drake replied: "Don't you see there are no fences

anywhere, and if he was turned loose we would never get him back? A hundred men could not catch such a high-spirited horse among these hills."

"If you will let him out we will keep him out of the barley and he shall not leave the grass, and when you want him we will hold him."

Mr. Drake did not have sufficient confidence in their ability to control horses, and demurred to the little control's request. She, however, persisted and said that Val. could hold him and would keep him on the grass.

"I will try Val. once," was his reply. He led the horse from the stable and tied the halter about his neck. Mr. Drake's father, who was living with them at the time, and, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, said: "You surely cannot be such a fool as to turn that kind of a horse loose on these hills?"

"You have guessed it the first time," was the reply. "I will take them at their word until they fail me once, if I never see the horse again." Leading the horse to the center of the grass plat, one hundred by one hundred and fifty feet, with the hills all around covered with a tempting growth of barley, he left him and walked back to the cottage, where the control still held the medium.

The horse was so intent upon feeding upon the green grass that he did not realize he was free for some two or three minutes. Raising his head and looking around he snorted, arched his neck, started for the hills. He came to the end of the lot and stopped like a bucking pony. Turning, he went in the opposite direction and stopped at the other end of the lot in a like manner, as though he had come up against a solid wall. More than a dozen times he tried this in all direction, until evidently satisfied that there was a solid *something*—an impossible barrier around the two lots.

This horse did not have any use for electric street cars, and Mr. Drake could never drive him past one of them when in motion. No amount of coaxing or whipping did any good. He was simply scared, and a frightened

horse has less sense than any other animal. When Mrs. Drake drove, or was in the carriage, the horse went past them without any trouble. He didn't seem to see the car when Clarence was with them.

Another instance, showing Val's ability in material things. They had driven out to the foot hills, about eight miles from the city and unhitched the horse, this time a bronco, while they gathered wild flowers. This particular bronco was Mrs. Drake's favorite driving horse. He knew a "whole lot" more than some people. He knew just where the best bunches of grass were along the road. He drew the line at the whip. About the third time he was touched with it he would kick. If he got loose, it took at least half a dozen vaqueros to catch him. He knew just how to avoid their lariats. There was more meanness to the inch, or the ounce, in him than in any other animal in the state. It took argus eyes to watch him. Of course, when eight miles from home, and night coming on, he got loose. As Mr. Drake saw him dash off over the hills into the undergrowth of bushes, he was disgusted and sent a pious remark after him, and started for a Chinaman's ranch some three miles away, to get another horse.

Mrs. Drake, already among the wild flowers, singing as happily as a child, seeing him start in the opposite direction from the one taken by the horse, who was out of sight in less than a minute, cried out: "He went the other way. Why don't you go after him?"

"Go after him? Oh, yes, I know that brute. I've tried catching him before. Life is too short to engage in that business. If he had only left the harness, he could go and stay."

Again she said: "Go and get him. I saw Val. after him as he went into the bushes. He will stop him."

A half mile from the starting place that innocent looking bronco stood securely *hitched* to a pile of brush, with no human being anywhere near him.

While visiting Mrs. Merrie Dalton, at their beautiful home in Los Angeles, California, an incident occurred which showed Val's ability to turn a runaway horse. Mr. Dalton, his wife and Mrs. Drake, started for a ride. Before leaving the house she said: "I am told to look out for a runaway."

"Our horse will not run away," replied Mr. Dalton.

They drove to the city, where they stopped to talk with Mr. George W. Knox and Mr. Drake, who were standing on the walk, close to a corner. Mr. Dalton occupied the front seat alone, the two ladies on the back seat. Without any warning, whatever, a horse, with harness dangling about his heels, dashed around the corner. He turned across the corner of the walk and headed directly for the carriage. Instantly seeing and comprehending the danger to the two ladies, Mr. Drake cried out to Mr. Knox: "Brace your foot against mine, George, and I will stop him." There was no time to get the carriage out of the way and Mr. Drake determined to check the wild runaway, so that he would not land in the carriage. The horse, blinded with fear, did not see anything, and came on at full speed, without any bridle by which he could be caught. Just as Mr. Drake jumped forward to throw his arms around the horse's neck, then within four feet of the carriage, the horse veered out of his course; and, with a jump, landed on the shafts between Mr. Dalton's horse and the carriage, where he fell with his feet off the ground and lay wedged in so close that neither horse could move until Mr. Dalton's horse was unhitched and led away. The only damage done was a pair of broken shafts. As Mr. Drake then remarked, "Some power outside of that horse turned him at least two feet out of his course. He appeared to swing away from me like a vessel obeying its helm. Instead of the solid impact I expected, the atmosphere between me and the horse seemed to suddenly condense and as instantly lighten up." The whole thing occurred within a few seconds and before any of those present could realize what had happened, excepting Mr. Drake, who heard the horse's hoofs strike the

walk and turned his head just in time to brace himself for the shock—which he did not receive. The expected sure thing did not happen.

UNACCOUNTABLE PROPHECY.

“To some shall be given the gift of prophecy,” but by the same spirit. That all spirits possess, in embryo, the same powers—the same possibilities and may possess all knowledge, all truths, requires no special demonstration to those who open the avenues of manifestation and cultivate their spiritual faculties or senses. In Scotland, this faculty is designated as “second sight.” It is the divination and the oracles of the ancients and is placed first in spiritual value and importance by Saint Paul, as requiring the highest development of spiritual sense and the most refined and exalted spiritual conditions. Several instances are already recited where advanced spirits have shadowed upon Mrs. Drake accidents and incidents in the lives of people which occurred ten or twelve and more years later, together with the attendant circumstances in particular detail just as predicted.

Speaking from the platform, at Lake Pleasant, Mass., in the early part of July, 1883, she paused and said: “I see very near at hand, an earthquake across the water in which hundreds of people lose their lives and a whole town is destroyed.” Before the month closed, the Island of Ischia in the Bay of Naples—Europe’s fashionable resort—was visited by one of the most disastrous seismic disturbances of modern times, where, in fifteen seconds, hundreds of people lost their lives and nothing was left of a village of Casamicciola but blackened mounds to mark the sites of houses and temples. The entire topography was changed and scarce a trace of the village was left.

A month later, while speaking at Onset Bay, the same wise intelligence reflected upon her the picture of the greatest of all known disturbances, unless it be the Mount Pelee eruption twenty years later. She went on to describe a mountain five or six thousand feet high, surmounted by

a pillar of flame, throwing out glowing hot boulders, while the sides of the mountain opened and great chasms were made in the valleys below; this followed by a tidal wave sweeping thousands of people to a watery grave. She saw a mountain on another island sink into the sea as a result of this terrible eruption. The prediction caused considerable excitement at the time among those who heard her make a similar prediction at Lake Pleasant which at this time had been verified.

On the 26th day of August—about two weeks later—the Island of Krakaton, the most populous island of Java, on which were no less than forty-five craters, was visited by an eruption such as the world had never known. Chunung Guntur, over 6,000 feet high, sent up a lurid column of flame and glowing hot boulders. Lava poured from the rents in the sides of the mountains; rocks, ashes and pumice, covered the fields; flame wiped out the crops, and all signs of human habitation disappeared. Great chasms opened up in the valleys below and the entire island disappeared. Kramatan, a high peak, the southern promontory of Sumatra, sank into the sea, and a great tidal wave swept the island coasts washing away the greater number of the 25,000 Chinamen, principally engaged in the fishing industries. Thus was verified two of the most remarkable prophecies ever made. To say that these are coincidents, or guess work, is to acknowledge our own ignorance and want of intelligence.

These earthquakes greatly interested the scientists of the world. Among whom was Professor William Denton, the geologist, who, in his investigations of these eruptions, received injuries which resulted in his death. He was at that time applying the science of psychometry to geological specimens, to determine the age and conditions under which they were formed, and the events associated with them, as well as the formations in which they were found. It was he who said: "From the dawn of light upon this infant globe there is not a vibration but that has been faithfully inscribed and recorded."

Equally marvelous were her predictions concerning the Johnstown disaster, May 31st, 1889, and the Seattle fire, June 6th of the same year. Living in Los Angeles, far removed from both places, these events were foreshadowed upon her and told to many people before they occurred. In the case of the Johnstown flood, she described it at the time it happened. She saw and described the wall of water rolling down the valley with more than the speed of the fastest railroad train. She saw it strike a railroad bridge below the town and back up, washing the houses, immense blocks of building and the people away in one indistinguishable mass. The next morning the papers gave the particulars of the disaster. Lake Conemaugh, a body of water, two and one-half miles long, by one and one-half miles wide, situated 275 feet above the city, broke away and a great wall of water swept downward a distance of eighteen miles in less than as many minutes. Two thousand one hundred and forty-two people were drowned. Of these ninety-nine entire families were lost.

Three or four days later, while discussing this disaster and her prophecy in the presence of a pronounced skeptic, she said: "You are a materialist and do not believe these things can be foretold." He replied that he did not.

"Well, then, sir, make a memorandum right now, that a large city on this coast will be swept by fire within a week and millions of property will be destroyed."

He, being a physician and a materialist, smiled incredulously, but made a memorandum and said: "If any such a thing happens I will take off my hat when I pass this house."

Two days later, on June 6, 1889, the great fire at Seattle, Washington, destroyed \$15,000,000 worth of property. The next day the young man came with his hat off. One fact had found lodgment at least, in a skeptical brain.

PREDICTS A TIDAL WAVE AT GALVESTON, TEXAS.

From the city of Austin, in March, 1894, Mrs. Drake visited Galveston, situated on the island in the Gulf of Mexico. The very full and complete reports in the leading daily papers of the state of her work in North Texas and in the capital, that stronghold of religious intolerance, had prepared the way for her work in that city of beautiful flower-decorated homes. The Galveston and Dallas *News*, the greatest papers in the state, had published lengthy accounts of her seances and public lectures, until all classes were ready to greet her and to take her at her word, especially in the line of prophecy.

The United States Government had, at that time, undertaken to secure deep water at Galveston for ocean-going vessels. The work was planned and superintended by Lieutenant Mansfield. Everybody was deeply interested and wanted to know if it would be a success. Rather a strange subject on which to seek advice and information from the spirit side of life. She, however, told them it would be a success.

Another and different picture was clairvoyantly presented to her view. She said: "I see disaster to come to your fair city in which thousands will lose their lives. I see the city overswept with water from the bay."

She was told that what she saw had already occurred, some twenty years past, when a tidal wave swept the Texas coast.

"No," she instantly replied, "what I now see has not occurred. I am told that it will not be for six or eight years. It may seem strange to you, but this water that sweeps buildings and people out to sea does not come in from the ocean, but seems to roll over the island toward the sea."

"Will a tidal wave first bring the water in from the gulf?" was asked.

"No," she replied, "it seems to be a tornado, coming from the southeast until the waters of the bay are crowded

to the main land, when the wind suddenly changes and comes from the south and forces the water from the gulf into the bay, until the whole island is submerged.

"I see your people panic-stricken, seeking safety in your strongest buildings, as the wind changes and the water rolls and surges and beats back and forth through your city, windrowing people, whole families, buildings and wreckage into promiscuous confusion—the wind ceases—the accumulated water sweep over a wrecked city, carrying thousands of people and the wreck of homes and business blocks out to the gulf.*"

She then said: "The mirage changes, I see the people forgetting this terrible cataclysm and rebuilding the city more substantially than before and attempting to protect it from such disasters in the future."

So unreal and terrible was the vision; so improbable that the water would sweep from the bay out to sea, that no heed was given to the warning. They reasoned that nothing but a tidal wave could bring such terrible disaster, in the way she described; and she had said it would not

*NOTE:—September 8th, 1900, at noon the wind commenced to blow from the Bay side (East) of the island. It increased in force until it registered *eighty miles* an hour. At seven o'clock in the evening it changed and blew from the south until 10:30 p. m. This wind from the south forced the water from the Gulf into the Bay until it had risen *twenty-five* feet, and covered the highest points on the island with over six feet of water.

The rain fell in torrents; and, in the blackness of the night, with destruction all about them, those who could do so, sought safety in the largest and strongest buildings. Early the next morning the wind subsided and the water that had accumulated in the Bay carried wrecked buildings and drowned people out to sea. Careful estimates placed the number lost at eight thousand. Many bodies found on the island were burned, while many others were taken out to sea and buried; one barge carried over 700 at one load. The sea returned many of these bodies to the shore and they were again taken farther out and again consigned to the waters of the Gulf.

A vessel came into port the next day and reported seeing bodies and wreckage one hundred miles from land. When the wind changed, at seven o'clock in the evening, all the bridges leading to the city were carried away. The island is four miles from the main land and six miles from Bolivar Point. The area covered by the storm was about twenty-five miles seaward.

be a tidal wave. They dreamed on in perfect security until the fatal night, six years later, September 8, 1900, when the prophecy was verified, and was more terrible and destructive than she had described it.

A SECOND WARNING.

This panoramic vision was again shadowed upon her in the month of May, 1900, about four months before it occurred. She and her husband were in the office of Mr. George J. Kinsky in St. Louis, Mo., in company with Mr. Bell, a gentleman who contemplated going to Galveston to engage in business. She suddenly arose from her chair and commenced to walk excitedly across the office, saying: "Don't go, Mr. Bell, Galveston is going to be washed by the sea. I see the water from the bay sweep over the city towards the gulf. Oh, it's terrible! People and buildings are washed away. Whole families go together. Don't go there now. Thousands will be swept out to sea."

"That will not happen in your time or mine," was remarked by one of the gentlemen.

"Yes, it will. I can count the months on the fingers of one hand," was her instant reply.

In less than four months the waters of the gulf rolled over that fated city, leaving death and destruction in their wake.

This age that boasts of its intelligence may well take heed of the example of the Greeks, who, from the earliest account of the temple of Delphi to the Alexandrian Age, listened to their Pythias and Hypatias and regulated their lives and state affairs by the advice given them. The names of these ancient poets, statesmen and philosophers, who thus sought the spirit for guidance, stand for intelligence as great as those of the present day who heed no warnings from the spirit side of life.

These marvelous predictions are not confined to cataclysms and seismic disturbances. Some spirit scientist dealing with other subjects very frequently reflect upon the medium the results of their conclusions. While in Chi-

cago, an officer, occupying a high position in the Government service, came to her for information. He was told of two storms to occur so far in the future as to be beyond all the weather bureau's science. This officer noted the predictions which were verified at the specified time. Being used to scientific calculations and logical deductions, he was not averse to learning, even if the information and instruction came from sources tabooed by science.

Following the instructions given him, to put his brain "in tune with the infinite" so that this superior science and wisdom could find expression, he was soon promoted to a higher position in his chosen field of labor, as the controls told him he should be. Truly those who open avenues for the spirit, other than their five senses, are more efficient in the battle of life than those who are limited to less avenues than are possessed by the animal creation, for animals all have intuition, a sixth sense, so designated by that body of French scientists who believe they have discovered something.

While in St. Louis, Mo., in April, 1902, in company with several students quite well advanced in occult science and in psychic phenomena, a spirit came whom Mrs. Drake's other controls called a scientist. He seemed considerably hurried and excited. He said; "A terrible calamity is about to occur that will sweep thousands into spirit life. It is terrible and so sudden. It may be avoided. I must go." He left, and in a short time after came the news of the eruption of Mount Pelee with its terrible and instantaneous destruction of human life. Mrs. Drake at the same time said she could see thousands of spirits rushing hither and thither with their arms full of spirit robes. Some of the gentlemen, now living in St. Louis, will remember this meeting at 4544 Cooke Avenue, on account of other predictions made at the same time. The Mount Pelee disaster occurred soon after this scientist left the party.

Another singular thing occurred at that meeting. The owner of the home, where the meeting was held, was a princely host and a royal entertainer in every way.

He and his beautiful wife, who always seconded all of his efforts, served a lunch after these meetings. Seated at the table, all very distinctly sensed the odor of beefsteak being cooked. A little surprised, one of the party remarked: "That is unusually rich beefsteak." All very plainly noticed this odor. There was no mistaking it, for it filled the room. There was no beefsteak in the house and certainly none being cooked in the house or the vicinity at eleven o'clock at night. Another very excellent medium, Mrs. Cross, who was present, was controlled by a bright Indian maiden named "Nonah," who said: "Clarence says he gave you a little smell of beefsteak to show you that you shall all have plenty and all your physical wants will be amply supplied." Such evidence of the spirit's chemical ability to make this odor so distinctly, unmistakably and simultaneously appreciable to the physical senses of five or six people was surprising. This odor could not be evolved from any subconscious mind, or accounted for by any stray vibration recorded in any universal ether or astral light. It was produced then and there.

This scientist came and predicted the subsequent eruptions of Mount Pelee and Santa Maria, and said these volcanic disturbances would be repeated many months later.

There are those who take cognizance of political results and have the ability to name the candidates and those who will succeed. During the campaign which resulted in Cleveland's first election, while holding a seance in the city of New York, a spirit, in response to a question by Mr. Parsons, one of the editors of the *Tribune*, said: "Grover Cleveland will be elected." Mr. Parsons replied: "Oh, you are an old Democrat. You must be John Morrissy." "Nevertheless," the spirit replied, "Cleveland will be nominated and elected."

Addressing a public audience in Marblehead, Massachusetts, soon after, some one in the audience asked who would be elected. She replied, "Grover Cleveland." Those having faith in her prediction at once "hedged" on

their bets, and later told her she had saved them much money.

Just previous to Harrison's nomination, Mrs. Drake was spending a few weeks at Sister Lakes, a fishing resort in Michigan. Her husband remarked, one night, that he guessed he would go to Chicago to see who would be nominated. She said: "I see a man, not very tall, well built, with full whiskers," and then described his dress. "That is a pretty fair description of Blaine, and I guess you are right." "No," she replied, "I see the name of Ben Harrison written on his hat-band."

"Ben Harrison! It must be written on his grandfather's hat. He doesn't stand any more show to beat Blaine for the nomination than I do," was his reply.

"I hear a voice say that he will not only be nominated but he will be elected."

No one at that time believed it possible for Blaine to be beaten for the nomination, and no one believed Cleveland could be beaten at that election. She predicted the second election of Cleveland, and the first and second elections of McKinley. She was called upon to speak at a Bryan meeting in Angels Camp, California, where she said: "I am afraid you will be sorry you called upon me, for I cannot see success for your candidate."

While visiting Mrs. Judge Budd, in Stockton, California, Mrs. Budd asked the controls if they could move a heavy dining table. Mrs. Drake placed one hand on the table and it moved up to the Judge and all about the room, at the suggestion of those present. Questions were asked and answered by raps. Among other messages they were told that their son, James Budd, would be nominated and elected Governor of the state.

In questioning the controls as to how these operations in the material world are calculated, and, if calculated, can be located as to time and place, the reply was that the "UNKNOWN"—the highest personal intelligence of which they have knowledge—foreshadowed them directly upon her. It is he who tells her of earthquakes, volcanic erup-

tions, disasters on sea and land, and impending cataclysms. It was this "UNKNOWN" who foreshadowed upon her the Johnstown disaster and the great Seattle fire.

Mrs. S. M. Kingsley, 1502½ Park Street, Alameda, California, who was present when these predictions were made, wrote from Los Angeles to the editor of the *Golden Gate*, as follows:

"It has been my pleasant privilege to tarry for a season in the beautiful home of an old-time friend, Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, delightfully situated in an immense orange grove, some three miles from the city, where she is enjoying a respite from long-continued public labors, in quiet companionship with a sweet, lovely, and accomplished daughter and devoted husband. Mrs. Drake has lost none of the remarkable psychic powers that have made her name familiar in all the towns and cities of the United States.

The recent terrible calamity at Johnstown was clearly predicted by her the day before its occurrence. The disastrous fire at Seattle was also foretold two days in advance of its coming; and a young man, Dr. Dorsey, living nearby was so impressed with the prophecy that he made an item of it in his note book."

These facts show that there are intelligences who, by laws or conditions known and understood by them or others, can foretell these events. The telling, and later, the verification of incidents in human lives and in nature certainly establishes the fact of individualized, personal intelligence outside of physical bodies—an intelligence essentially human, with human ideas, feelings and actions. In fact, all the phenomena, whether mental or physical, are human. The hands, forms and faces, tangible or visible, are human. They are not the faces of evil, but are those of our friends and acquaintances. Their speech is the language of the heart—in logic, sense, and sound, it is human. When they appear on the sensitized plate in the camera in different dress and attitude from any picture taken in physical life, and are recognized, which fact no in-

telligent person can dispute—appearing there in conformity with known, natural laws—there is only one fair, logical deduction to be made—only one theory that will cover *all* these facts. There are no hypothetical facts attempted in these recitals. They are, each and all, actual facts, actual occurrences, told in the simplest language possible.

To the churchman we will say no devils' faces have ever appeared; no spirit has ever counseled anything except the highest morality—the Golden Rule—the greatest unselfishness and good will to all.

The materialist can consider these facts and wander in the mazy labyrinths of intellectualism for a theory that will cover all of them.

The agnostic—who doesn't know, and doesn't want to know, who doesn't think, who can't think or *won't* think, can keep right on to the end. He, like all the others, is amenable to *THE LAW* of spirit. This law will find him out.

It is passing strange that all the great men and women whose names are written high on the rolls of science, art, literature and statesmanship are not capable of correct deductions from the great mass of facts presented. Very strange that they are all deceived and *you* are not. It is strange—very strange.

There has been no attempt to classify the facts or the phenomena herein related. They are given more in the chronological order in which they occurred in the medium's life. They can be divided into physical and mental, both employing individual, personal intelligence in their production in so far as they show purpose and design outside of the medium and spectators; and, in nearly every instance, it has been the unexpected that has occurred, showing no collusion or fore-knowledge on the part of the medium or spectators.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

The physical phenomena cover a wide range of results appreciable to one or more of the physical senses;

such as sounds of various kinds from the slightest rap to heavy blows; the moving of heavy articles without human contact; the alteration of weights of bodies with the scales in the hands of careful experts; the more surprising fact of conveying articles to a distance—sometimes hundreds of miles—in such short space of time as to absolutely defy duplication by any human or physical means, and sometimes conveying living persons considerable distances; the tying of knots in an endless rope or when both ends of the rope were held by some person; the bringing of rings or other articles from sealed caskets; the passage of matter through matter without disrupting the matter through which it is passed.

There is still another class of phenomena combining the mental and physical, such as writing and speaking in various languages, which the medium does not understand, conveying information of great value to the recipient, and which was known only to the spirit purporting to communicate the same; the sketching of faces in pencil and colors, when no pencil or paints are present—faces that are recognized; writing between closed slates, and on paper placed beyond the reach of any mortal present; the correct playing of musical instruments in locked cases and beyond the reach of any person present, and of instruments played while in motion about the room; the still more puzzling production of lights, more fully described elsewhere in this work—of which modern chemistry, as yet, has no knowledge whatever: the photographing of forms and faces, which require individuality and reality to be recorded by the camera.

CHAPTER XIX.

MATERIALIZATION.

The most difficult phenomenon to produce, and the hardest to accept, even by spiritualists themselves, is materialization. First come hands and faces, and then the full forms. Of this there is the most convincing proofs. In addition to the facts herein related, some of our ablest scientists—Sir William Crooks, Alfred Russell Wallace, Zollner, of the University of Leipsic, and others who, in their own laboratories, photographed, weighed and measured forms, have become convinced of the real existence, for the time, of these spiritual forms.

The force necessary to focalize, polarize and hold the subtile atoms upon the spirit form is principally and primarily drawn from the medium, as is also the nervous force necessary in handling atoms and corpuscles. The air of the seance rooms is filled by exosmosis action with the higher and vitalized forms of this fluid or aura from those present. This aura varies in density, power of molecular attraction and quality according to the mental, spiritual and physical quality of those present. While we have no instruments sufficiently delicate, and know of no analysis by which to measure these atoms, we can judge of their quality—even of the substance of thought—by results produced by the spirit chemist, to whom they are palpable, and who controls and sets them in motion, in producing this materialization and other physical manifestations. The claim made by some that the more carbonic acid gas, which is thrown off from the lungs by this exosmose process, there is in the room the better the manifestations, does not seem to be true in Mrs. Drake's seances. The purer the air, the better the mani-

festations. This fact, together with the very many physical manifestations occurring with her in the light, and the transporting of articles to great distances, and the further fact that there are times when the phenomena cannot be produced without an unusual and disastrous draught upon the medium's vitality, shows the use of other and different atoms and the employment of the luminous, vital particles generated and thrown off by the cerebellum, as well as the organic brain. Hence the importance to the investigator of bringing to the seance room the proper elements, not only physical, but mental and spiritual, and the exclusion of all inharmonious and inciting physical and mental vibrations.

In the enumeration of the mental phenomena, we find phophecy or divination is the most interesting and incomprehensible, as it is the highest in intellectual possibilities; then the seeing and hearing of spirits in which distance is not taken into account; the seeing and hearing of the living and so-called dead; the trance-speaking, with the ability to answer questions, solve problems and give information which transcends all known science and all knowledge of medium and listener, and given in all languages; the power of impersonation and transfiguration, as most completely demonstrated in Judge Edmond's experience and in the experience of nearly all mediums; the healing power, which may be closely allied to the physical phenomena, and finally the identity of spirit, which must be purely a mental operation. The phenomena, taken as a whole, come within, and are referable to the natural laws of physics, mentality and spirit. No matter who may be the medium, or what the sex, race or condition, there is uniformity, although the phenomena are unlimited in detail. No two facts are ever exactly alike. The conclusion is that it is all natural and safely within the domain of scientific investigation and altogether right and beneficial.

ODD MANIFESTATIONS.

Walking past a wholesale house in Chicago, Mrs. Lord was suddenly raised, or made to jump not less than three feet straight up in the air, when rolling down an incline came a heavy barrel, which would have crushed her but for the timely interposition of some great power. Whether it was the Indian control who caused her to jump, or jumped for her, or was a case of levitation, she could not say. The feat, however, was the cause of great admiration by the workmen from whom the barrel escaped.

When visiting the home of M. C. Orton, in Geneva, Illinois, a curtain was put up between two rooms and the two ends of a rope were held on the outside of this curtain by Mr. Orton. Knots were tied in the rope, to the surprise of all present. These knots could not be duplicated by anyone unless one end of the rope was free.

Again, articles were passed through the curtains at points where there were no openings in the curtains.

Seated in her room in San Francisco, talking about Alaska and its gold deposits, a small piece of gold was dropped into Mrs. Drake's lap, coming from somewhere out of the atmosphere. Her husband had it made into a scarf pin.

At another time a small piece of uncut amber was dropped into her lap in the same mysterious way. This amber contained a beetle of some extinct species and was a specimen of great value.

Mrs. Drake, by accident, sent a pair of valuable sleeve buttons to a laundry in St. Louis, and was unable to get them back. The proprietor of the laundry discharged the marker but she retained the buttons. In about two weeks the buttons were mysteriously placed in the window of their room in the second story of the building, a place inaccessible to any human being.

While in Denver, among other things, a ministerial railroad permit was taken from Mrs. Drake's room. At considerable trouble and some expense a duplicate permit

was obtained from St. Louis and she went on to California. Some three months later, while in the mountains of California, the door to their sleeping room was left open; and, in the morning there lay the stolen permit just within the door. To her control, Val., who is skilled in the use of the Arcane forces, essential to this class of phenomena, is given the credit for all these valuable services.

Where conditions are proper the moving of articles often occurred in the light—plainly seen by those present. At the home of Charles W. Tryon in Angels Camp, California, the strings of a guitar were seen to vibrate and the music was heard in consonance with Mrs. Tryon's performing on the organ. She was seated at one side of their large parlor playing, while the guitar stood in a corner of the room some distance from the organ. No one of the party was within ten feet of the guitar. It was then placed under a lounge at the other side of the room, one-half exposed, and the playing continued for some time. It was pulled entirely under the lounge and at other times shoved entirely out in full sight. A further evidence of intelligence on the part of the performer was given when an attempt was made to take hold of the instrument. It was suddenly moved out of reach and returned to place as soon as the party attempting to take it desisted and was out of reach. Here was observation, knowledge of intent and purpose unmistakably shown on the part of the invisible performer.

Driving with her husband in the suburbs of Los Angeles, the spirit of Mrs. Georgie H. Bowman of Oakland, California, came to Mrs. Drake; and, after greeting her pleasantly, said, in reply to Mrs. Drake's surprise that she was in spirit life: "Oh, yes, I am as you see, in spirit life. I have been here only a short time. My body is now at the crematory in this city." Being well acquainted with the family, they drove immediately to the crematory and arrived in time to witness the cremation.

Mrs. Drake wrote to her brother, who resided at

Bowie, Arizonia, on December 15th, 1887, telling him to change his course of life and his associates or the result would be a violent death. She told him it would be a bullet or a knife and urged him to leave the place. The following January 4th his spirit came to her and said he had been shot and instantly killed. None of the family knew anything about his death until Mrs. Drake wrote them what he had told her. A member of the family wrote at once to Bowie and received the reply that he had been shot on the day preceding the day he came and reported his death.

In discussing the truth of spirit return in a public audience in Boston with the Rev. Miles Grant, the Seventh Day Adventist, who claimed that there never was such a thing as spirit return, Mrs. Drake stepped down into the audience and told a well-known old resident, by the name of Tucker, that he had a brother dead who had just come into the room. She gave his name, described him accurately, and said he was killed on the Lynn railroad. Mr. Tucker admitted that he had a brother by that name and that her description of him was very good, but that his brother was alive, as he had seen him only a few hours before, and they had agreed to attend this meeting. Before the meeting closed a telegram was handed to Mr. Tucker stating that his brother had just been killed on the railroad. The accident had occurred while the meeting was in session. The spirit being familiar with the fact of spirit return continued on his way to the meeting where he was going when the accident occurred.

In describing for Brother Miles Grant, she told him he had lost a little, golden-haired girl about five or six years old. To admit the truth of this description would be a hard fact for his side of the discussion. He did not hesitate to deny it most emphatically. At this, an old gray-haired member of his faith arose and said: "Brother Miles, while I believe as you do, I cannot sit here, and, by my silence, be a party to an untruth. I remember, more

than thirty years ago, being at the funeral of your little daughter and I think the lady has given a very good description of her. Brother Miles it is always best to tell the truth."

VERIFICATION OF DESCRIPTION.

At one of the first seances Mrs. Drake ever held at Angels' Camp, California, before she had been there many hours, she told Mr. Charles Richards that he had not heard from any of his family or friends, in the East for more than thirty years; that he had a beautiful sister named Lottie who had died when she was fifteen years old; that all of the family were dead excepting a sister and one other of the family; that this sister was anxious to know if he was still living; that they did not live at the place where they lived when he left home, and if he would write to the place she named he would receive an immediate reply. He questioned the statement about his sister Lottie. His father's voice said: "It is true, Charlie. After you left home I married again and we had a daughter whom we named Charlotte. Every one called her Lottie."

Being a skeptic he wrote as directed, but made no mention of what had been told him in the seance. A reply came back, giving him the history of the family since his departure so many years ago, and corroborating in detail the information given him by his father about his sister Lottie.

Speaking to a crowded audience in Dolling's Hall at Angels, a local detective, without a word of explanation, handed her a pencil for psychometric reading. From this she described a cabin in the mountains, giving minute details of everything in the cabin even to the dishes, the uncooked and unconsumed food on the crudely constructed table, the chairs, bunk, stove and clothing hanging on the wall. This description was so minute and accurate that many in the audience, besides the detective and Sheriff Thorn who had visited the cabin immediately after

the murder, recognized and commented upon it. She then described the owner and occupant of the cabin and told how he had been murdered; that two men had a hand in the murder; that the body had been carried in a buggy some distance and put into a hole where there was water, either a spring or an old assessment hole. She concluded by saying that there were three men then in the hall who had committed murder. Two of these men were known to the people present to have killed people; and, there was a party in the hall who was then suspected of the murder in the old cabin. This party soon after left the town. Two years later a skeleton was found in an old abandoned shaft. The murder was that of Albert A. Ross in Bear Mountain in 1888 or 1889.

During her stay in this mining camp, this psychometric science was used quite frequently in the location of mineral veins, showing their direction, depth, extent and value. In reading samples of rock she quite often gave a description of the surrounding country, its topography, building, improvements, natural objects, and people who had been and were then there; and, sometimes, those yet to be connected with the mine or claim from which the specimens were taken. These descriptions were always accurate and truthful in their details.

The accuracy of these readings depend upon the skill, mental training and ability of the psychometer. The science itself cannot be other than accurate. The immutable laws of creation record nothing but truth. They indulge in no sophistries, and make no grand stand or gallery plays. From the time atoms were called together by these laws, or were created from the vortex of space, nature has recorded every change.

The searchers in the geological Book of Life have, for ages, known that every material creation, every living organism has left a record of its life and its combinations upon our old earth. Tree, flower and plant; fish, reptile and minute insect; beast, bird and man have left indelible impress upon the rocks; sometimes in perfected

forms; sometimes only a fragment from which, with skill and patience, has been correctly defined, not only the genus and the species, but the epoch to which it belonged. This material science, formulated by consummate skill, is not disputed, not questioned. This psychometric science,—a higher spiritual science,—demonstrates all that material science *can do* in these lines; and, then opens an inner-door to still more astonishing results, proving that no thought ever vibrates through, or from, the human brain that is not recorded upon all its surroundings. Some go still further and claim these vibrations are recorded upon some spiritual strata, ether or astral light, from which it can be reproduced when required by the initiated adept.

It seems easier to understand that these records, instead of being made upon intangible ether, or the Vedantist's astral light, are made, as the psychometrist demonstrates, upon surrounding objects, as well as upon the human spirit itself. It is a demonstrable fact that thought, feeling and action—all intellectual vibration, is somewhere faithfully recorded, just as well as all material action is eternally photographed upon the earth and its rocks. It is also certain that there are many who daily measure and correctly judge of the spiritual status of their associates, who can tell the manner, kind and quality of their spirits, what they have thought and done, and what they may do, the same as the geologist classifies his specimens and tells to what epoch and strata they belong and the conditions under which they existed.

There can be no valid argument, in a strictly scientific and spiritual sense, against the theory that these records are impressed upon a spiritual universe,—that spirit itself can be psychometrized,—that all thought of all past ages is known and traced by the laws of spiritual vibration upon something, the same as all forms of material action are photographed upon a material world. The psychometrist does reproduce these pictures from nature's tablets and from the entablatures of spirit. The laws of

impress are constant and eternal in both realms,—or these pictures and these inspirations could not be reproduced. The sensitized spirit invading these laws; coming within the periphery of spirit's and matter's ensphering forces, trained to arrest, for the instant, these magical revelations, and, skilled in interpretation and delineation, can throw the mysterious searchlight of intelligence back along creative methods, almost to the divining of creative purposes. A science magical and marvelous, yet simple and natural, because true. How much might be known, how much of benefit received but for inherited prejudice.

MY SPIRIT GUIDE.

In 1887, a spirit gave Mrs. Drake the following poem, without giving any name. The quality of the poem may indicate the source of its inspiration:

Sitting in my chamber lonely,
 Watching twilight's shadows fade,
 Till around me darkness only
 Threw all objects in the shade;
 I sat eyeing, vainly prying in the depths of darkened air,
 Till 'ere long my vision testing, at last I found it resting
 On a bright and beauteous star.

I sat gazing, fondly gazing,
 Through the boundless realms of space;
 And my thoughts were dimly tracing
 All the beauties of the place.
 When this star was brightly shining, shining always on the earth,
 Then arose a holy feeling, o'er my brain this thought came
 stealing,
 Whence the one that gave it birth?

All around was darkness dreary,
 When at once I heard a sound,
 Booming through the air so clearly,
 Making all the hills resound;
 From my reverie quickly starting, starting at a sound so strange,
 And my gaze at once directing, to my beauteous star, ex-
 pecting
 To detect from whence it came.

I kept watching, closely watching,
 From my quiet seat afar,
 And the radiant rays were catching,
 As they twinkled from my star,
 When suddenly I saw departing, departing like a ray of light,
 And through realms of ether winging, nearer to my vision
 bringing
 A being clothed in starry light.

Wrapt in wonder I sat viewing
 Its approach from realms so bright,
 As its course it kept pursuing,
 'Till to my astonished sight;
 Near me on the earth alighting, alighting on the earth so dear.
 And with notes of music singing, to my raptured senses
 bringing
 Sweetest music full and clear.

Yet with rapture still increasing,
 On my spirit guide I gazed;
 Soon the wondrous music ceasing.
 She her spangled pinions raised;
 And around me still kept hov'ring, hov'ring 'fore my anxious
 eyes,
 And in accents kind, endearing, I no more her presence
 fearing,
 Filled my soul with sweet surprise.

"Child of earth, no more repining,
 I am come to teach the truth,
 Long, too long, have men designing,
 Kept it from the minds of youth;
 From yon star so brightly beaming, beaming with a light so clear,
 I have come," said she exclaiming, "I am come this truth pro-
 claiming,
 'False religions flourish here.'"

"On this earth vile men are teaching,
 Teaching falsehood's blackest art;
 Seldom after virtue reaching,
 Its rare beauties to impart;
 But are ever, ever planning, planning always insincere,
 Every virtuous trait dispelling, and to you this falsehood
 telling,
 "True religion is born through fear.'"

"In yon star so brightly burning,
 Yonder in those fields of space,"
 Said my spirit guide, returning
 To her brilliant dwelling place,
 "Dwells religion, pure, unchanging, unchanging as the heavens
 above,
 And around us all are praising, and to heaven the songs are
 raising,
 Religion is the heir of love."

As she spoke, her form receding,
 Vanished from my aching sight;
 Still my heart with rapture beating,
 Filled my soul with pure delight;
 And her image still kept hov'ring, hov'ring round with glittering
 beams,
 'Till a cloud my star obscuring, racked my bosom past
 enduring,
 And awoke me from my dream.

I awoke with bosom welling,
 And my heart with love o'erflowed,
 As I wandered from my dwelling,
 Gazing on the works of God;
 And it seemed these words were echoing, echoing through the
 heavens above.
 And with music sweet, surprising, nature's voice in concert
 rising,
 "Nature's God's the God of Love."

Evermore my mind recurring
 To my beauteous spirit Guide,
 Thinking o'er her words, preferring
 In her wisdom to confide;
 And my soul in love communing, communing with God's works
 so fair,
 Ever in its love increasing, and with transport never ceasing,
 Turns to thee, my spirit star.

—Kansas City, Dec. 5, 1887.

MANIFESTATIONS AT MOME.

A Boston lady—a writer of considerable prominence—who was an intimate friend and associate of Mrs. Lord's, gives the following account of some of the marvelous manifestation that occurred in her presence while she was stopping with Mrs. Lord at No. 26 Chester Park:

"In the winter of 1882, it was my pleasure and privilege to be a member of the household of Mrs. Maud E. Lord, now Mrs. Drake. I will not mention the public seances which were regularly held at this place, and which I often attended, but will confine myself to a few of the many incidents which happened in the every-day life of this wonderful medium.

Truly, heaven and earth were very closely connected in this home, for the spirits of the departed could speak in audible voice, move material objects, and associate them-

selves with our everyday life, many times as tangibly as though in the body.

At one time, after dinner, upon returning from the dining room which was in the basement, I went into the parlor and took a seat at the piano and commenced to run over the keys, playing some simple little air, when a voice by my side said: "Good evening, Miss Huff, I'm glad to hear you play." I turned to see who was speaking. There was no person in the room. As I ran out into the hall, a hearty laugh greeted me, which I recognized as the voice of spirit Clarence. Other members of the family were on their way from the dining room. Mrs. Lord was at the foot of the stairs, as I found upon going into the hall.

Physical manifestations very frequently occurred while we were eating. The large dining table would be lifted entirely from the floor without spilling or disturbing anything thereon, and loud raps would be heard about the room, which intelligently communicated to us what they wished to tell us in reply to our questions. They seemed to be interested in our welfare and in all of our doings the same as other members of the family.

One morning the milk man was late in delivering his milk. The bottle came while we were at the table. The servant, failing in her efforts to remove the cork, we all took a hand at it, each one being unsuccessful. At last, Maud said: 'Put it in the closet, or cupboard, and shut the door.' This was done and in a few seconds loud raps were heard on the door, which, when opened, disclosed the fact that the refractory cork had been removed.

I have seen a bottle raised and moved about the table without any visible hand touching it. These things were of common occurrence.

One evening Mrs. Lord and myself had been away. When we returned the maid who attended the door did not respond to the ring of the bell. She had gone out, safely locking every door in the front and back of the house, expecting to return in time to admit the members of the family who were all absent at the time. After trying every

door, Maud and myself stood nonplussed. The weather was cold and we could not wait long. Would the invisibles help us in our extremity? I shall never forget that moment when Maud placed her hand on the knob, holding it there for an instant, when the door flew open! The spring lock which would have resisted all human effort, without the proper key, was dextrously managed by the powers which seemed always to attend this wonderful woman.

There was a very heavy sofa bed in my room—so heavy that it would have been quite a lift for two men. One evening I was lying on this bed when Maud came in. She took a seat near me and we were having quite an earnest conversation, which, evidently, interested the spirits, who responded by raising the bed up and down in affirmation, or negation to what we were saying.

At another time, in the broad day light, Maud was sitting on the piano stool in the parlor, I stood beside her; we were then discussing the question of Maud's losing her home through the perfidy of a professed spiritualist when a noise, like the rushing of the mighty wind, swept through the room, the piano was raised up and down, back and forth, with the mighty force which seemed almost terrific in its vehemence and volume. At this Val, one of her guides, spoke and said: 'I am here with all of my power to help you.'

There are many similar experiences which might be given, demonstrating beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there is 'only a thin veil' between this world and that of the so-called dead; and, that Mrs. Maud E. Lord-Drake is one of the greatest mediums of modern times.

EMMA J. HUFF."

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

To those who live only in the first and second dimensions of space, if such were possible, all that occurs in the third dimension would be miraculous, disputable, denied and called a fraud. Men are only wise from their angle of vision. Many believe there is nothing beyond their ex-

perience. *De Profundis* has no meaning to them. The earth is flat and they know it. Many of those living in the three dimensions are equally as wise. There is nothing beyond their sense and their reason—unless it be as the orthodox people say—"the devil"—and they have people hired to round up this distinguished party once a week and put him back where he will keep warm. Anyone daring to let a little light in on this intangible monster, roaming round in a fourth dimension, is immediately brought to bar, and properly relegated to the place where colds are prohibited. At some distance in the past there were other ways of disposing of these inquisitive people, but those methods have been discarded by the evolution of civilization. It is not popular now to murder them on a cross, suspend them from a tree, burn them at the stake, or give them hemlock tea; and, hence this more modern, orthodox method of keeping people within the three dimensions. They must not accept any conclusion outside of their creeds and contrary to the interpretation of the self-constituted authorities.

It was Byron who wrote: "I feel my immortality o'er sweep all pains, all tears, all time, all fears; and, peal like the eternal thunder of the deep into my ears this truth—'Thou livest forever.'"

Horace—ode 30—said: "I shall not wholly die. Some part, nor that a little, shall escape the dark destroyer's dart and his grim festival."

Homer makes Achilles to say of his friend Patrocles:

The form subsists without a body's aid.
This night, my friend so late in battle lost,
Stood by my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;
Even now familiar as in life he came,
Alas! How different! Yet how like the same.

Xenophon and Plato both testify to the reliability of the "Divine Voice" that whispered to and guided Socrates all through life.

Lycurgus, the great Spartan law-giver, and Herodotus have both left evidence of having consulted the Oracles and

the reliability of their prophecies, as well as their belief in the same.

Plutarch writing about the Oracles says: "Pythia so proved her power of foretelling events, such as the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the defeat of Xerxes' army, that it would be useless to bring forth new evidence." Pindar, the lyric poet of the Golden Age of Grecian literatures, who sought his inspiration from the Pythia at the temple of Delphi, five hundred years before Christ's time, taught the immortality of the soul:

"After death there is in store a gladsome life."

Dr. Roberts of Kansas City, Mo., who preaches to a congregation of the brightest and boldest thinkers in this country, in a recent sermon said: "It is profoundly significant that this belief in life beyond has persisted. It has been substantially held by all people, and has outlasted the changes in civilizations, and the overthrow of thrones and dynasties. It has come down the ages, step by step, independent of the laws, the customs, the religions, or the habits of the people of the different nations. Yet more significant is it that it has withstood every advance of science, all progress of knowledge, all the inquiry into the secrets and mystery of life and being—it has withstood them all. Here and there, in this, as in most of the periods of history, have been individuals who, either did not want to live again, or else did not believe they should. But these are exceptions—are anomalies."

Professor Hyslop of Columbia College, when asked if his experience with the noted Boston medium, Mrs. Piper, had resulted in his acceptance of Spiritualism, replied: "It positively has done so; there is no other explanation but spiritism."

Bishop Newman of the Methodist church, said: "I am as certain of the communication between this and the spirit world as I am of communication between London and New York."

The Rev. Henry Frank of New York said: "The will is the gate-keeper of the soul. Thought is the manifestation of spirit through matter. It is creative, deific and imperishable. It is the heritage of the past and the heirloom of the future. It is the dynamics of silence."

WHAT THE FACTS PROVE.

The incidents, thus far related, cover nearly all forms of the phenomena recorded in sacred and profane histories. None of them are new; all are done in accordance with the laws of the universe. And none are beyond acceptance by those mentally qualified to understand spiritual truths. They are all simply facts, told just as they occurred. All are referable to spirit agency; some are done in accordance with known laws; some in accordance with laws imperfectly understood, except by adepts in and out of the body. These incidents have occurred in the widest range of conditions as to time, place and surroundings, showing the universality of this vital force, applicable for the production of this phenomena *ONLY* when generated by vital chemistry. Western philosophy has refused to recognize this division of this universal force and its adaptability to mental control. It has only studied its physical manifestations and mechanical application, as electricity, wireless transmission of sound and light, and other vibrations—and all this within the last fifty years.

The Orientals, on the other hand, have studied it for more than a hundred centuries, until they produce results that we are not able to understand. We do not comprehend the A B C of their conquests of intellectual and material forces. How insignificant seems the science and supposed wisdom of those who dispute that to which they do not even approximate a conception, much less an understanding. We submit these facts—as facts, the certainty and reliability of which there is no question. None need accept our theory or conclusions. Formulate a theory of your own that shall cover all of these facts—not some of them, but *ALL* of them.

Spirit phenomena antedate all records. Its facts were accepted for what they were by the wisest and most learned more than four thousand years ago. None thought to question their verity. The Greeks, two thousand years before Christ's time, coined language in which to express the facts of this spiritual science. Occasionally a thinker has defied scientific dogma and ecclesiastical authority, and spoken in no uncertain language.

As an illustration we quote in the following chapter from an unpublished work of Hon. George W. Lewis, the well-known spiritual scientist of California. From Judge Lewis' long and thorough training in the classics, his successful practice of the law, his avocation as a jurist, and his discussions of material, as well as spiritual science, he is especially well qualified to weigh evidence and reach logical conclusions. None are more competent, or better qualified to speak upon the facts with which the following chapter deals. Lewis is to this country what Gladstone was to England as authority upon Hellenic language and history.

GNOTHI SE AUTON—(*Know Thyself.*)

THE TEMPLE OF DELPHI AN ANCIENT SHRINE OF SPIRITUALISM.

"The inscription above, a saying sometimes accredited to Solon of Athens, was written in golden letters over the door of the Temple of Delphi, one of the greatest shrines of spirit communication in ancient or modern times. The sentiment it inculcates was held by the ancients to be sacred and divine. For no man can have any adequate knowledge of himself without knowing his origin, his surroundings and his destiny.

He must know something, at least, of this relation to the past, to his environment of the present, and of his relation to the spirit world and life beyond the grave.

And, believing as the ancients did, in a continued, individual, conscious existence beyond the dissolution of the

body, it is not strange that the Roman philosopher should have exclaimed:

E coelo descendit, Gnothi so auton.

(*Know thyself descended from heaven.*)

"No one pretends to know when the shrine was established at Delphi, or when the temple was builded. It antedates by unnumbered years the authentic records of history. The temple existed long anterior to the days of Homer, and before the days of unhappy Illium. For Homer, in his undying songs, the Illiad and the Odyssey, sang of the sacred oracle of Delphi. According to Herodotus, Homer lived 850 years B. C., but others claim that he lived 350 years earlier or 1200 B. C.

"But Homer wrote of incidents that occurred hundreds of years before his time. He wrote and sang of the Trojan war and of occurrences that transpired and existed long before that time. Sir W. E. Gladstone, who was one of the ablest Greek scholars of modern times, dates the commencement of the Trojan war at 1316 B. C. But during and prior to the Trojan war the Temple of Delphi was an old established shrine. I think we can safely predicate its existence at least 2000 years B. C.

"The Temple of Delphi was situated in the valley of Phocis in Greece, at the southern base of Mount Parnassus, and about six miles from the shores of the Corinthian Gulf. The first temple, antedating historic times, was destroyed by fire 548 years B. C., but it was immediately replaced by a new one, a building of most magnificent structure. The front was of Parian marble, and the sculptural decorations were extremely rich. Among the vast number of apartments within the temple was an *Innermost Sanctuary*, devoted to the exclusive use of the prophetess, or Pythia, as she was called. We are told that beneath this sanctuary was a cleft in the ground from which arose cold vapors which had the power of inducing 'ecstasy.' And over this a circular platform was placed, on which was a tripod or seat for the Pythia.

“Originally there was but one Pythia, or Prophetess, but in more prosperous times there were two who ascended the tripod alternately, and then a third, used when required as an assistant. At an early date the Pythia entered the *Innermost Sanctuary* but once a year, but later she prophesied every day, if the day itself and the sacrifices were propitious. The Pythia prepared herself by washings and purifications, and then entered the *Sanctuary*, clad in flowing robes, with golden ornaments in her hair. She drank of the fountain of Cassotis, tasted of the fruit of the bay-tree, and then entered the *Sanctuary*, and took her seat upon the tripod. No one was with her in that sacred precinct. A priest, called a *Prophetes*, a prophet, was in attendance to explain or interpret the words of the Pythia to the suppliant seeking the communication.

“As the Pythia sat upon the tripod within the *Innermost Sanctuary*, a cold breeze passed over her organism until she became in a state of *ecstasy*, and then she gave forth her prophetic words, her counsel, advice, admonition or warning, as the case might be, and the *Priest*, or *Prophetes* explained the communication, and put the words in metrical form, usually in hexameter verse.* For more than 1500 years the reputation of the Oracle stood very high.

“On all important occasions, especially in establishing colonies, framing legislation, and establishing religious ordinances, in fact in all matters, in peace or in war, the Pythia was consulted. This was done not only by the Greeks, but by the people of Asia and Italy, and in fact by the people throughout the known world. So many were at the temple seeking communications that they were obliged to determine by lot who should take precedence in approaching the sacred shrine.

“The communications of the Pythia were held in the highest repute, until after the Persian invasion, when the

*NOTE—Some writers assert that Phe-monoe was the first known priestess at the Delphic shrine, and the inventor of hexameters.

priests became corrupt, bartering the communications for selfish gains, and the consequent skepticism and unbelief set in. But the communications continued to be given at Delphi till the latter part of the Fourth century A. D., when they were abolished by Theodosius the Great, one of the Christian emperors of Rome, who died A. D., 394. Those desiring further information upon this subject can consult the *Journal of Hellenic Research*, Vol. IX, pages 282-322."

In this short sketch of the Delphic Oracle, we see the most unmistakable evidence of spirit communication and spirit control. The *Pythia* of that age was, in fact, what is known to-day as a *Medium*. The manifestations of spirit power through the *Pythia* at Delphi were subject to the same laws, and dependent upon the same conditions as those given through the mediums of to-day. The *Innermost Sanctuary* of the temple, devoted exclusively to the use of the *Pythia*, was as essential to the manifestation of spirit power through her as the cabinet is to the communications through the *Mediums* of to-day.

The *Innermost Sanctuary* of the temple was nothing more nor less than the *Cabinet* used by the mediums at the present time. The *ecstasy* of the *Pythia* was the *trance* of the modern *Medium*.

Christian writers try to divert the signification of the word '*ecstasy*' from its original meaning. The word is from the Greek '*ekstasis*'—entrancement.—from *ek*, meaning 'out' and *histemi*, meaning 'to stand.' Hence the word '*ecstasy*,' *ekstasis* of the *Pythia*, consisted in the spirit of the *Pythia* *standing out* of its normal relation with, or control of her body, and allowing a departed spirit to take possession and temporary control and thereby, through the organism of the *Pythia*, to communicate its prophetic utterances, or other communications to mortals on earth, or to otherwise manifest the wonderful powers and phenomena of the spirit world through the organism of the *Pythia*.

The sages of Greece knew what they were doing when

they coined the word '*ekstasis*,' and they meant what they said. They used this word to express a fact that had come within the range of their observation and experience. By the use of this word they expressed the fact that during the *trance*, the spirit of the person entranced stood out of its normal relation with the person's body and allowed a disembodied spirit to take possession and control. This was the primary meaning of the word '*ekstasis*,' but like all other words it came to have secondary and other meanings. But in modern times Christian writers and scientists have made the secondary meanings of the word the primary. However, in all the English dictionaries, such as the Century, the Standard, Worcester, and Webster, the word '*trance*' is given as one of the meanings of '*ecstasy*.' In Sophocles' Greek Lexicon, as well as in that of Lidell and Scott, the meaning of the Greek word '*ekstasis*' is given as '*trance*.' In the New Testament, Acts X:10, "Peter fell into a trance." (*Epepesen ep auton ekstasis*). Literally 'a *trance* fell or came upon him.' In Acts XI:5, Peter said: 'In a trance I saw a vision' (*en ekstasei*). And in Acts XXII:17, Paul said: 'While I prayed in the temple I was in a trance' (*Genesthai me en ekstasei*).

Hence, neither Christian writer nor scientist can consistently cavil over the meaning of the word *ecstasy*, as applied to the *Pythia* of Delphi, the *Medium* of to-day, or to St. Peter or St. Paul.

The *Pythia* was entranced by departed spirits, and thus under spirit control gave her messages to men on earth. This was clearly understood by the ancients. It was no mystery to them. And we must not forget that when the *Pythia* entered the sanctuary or cabinet, a cold breeze, or as they called it a "cold vapor" swept over her body and induced the "*ekstasis*," *ecstasy*, or *trance*. What medium is there to-day who does not experience the same 'cold breeze' pervading her organism when going into a *trance*, or spirit control? In fact, there are too many persons, all over the world, who, though not mediums, have

experienced the same influence at spirit seances to gainsay or deny the proposition.

MR. LEWIS' PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

“In 1868, soon after my graduation at college, I came to San Francisco, California. I had never seen a medium, and knew nothing of spiritualism. My time had been entirely devoted to the languages, mathematics, natural sciences and metaphysics. I had neither time nor inclination to deal with vague speculations, appearing to have no foundation in fact, or not susceptible of rigid and positive proof.

I left many friends in the East, among whom was a most estimable young lady with whom I corresponded after coming to California. I was then a strict Presbyterian. It was in the early seventies.

I had received a letter from this young lady, and in the evening, sitting in my room alone, I was answering the letter. I was writing with a pencil, intending after corrections and revision, to carefully write it with a pen and send it on its mission. I came to a particular sentence, and while arranging the words in my mind, my hand holding the pencil was resting on the paper, when all at once a very cold breeze seemed to pass over me, and especially down my right arm. It was a warm summer evening and there was no wind or breeze from without to disturb the atmosphere or to reach me. This cold breeze pervaded my whole body, but more especially my right arm. Soon my arm began to grow light. It then involuntarily arose from the table. My hand commenced moving in circles, then slowly descended, till the pencil point touched the paper. Then it seemed as if a strong external power had hold of my arm and hand. Under this power a few circles were described, when by a slow, deliberate movement of my hand and pencil the following words were written: ‘George, I am so glad to see you. I died’ (giving the day and date) and signed her name ‘Mary.’

The pencil then dropped from my fingers and the cold breeze passed off.

The letter I was answering had been received by me that morning, and when writing it the lady was in the best of health. It was dated at New York about two weeks before this occurrence. I was dumbfounded. I had given no attention to spiritualism and knew nothing of it. I had never seen a medium. I, therefore, so far as I could, dismissed the matter from my mind. I finished my letter and mailed it that night, but said nothing of this experience. But at the next mail from New York I received a letter informing me of the sudden death of the young lady. And what was most astounding to me, the death occurred on the exact day that had been written by the involuntary movement of my hand and arm on that night while alone in my room.

And from that time on, before I ever saw a medium, I received the most incontestable proofs of spirit existence, and of their power to return and communicate with mortals. But almost invariably the first intimation that I would receive of spirit control would be the passing of a cold breeze over me. Sometimes it would be only over my arm and hand."

EXPERIENCE OF MR. AND MRS. LEWIS AT MRS. DRAKE'S
SEANCE.

In May, 1903, Mrs. Lewis and myself had the good fortune to attend one of Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake's seances, at her residence, No. 521 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco, California. We are residing at No. 321, same street. We reached Mrs. Drake's a few minutes before the time for the seance, and found about fifteen persons in waiting. A few more came in, and soon the chairs were placed in a circular position. The guests were seated and each one was requested to take with the left hand the wrist of the person at the left, thus leaving the right hand free to take the spirit hand should the celestial visitants appear. The windows were carefully fastened, and the doors

securely locked. Mrs. Drake then took her seat within the circle. After the circle was thus formed, two strangers came and were admitted to the seance room. They admitted that they were skeptics, but expressed a desire to receive evidence of a continuity of life beyond the grave if it could be given. Evidently, however, they thought no such evidence could be produced. Mrs. Drake said that in order to satisfy themselves that there was no fraud nor collusion they might see that the doors and windows were securely fastened against intrusion, and that during the seance they might hold her hands.

This they did. Those in the circle were strangers to Mrs. Lewis and myself, except one, Mr. W. T. Jones, a bookkeeper with the Order of Pendo, residing at No. 837 Shrader Street, one of San Francisco's most honored and respected citizens.

All things being in readiness, the lights were turned off. Immediately a small music box commenced playing while floating over the heads of those in the circle. It required two hands to play upon this little instrument, one to hold it, and another to turn the crank.

Other instruments floated around discoursing sweet music. A light appeared before the lady sitting at my left, and at the same time one appeared before the lady at my right, while in, and apparently back of, each light, appeared a face that was immediately recognized by each lady. Conversations were carried on by the ladies on either side of me with the forms appearing in the respective lights.

At the same time the musical instruments were floating over our heads, and lights were moving about the room, and spirit forms appearing to, and conversing with many in the circle. Spirit hands, large and small, were passing around and touching those in the circle. One-half or two-thirds of those present were at the same time conversing face to face with their spirit friends, fully recognized and identified by them, the lights at the same time appearing and moving about in every part of the room, and the musical instruments floating around and playing. And

during all this time Mrs. Drake was in her chair, in her normal condition, describing spirits, conversing with them, and at times conversing with those in the circle.

While these conversations were going on in all parts of the circle, lights and musical instruments floating as described, the little music box was placed in my lap and continued playing while there. My face and hands were touched by many hands. Some were large, and some were tiny hands, smaller by far than those of any of the persons in the circle. The word 'Mary' was spoken. I made no reply at the time. The lady at my left thought it was for her, as did the one at my right, but to their questions no response was given. Again the word 'Mary' was spoken. I then said, 'Is it for me?' and immediately three loud raps were heard. I asked mentally if she could show herself to me. Immediately a light appeared in front of me, while in, and apparently back of the light, appeared the face of the young lady who more than thirty years ago controlled my hand to write the fact and date of her death, as related above. As to the identity of the face I saw at Mrs. Drake's seance with that of the young lady who died in New York, there can be no possible doubt. And as to the identity of the personal individuality there can be no question. In conversing with me there she referred to an incident occurring to us when she was in life that was known to no living person except her and me. She briefly alluded to several things occurring in New York, more than thirty years ago that were known to us alone. While talking with me she placed her hand upon my head and patted my face. Several times during the evening she came to me, conversing with me, placing her hand on my head and passing it down the side of my face. During this time a bright light appeared before Mrs. Lewis on the opposite side of the circle, and in and back of the light there appeared a tall, stately figure with full beard, and curly black hair. He clasped her by the hand saying, 'My wife.' It was the spirit of Dr. D. W. Whitmore, her former husband, at one time

well known in Sacramento, San Francisco and San Jose. Holding her hand he conversed with her.

In life the joints of his right hand and fingers had been distorted by rheumatism, and as he clasped her hand in his, she recognized it as identical with that of Dr. Whitmore, which she had so often clasped in hers during life. Others appeared to her and were recognized as spirits of departed friends. At one time during the evening several spirit voices joined in singing, and one, especially, immediately over Mrs. Lewis' head, sang the stanza through, at least two octaves higher than any in the circle. While Mrs. Lewis was conversing with Dr. Whitmore, the musical instruments were floating over our heads, lights were appearing in all parts of the room, most of those in the circle were recognizing and conversing with the spirits of departed friends, and Mrs. Drake sitting in the center of the circle was talking, describing spirits and conversing with them, and with persons in the circle. And throughout the seance her hands were occasionally held by the skeptics who received most remarkable and convincing proofs of the existence of spirits and their power to communicate with those on earth. The seance was a most satisfactory one. The tests were conclusive, and there was no possibility of collusion or fraud. If it were possible for mortals to have duplicated that seance, it would have required double the number of persons in the circle to have done what was simultaneously enacted during the seance.

Besides, there was no person present, not even Mr. and Mrs. Drake, who knew anything of the spirits that communicated with Mrs. Lewis and myself. No one in the circle knew that Mrs. Lewis was ever acquainted with Dr. Whitmore in life, and much less did they know that he was her former husband. Nor was there one person present who ever knew of the young lady, whose spirit came to me, or that I was ever acquainted with a lady by that name. And now in corroboration of the statement made above, that the Delphic Oracle was an ancient shrine of spiritualism, I desire to say, that, at the commencement of this

seance, and at times during the evening, most, if not all in the circle, felt a cold breeze sweeping over them.

These cold breezes came in the same manner that the cold breeze, or as it was called 'cold vapor,' passed over the body of the Pythia, after she ascended the tripod within the *Innermost Sanctuary* of the Temple at Delphi.

In the nature of things there could be no more conclusive proofs of spirit existence and spirit return than was given at this seance. The evidence of sight was corroborated by that of hearing, and these by the evidence of touch. And this thrice corroborated evidence, appealing to the judgment of any one of the persons present, was corroborated by a like attested evidence on the part of the nineteen other persons who were present. This strongly corroborated testimony establishes the facts of a continuity of life beyond the peradventure of a doubt.

It cannot be refuted or nullified by any theory of psychic influence, or mental delusion. It cannot be overcome by any theory of unconscious cerebration of the brain, or by telepathy. The evidence of the continuity of life is most strongly intrenched in the facts of nature and the immutable laws of the universe.

The scientist can no more acquire knowledge of the continuity of life by a study of the laws and facts of astronomy than he can acquire a knowledge of geology by studying algebraic equations. As well might the priest try to compute an eclipse of the sun by a study of the doctrine of vicarious atonement. In any department of nature one must first obtain certain empirical knowledge pertaining thereto before he can deal with the problems involved therein. And he who has acquired no such knowledge of any given department of nature is unqualified to pass judgment upon any of the problems involved.

The mineralogist however learned in his department, who has no empirical knowledge of astronomy, is unqualified to pronounce judgment upon any question arising in the science of astronomy. So the scientist, however learned in his vocation, who is without empirical knowledge as to

the facts and laws of spiritualism, is not qualified to pass his judgment upon any question involved therein. And it is a remarkable fact that the scientist and the churchman who most strongly denounce the facts and the phenomena of spiritualism, know the least about the subject, and are the ones who most persistently refuse to seek the empirical knowledge necessary to entitle them to an opinion upon the subject, or to pronounce any valid judgment or decision thereon."

A WONDERFUL MANIFESTATION.

Mr. John Horsham of Madison, Nebraska, wrote to the *Progressive Thinker*, one of the ablest spiritual publications in this or any other country, under date of November 25, 1893, concerning a seance held at his home, as follows:

"There were twenty-four people present, the best and most intelligent people of our city. Among the number was a merchant, whose son had committed suicide by shooting himself through the brain with a pistol. Of this I can positively assert the medium knew nothing. In her seance, after she had spoken to several and given many good tests, she turned to this gentleman, placing her feet under his—as is her usual custom—both sitting in chairs fronting each other, and told him his place of birth, his father's and mother's name in full, the number of their family, and the names of his brothers and sisters. His wife's brother also appeared before him, clearly enough to be recognized, giving his name so that all could hear. He passed from this life over thirty years ago. She gave the number of his own family, and names, saying: 'Here is a young man that went by accident. He left a widow, and a child was born to his wife after he passed out. His name was Charles.' We all listened with breathless silence, all knowing his great sorrow. The medium repeating: 'There is one who went out by some terrible accident—not a railroad accident. He is near and dear to you. The medium seemed to be confused—when, under or near the

medium's chair, on the carpet, was a loud explosion, as of a pistol, followed by a blaze of light encircling Mrs. Drake in what seemed to be a flame of light. The smell of powder was very distinct. The report was loud and distinct, and the flash plain and bright to all. The medium shrieked as though shot, and would have fallen but for assistance. She was immediately controlled by a man whose voice the gentleman recognized as that of his son, who gave words of encouragement to the heart-broken father, who had already recognized him as he gave his name. He said his brain had been overtaxed and he did the deed in a moment of mental aberration. He exonerated his father from all blame, telling him it was not his fault, and spoke of other family business matters. He talked in a very plain, audible voice for more than five minutes. The last words were: 'It is all right now, father, but I want to see my wife.'

Any one wishing the names of the gentleman in question or of those present, can be accommodated by writing to me. The young gentleman was a teacher in a college in South Dakota—being over-worked mentally; he was home with his parents for rest and recreation, and was well-known to the writer. The medium could not have known anything of any of the incidents I have here related, as she arrived in the place at 8 o'clock that evening on the train and had never before met anyone in the seance. She went direct to the seance from the cars.

JOHN HORSHAM."

OBSESSION CURED.

Among the many experiences in the exercise of her mediumship for the benefit of others was one at San Diego, California. Many people will remember Major Knowlton and his excellent wife who lived at Los Angeles. The major was formerly from Chicago where he was connected with the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company at the time Mr. Blackstone was president of the road. He and the venerable railroad man were fast friends. Major and

Mrs. Knowlton had a relative who was a prominent man and city official in Chicago whom we will call Mr. R. Both families removed to California—Major Knowlton settled in Los Angeles and Mr. R. located in that beautiful city by the sea.

Mr. R. had a beautiful daughter who was afflicted in a manner most distressing to the family and to their loyal friends, the Knowltons. No one could tell the cause of her terrible attacks. Her health was good. She was a beautiful girl, bright and intelligent and about sixteen years old. Every few days she would have a spell as they called it. Eminent physicians were consulted to no purpose. They could not diagnose the case, nor could they afford any relief. All their skill, learning and experience could not even approximate the trouble or the cause. These attacks had continued from the time she was a little child in Chicago. At times the child, when in these attacks, would destroy all of her clothing. At Mrs. Knowlton's solicitation, Mrs. Drake accompanied her to San Diego and met the father and mother and the girl in their own home. Her clairvoyant vision soon saw the cause of the trouble. Crouched in one corner of the room was the spirit of an old Irish woman, vicious and ugly. Mrs. Drake asked the father of the girl if he remembered, when he was a young man, that an Irish woman wanted him to marry her daughter. This woman's spirit, she said, was obsessing his daughter, who was a medium.

Her father remembered such a person, but said there was no reason why she should imagine he ought to marry her daughter.

"Nevertheless she thinks you should have done so, and she swore she would be avenged; and, right well has she kept her vow."

"Is there no way to prevent this terrible thing, that has caused us so much distress and has ruined all our prospects and hopes?" said the troubled and distressed parents.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Drake, "surround your child

with the holy influence of prayer and put her in charge of some good and powerful Indian control. They, having lived close to nature, understand the laws of control better than others; and, by laws known to spirit, can guard against the approach of obsessing spirits, when they are once endowed with authority, as the good book says, 'For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.' "

Mrs. Drake then placed one of her hands upon each of the girl's hands and so strongly magnetized her that the obsessing spirit was not able to hold her any longer. An Indian chief was then given charge of the girl by Mrs. Drake's control, Jesse, by and with the consent of the girl's parents who were members of the Episcopal church.

Ten years later this fair, young girl was speaking as a medium to appreciative audiences in the large cities of the Middle West.

THE MIDNIGHT SERENADE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 20, 1896.

In the winter of 1894, while the city was encased in ice, I had the pleasure of a visit from the world-renowned medium, Maud Lord-Drake. About the same time, my brother, J. Murry Case, well known as an inventor and also as a writer on occult subjects, came to visit me with his bride of a day. They occupied the front parlor, by the grate fire, while the medium had the back parlor—the two rooms having folding doors between. The writer slept in the room above Mrs. Drake. About midnight I was awakened by a great noise in Mrs. Drake's room. The banjo was thumping against the ceiling (which was under my floor) on which a tune was being played which "No mortal 'ere had heard." Sweet voices sang a familiar tune with the words improvised for the occasion, one line only being remembered, which was: "To-day we die; to-morrow we smile."

Mrs. Drake, fearing the midnight visitors might disturb the sleeping household, turned up the light, which

they immediately turned out, again saying: "We have come to serenade them," but as she insisted they left the room and came to my window, and sang on the outside of the house on Michigan Avenue, as any serenaders would do, and then gradually withdrew. They sang as they went upwards, the voices becoming fainter and fainter till they were lost in the distant ether. It was a sweet and holy benediction, beyond anything I can describe, and I shall always believe in the reality of "Brownies."

HULDAH C. REECE.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE REV. GEORGE HEPWORTH.

Few men are better known in any country, than General U. S. Grant, twice elected President of the United States, and commander-in-chief of the American army at the successful termination of a four years' war. Grant, the silent, taciturn, determined man, whom few understood, and few could measure. Cool, and always self-centered in danger; thoughtful and confident of ultimate success; traduced by some, loved by many, he moved steadily forward to the consummation of results too grand and far-reaching for his own country, or the nations of the world to comprehend. Rightly named the "Man of Destiny."

The evolution of a government and the evolution of a man—a Nation and a character meeting at a common point, when and where one was necessary to the other. Call this accident? Oh, no! Let the student read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"—that matchless story of the evolution of the civilization of the world for thirteen centuries, and note the evolutionary principles causing everything to occur in conformity with the logic of destiny, or purpose. Results are sometimes delayed but never defeated.

Macaulay, the popular historian of the Victorian era, deserves praise for his recognition of the fact that things do not happen accidentally, but in accordance with fixed laws—carrying its great characters like Napoleon and Grant, like Gladstone and our martyred Presidents, along

by a force impossible to resist. There is purpose and design in all these things, implying a Designer whose power is absolute. When the Civil War between the people of the South and the North called out the 90-day men, and then, later calls came, until the best of the country were arrayed against each other; and, when the war continued until the Northern people were impatient with Lincoln for delaying the Proclamation of Emancipation, it was Beecher who said: "God dwelleth in eternity and has an infinite leisure to roll forward the affairs of men, not to suit the hot impatience of those who are but children of the day and cannot wait or linger long, but according to the infinite circle on which He measures times and events."

It was Carlyle who said: "This wondrous, boundless, jostle of things" is presided over by infallible and eternal wisdom, moulding events and directing man to the accomplishment of eternal purposes, and the out-working of man's infinite, potential, possibilities. These things can be foreknown, and can be, and have been foretold.

Angels foretold the birth of Jesus, the Christ child, and they also told Grant, when he lived at Carondelet, near St. Louis, what he should do and what would be the end. Believing and trusting to such guidance, there could not be other than success. Lincoln, knowing much of Grant's source of confidence and strength, said of him, when jealous rivals sought to criticise: "I wish there were more generals like him." Grant did not talk. The world was not ready to understand the source of his inspiration and power, his genius and his destiny.

It was Cicero who wrote: "No man was ever great without divine inspiration." In this lay Grant's success. Coupled with his silence, the dynamic results were made manifest in Lee's surrender and Grant's eight years as President.

Just before the Grant and Ward failure in Wall Street, in May, 1884, Mrs. J. P. Newman, the estimable wife of Bishop Newman of the Methodist Church, and Mrs. Lord called upon General Grant and his wife, at their home in

New York City. She had met the general at the Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia, in 1876, and had made the acquaintance of Bishop Newman and Mrs. Newman at the seances held for Senator Leland Stanford of California. They were present at all of the thirty or more seances she held for the Senator, at which time Palo Alto University was planned.

Mrs. Grant requested her to tell what she could clairvoyantly see for the general. She said she could not see very much, as he had nearly reached the end of important events, except the closing scene which would, in a measure, be pathetic. "I see a long dark tunnel through which the general must pass. There is only a little light here and there. At the end, the way seems to be strewn with ashes. Just beyond is a field of daisies. This portends trouble and the end."

Mrs. Grant replied: "That cannot be, for we were never more prosperous than we are to-day."

While talking General Grant came in; and, on being told of this vision, said he could not foresee any impending trouble. He then told Mrs. Lord how, long before the war, his departed friends had come to him and his wife at their bed-side and in the night, in their humble home at Carondelet, and told them the great and wonderful things that should come to him; of the war; its terrible loss of life and property; its devastations and desolation of the fair South; and how the integrity of the Nation would be assured, placing it foremost of all the powers of the world. Mrs. Lord described many of the family and friends of General Grant who were awaiting him on the other side, all of whom he recognized and was glad to acknowledge. He, like the Rev. Geo. Hepworth, of Hepworth Church, New York City, in whose congregation was found the wealthy and influential of that great city, and who was, later, editor of the *New York Herald*, was large enough not to deny his knowledge of spirit return. Only great men are fearless leaders.

The compiler of these facts well remembers the reply

made by this great preacher-editor when asked how it was that he dared to acknowledge a belief in Spiritualism.

Mr. Hepworth said: "Facts acknowledge themselves—fools only deny them. Why should I not admit the claims of Spiritualism? I am myself a medium and will demonstrate this to you," which he did. At that time, in 1890. Mr. Hepworth visited Mrs. Drake, whom he well remembered, and said to her: "Do you remember telling me that I would leave the pulpit and engage in other work; that my field of usefulness would be enlarged, and that I would preach to the whole world instead of a single congregation; and how I told you I did not wish to change, that I was satisfied with my church and the work I was doing?"

"Yes. Mr. Hepworth," was her reply, "and I can now see you leaving your present position; and, I see you in a foreign country."

"Oh, don't say that, for I know it will be so if it is shown to you. I have now the best and most important position I ever expect to hold. Great power for good is placed in my hands—greater than I ever dreamed could be given to one man. Do you know that in the pigeon-holes of my desk and filed away in the office of all great newspapers, is the public and private history of all the living great men and women? The press is a greater educator than pulpits and schools combined, and is the brake and check upon the selfishness of men and nations. It is the pendulum that swings civilization forward to unknown results. It makes better social, moral and industrial conditions, according to the conception of its conductors, who, from their vantage ground, can catch the gleam of light in hitherto dark places, and can note the evolutionary processes of civilization."

In a few months after this interview with Mrs. Drake, Mr. Bennet, the owner and genius of the *Herald*, sent Mr. Hepworth to Europe on a larger salary and with an open commission, which position he occupied until called to solve the mysteries of the higher life, and labor in a wider

field of education and ethical progress. The passing of these two great characters—the soldier and the preacher—operating in widely diverging fields of usefulness—both necessary for the accomplishment of infinite and beneficent purposes—emphasizes the fact that there is a God in governments, as well as in religions. No comprehensive student, glancing back over the events taking place within the history of these two men and marking the evolution of progress in the field occupied by each, can dispute this conclusion. Conditions and circumstances develop the characters that civilization in its evolution requires.

EXPERIENCE OF MRS. MAUDE ALBERTA (LORD) PARKER.

My earliest recollections are so interwoven with spirit phenomena that as a child I never considered any manifestation unusual or wonderful. On the contrary it all seemed as natural and necessary as anything in nature. Spirit children, materialized and otherwise, were my companions and playmates. They seemed and were as real as other children, although I knew there was a difference. What did surprise me was that others could not see and hear them as did mother and I.

I will not attempt to recount the many incidents of daily occurrence in my early life but will confine myself to one or two manifestations which were unusual.

One afternoon in March in 1883 when we lived at 26 Chester Park, Boston, while my mother, Dr. B. F. Galloupe and several others were in the reception hall discussing some unusual manifestations that had just occurred, the door bell rang and Mr. W. H. Brooks was announced. He joined the party, and, although a liberal thinker, listened incredulously to the comments then being made. He said he did not doubt the word of any of those present, but thought there surely must be some optical delusion connected with all such manifestations. Before anyone could reply our attention was directed to the stairway by raps on the wall. We all looked in that direction and to our astonishment saw a pair of kid slippers, lying

near the foot of the stairs, raise one at a time and gracefully fall to the floor at regular distances as they approached the stairway. Step by step they ascended the stairs until they reached the top. Turning at the landing they approached a door which opened and they entered. My mother could see the spirit wearing them. The others saw only a pair of empty slippers walking up the stairs. Mr. Brooks never afterwards questioned any manifestations no matter how marvelous and startling they might be.

One night when I was about thirteen years old I was awakened by a noise in my mother's room which adjoined mine. I heard her speak requesting Leotah or Snowdrop to go away as she wanted to sleep. A little later I heard a ripple of subdued laughter and went to the door to see what my little companion was doing. The room was in stygian darkness, mother was asleep and I whispered to Leotah and asked what she was doing. Instantly her voice close to my ear answered: "Go to bed and you shall see in the morning."

Early the next morning I hastened to satisfy my curiosity. Such a sight greeted my astonished gaze! My laughter awakened mother and brought the whole household to the room. She was a prisoner in a gigantic cobweb. No spider ever wove a more intricate web. From the chandelier to every part of the bed and to every available object in the room thread was fastened, woven in and out, up and down, back and forth in every possible direction—from chair to chair, table to dresser, from the bed to pictures, nails in the wall and every projection and available object to which it could be fastened. Some fifteen or twenty empty spools in the work-basket told the story of Snowdrop's night's work.

Our large, heavy Steinway grand piano at No. 26 Chester Park, interested many people with its strange actions. When mother played it would dance to the music, keeping perfect time, raising it would poise on one leg, sometimes on two; sometimes it would be lifted entirely from one to eighteen inches from the floor. At other times

it would move entirely across the thirty-foot room. I have seen six or eight strong men try in vain to hold it. By invitation, those having faith would place their hands under the legs and would feel it descend so lightly as to barely touch their hands.

These manifestations occurring in the light, at all hours of the day, appeared to be more satisfactory and convincing to many than the mental phenomena. Under all those manipulations the piano was never injured or made out of tune.

While residing in Los Angeles in 1889 we were entertaining company at lunch when a spoon was wanted by one of the guests. Before the maid could be called a spoon at the other end of the table, eight feet distant, rose about fifteen inches from the table, passed diagonally across the table and descended very properly and gently beside the plate of our guest. While commenting upon this incident the table rose several times about a foot from the floor without moving or disturbing anything. Loud raps were heard on the table, on our guests' knives and plates and about the room. These manifestations often made it exceedingly difficult to retain competent help, especially those whose religious teachings condemned spiritualism.

A most remarkable incident occurred to me personally at the Sturtevant House in New York. I had just risen and while dressing was thinking about an article of jewelry which I had seen at one of the stores and which I wanted very badly. If I only had some money all my own I would secure it. My attention was in some way attracted to the ceiling when I saw an object about the size of an English walnut, like a piece of crumpled paper, midway between the floor and the ceiling. My eyes seemed focused, without any volition of my own, upon this object as it slowly descended to the table.

I rubbed my eyes to make sure that it was no optical delusion. Although accustomed to many strange, unusual and startling manifestations, I could not believe that what I had seen was an objective reality—a material thing—

until I placed my hand upon it and saw that it was a *new ten-dollar bill!*

It has always been a mystery to me how thinking people can doubt the continuity of life, of all, or of any life manifesting in organized matter, or question the fact of spirit return. It is more easily understood than gravity, the pressure of light, obscure radiation or any of the many facts and theorems accepted and demonstrated by science. With the exceptions of the last incident above related these manifestations all occurred in the light and in the presence of several intelligent and unprejudiced witnesses.

MAUDE ALBERTA (LORD) PARKER.

CHAPTER XX.

A MATERIALIZED ROSE.

Home, 9:30 P. M. HOT SPRINGS, ARK., Jan. 18, 1902.
MR. J. S. DRAKE, St. Louis, Mo.

MY DEAR SIR:—A remarkable manifestation has just occurred of which I will give you a brief outline. We were discussing the subject of the materialization of flowers. I asked Mrs. Drake if any of her controls could give us an opinion on the fact, or a demonstration, as it had never been my good fortune to witness this phenomenon.

Those present in the room were Miss Mignon Logee, of No. 496 Vanderbilt Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Parker and myself. The room was well lighted by a large piano lamp, and a bright fire in the grate. Mrs. Drake was controlled by "Kaolah," the Indian chief, who told us to get a glass of cold water and be seated around a small table, each to place the left hand on the table and all hold the glass of water with our right hands under the table. We were soon told to raise the glass up over the table. We all saw that there was nothing in the glass but water. Almost immediately we observed a white substance, about a half inch in diameter, apparently in the center of the glass. This commenced to expand until it filled the glass. Before we were aware of what was being done a full-blown rose pushed itself above the rim, covering the entire glass. We took it out and carefully examined it. The rose, stem and leaves were perfectly formed, and its beauty and fragrance were fully equal to any naturally grown rose.

It was so large it could not be replaced in the glass without crushing. On examination of the glass I found two-thirds of the water had disappeared, and, as not a

drop of the water had been spilled during this time, it was evident that the water had been transformed, by Osmose action, into the flower.

Mrs. Drake drank several glasses of cold water during the evening and her hands were very cold during the sitting, and for some time afterwards. They tell us that with perfect harmony these manifestations may often be produced.

We are greatly delighted with this floral tribute and manifestation of the materializing power of our invisible friends.

Yours very truly,

LEWIS C. PARKER.

- This rose was placed in a vase and remained on Mrs. Parker's piano for more than a week in perfect condition. In fact, it lasted several days longer than naturally grown roses. This materialization is strictly in accordance with natural law. If the individualized force, manifesting in the rose tree and operating in accordance with this law, can produce its fragrant flower in a few weeks; if the force manifesting as a mushroom can perfect its purpose in the dark of the night, between two and three o'clock; and, if all other forces, operating in accordance with the law unto themselves, bring atoms into forms of beauty and usefulness, why cannot this, greatest of all forces—this spirit that controls all other forces—produce these forms of beauty at will, when it knows the law and its application?

A REMARKABLE CURE.

ALAMEDA, California, Sept. 1, 1902

DEAR MR. DRAKE:

I am told you are having the manuscript for a biography of Mrs. Drake prepared.

You know I have enjoyed her friendship for many years, dating back as far as 1872 and I would like to furnish *one* of the *many* valuable experiences received from her generous hands, as a contribution to the immense col-

lection I am sure you will receive, when it is known that her life work is to be given to the public in book form. I hope you will make it a point to use testimonials from those who have shared the benefits of her most wonderful mediumship, as every year lessens the possibility of adding to the record, which for many reasons should be thorough and complete.

It was in December, 1891, that Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake came to spend the day with us at Alameda. We were living with my sister, Mrs. C. H. Weaver, at 1502½ Park Street, where she still resides, and will bear testimony to the truth of the statement I am about to make.

My mother, Mrs. Cynthia Fowler, had been confined to her bed a helpless invalid for nearly a year, and had been pronounced incurable by the leading physicians of the city. She was wasted to a skeleton, her hair had fallen out, she had no use of her limbs—was obliged to be fed like a child, and her mental faculties were seriously impaired. She could not distinguish one member of the family from the other, and slept a greater portion of the time. When awake she was possessed of the most distressing fancies. Would cry when it was necessary for her to be bathed or her hair combed and insist that she was going to be scalded to death. She had passed her 70th birthday in June, and we all felt she would not live to see another. My sister had often said, "Mother will never be any more dead to us than she is now." When Mrs. Drake came she did not recognize her though she had known her well for many years.

When discussing her hopeless condition with Mrs. Drake, she astonished us by saying she could be helped and asked us all to leave the room while she treated her for a half hour. When Mrs. Drake came out, she looked pale and exhausted and was obliged to lie down for an hour or two. She left us that evening for San Francisco, with the positive assurance that our mother would commence at once to improve, which she did. In a week's time she was in a far more normal condition, slept less and manifested a

desire to get up and be dressed and in *two weeks* her mind was perfectly clear, with no recollection of anything that had transpired during the previous year or more.

About this time I received a letter from Los Angeles from Mrs. Drake, saying she had been conscious of leaving her body every night in company with a band of Spirit Doctors and bringing special magnetic treatment to my mother, and the sudden new lease of life was apparent in every way. Returning strength came rapidly back together with increasing weight, and what seemed to us particularly strange, her hair commenced to grow anew, and in a year's time was as thick and heavy as it had ever been, and to-day at eighty-one her hair is as abundant as can be found on the heads of women who number half her years. We regard her sudden restoration to health, strength and reason as one of the greatest miracles ever wrought by the co-operation of spirits and mortals.

Just a word more regarding Mrs. Drake's remarkable prophecies concerning National events that have come under my personal notice. I was at her home in Los Angeles in the summer of 1889 and heard her predict the disastrous conflagration which was to visit Seattle; and, in less than a week's time, the morning papers brought the startling news that the entire city had been nearly swept away by one of the most destructive fires on record. The terrible flood at Johnstown she foretold in the same manner while I was a guest at her home. Also the approaching tidal wave that carried devastation and ruin to the beautiful city of Galveston.

At another time, while visiting her in 1902 I heard her dilate on the awful eruption of Mount Pelee at Martinique—the wholesale destruction of property and the almost unparalleled loss of human life, which newspaper tidings all too speedily confirmed.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. SARAH M. KINGSLEY.

EXPERIENCES OF ST. LOUIS PEOPLE.

Testimonials.

ST. LOUIS, March, 1903.

Sometime in 1876 or 1877 a friend of mine induced me to accompany him to one of the seances given by Mrs. Maud E. Lord (now Mrs. Drake) at the Laclede Hotel in this city. I entered the seance room an absolute stranger to the medium and to every one present except the friend whom I accompanied. The room was fairly well filled, some twenty to twenty-five persons being present. These were assigned to seats by the medium who placed a chair in the center of a circle thus formed, for herself. At this juncture she expressed a regret that there was no guitar at hand, as that instrument being light was often used for physical demonstrations. Having a friend rooming not over a square away, who was the owner of a guitar, I volunteered to get it, and did so. Everything being ready, the lights were extinguished leaving the room in intense darkness. Singing being suggested, the beautiful hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee" was started. During the singing of the first verse voices could be heard distinctly, whispering to various persons in the circle; and, by the time the first verse had been sung, fully five to six distinct voices could be heard talking to friends who recognized them. During these whispered conversations the medium often joined, making explanations, and describing forms or the phenomena as they occurred. Numerous names, descriptions, and incidents were given by the entities present, all of them acknowledged to be correct by those for whom they were intended.

Presently the writer himself, and, as already stated, a stranger to all present but his friend who sat next to him, was called by name by a voice, which I fully identified as a sister's voice. Then a brother came giving his full name, his birthplace, the battle at which he was wounded, his being sent home where he died. A cousin fully identi-

ried himself and gave information of importance which I verified before retiring that night.

I left the sitting fully convinced that those passing through the transition called death not only continue to live, but retain their individuality; and, can, under proper conditions, communicate with those still embodied, or better, incarnated. A stupendous fact changing the desired and beautiful belief in immortality into a glorious knowledge—and for which I have ever felt grateful to this gifted sensitive. Of course many sittings followed in the course of time, this first one—with this grand medium, all giving additional proof of this greatest of all philosophies, and answering completely and affirmatively the agonized cry of the incarnated human soul. “If a man die shall he live again.”

GEO. J. KINSKY.

SPEAK IN THE CEYLONESE DIALECT AND IN THE SPANISH LANGUAGE.

A gentleman highly educated along ethical lines, a great reader and good judge of men and conditions, whose faculties, or avenues of manifestation are developed far beyond the ordinary; and, who has traveled and lived in many countries, gives the following account of his experiences and observations in one of Mrs. Lord's seances:

“I had been a partial believer in the occult science and had been investigating for about three years, when I was fortunate enough to be one of eighteen invited to sit in one of Mrs. Maud E. Lord's seances.

“This I was more pleased to do as it was at a friend's house, where I knew that whatever we received could be thoroughly relied upon as true and genuine, and, moreover, I knew personally all of the people who were present.

“Now to give my own personal experience. I had always doubted physical manifestations by spirits, and, therefore, I was the one chosen to hold the guitar and music box. One was placed against, and the other *on* my knee. The light had hardly been extinguished before Clarence,

one of the controls of the medium, in a perfectly clear voice (the medium, herself, continually talking to others in the circle and explaining what she saw clairvoyantly) said: 'You see, Cross, we *can* carry things.' The guitar was then taken from my knee, played upon and carried to all of the corners of the ceiling of the room. This had hardly happened before Snowdrop, an Indian control, came, put her hand on mine, and said: 'Now, Mr. Cross, we will play the music box at the same time.' That also went flying around the room playing. All present could hear both of the instruments at the same time. During the evening there were many of my friends who had passed over, who came, shook hands, called me by my name known only to me in my boyhood days, and I am sure that not one of the eighteen present had ever heard me called by it. They also spoke to me of things known only to myself and these spirit friends. They talked to me—not through the medium—but in independent voices—voices that I recognized. From that time on I have been thoroughly convinced of the immortality of the soul.

"A friend of mine who was there had spent twenty years of his life in Ceylon, and his wife, who was with him, had been brought up there as a child. Now I know that those two were the only ones in that room, and probably the only ones in America, who spoke the Tamil language and it was, therefore, suggested that he should speak in that language to some of his friends, whom he knew had passed over while he was on those islands. He was immediately answered by one of his former servants in the peculiar dialect of the district in which they had lived; and, he was reminded by his servant of things that had gone out of his memory—things that occurred while they were living in Ceylon. His wife was also spoken to in such a way as only an old and valued servant would speak to one who, as a child, he had carried in his arms many times, and all of this conversation was carried on in the peculiar dialect and language that neither the medium nor any one else in the room knew or understood.

"Another friend and his daughter who had lived in Old Mexico for many years, were asked to speak to some of his spirit friends in Spanish, this also being a language the medium did not know. He was immediately answered by an old associate of his in business who came, hit him on the cheek so that all could hear the blow and talked to him in Spanish in an independent voice. When he had talked over many things they had done together in Mexico, he put his hand on the young lady's head, and spoke to her in an endearing way which he had often used to her in life; and, as my friend expressed it, used the Spanish language in such a way as only a born Spaniard or Mexican would use it.

"This friend was a pronounced skeptic up to this time, but he, like myself, after the experience we then had, have since become firm believers in the occult forces and the glorious fact of life's continuity.

JNO. R. CROSS.

December 1, 1902. St. Louis, Mo."

A NEW ORLEANS WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

When Mrs. Eler, of New Orleans, came to Mrs. Drake's seance at Lake Pleasant, Mass., she had no thought of the realities of spirit life—its natural, human realities—until her daughter's spirit came. The mother in her characteristic French way nearly went into hysterics over her daughter's appearance, and the way they talked to each other in French overshadowed and stopped all the other manifestations for the time. The daughter was followed by an old negro servant, who nearly drove the old lady wild when she showed her black face. She danced until the floor trembled, and sang old negro ditties with some of the sitters helping her. She made funny speeches and the New Orleans woman grew excited. She laughed hysterically and screamed, "Oh, nigger, nigger, you haven't grown a bit handsomer!" The old lady nearly fell over backward, out of the circle, as she again screamed: "Nigger, nigger, you black nigger, you haven't changed a bit."

Nothing could have been more convincing, or more satisfactory to Mrs. Eler than the appearance of this faithful, old family servant with her peculiar race characteristics.

A DALLAS, TEXAS, INCIDENT.

On the evening previous to Mrs. Drake's departure from Dallas, Texas, the ladies of the city were giving her a reception at the Windsor Hotel, when a very prominent citizen and attorney requested her to give him a private sitting. The ladies, knowing the gentleman, begged her to see him. She did so, and the result was told to a reporter in his own words, as follows: "Recently, before Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake left here, I was attracted by curiosity to see her. As soon as I was comfortably seated, she looked at me and said: 'You are an old bachelor.' That was true. At her request I took a ring off my finger and handed it to her. She told me that I had had it made. That was true. She told me there were four people, all in spirit life, standing around me, who wanted to talk to me—my father, mother, sister and a little brother. I have such relatives dead. She told me their names correctly. She told me that my mother was standing by me, crying 'Oh, my sister! My sister! Poor sister! Poor sister; she has been run over by a train.' She added that her sister's spirit was then about to leave the body, and that I would be notified of it in the morning.

Next morning a Western Union messenger boy handed me a telegram. I nervously tore it open.

RUSHVILLE, Ind., Feb. 14. .

M. W. Poundstone, care of Kahn & Co., Dallas: Caroline is dead. Funeral Thursday, 2 p. m.

L. B. GREGG.

That telegram staggered me. The death it reported was of my aunt Caroline Doggett, my mother's sister. She had died about the time the medium reported my mother as saying that my aunt's spirit was leaving her body. L. B. Gregg, who sent the telegram, is my brother-in-law. It

was wonderful! To say that the medium guessed, and guessed correctly, would be to confess one's ignorance. How did she know that my aunt was dying at that time? She did not know *me*, and certainly did not know of my aunt, and could not know that my aunt had met with an accident. Equally ridiculous would it be to try to explain the medium's information to me on the theory of mind-reading. I did not know that my aunt was dying at the time. But she did die, and the medium said that my mother was present and informed me of the fact. Certainly the information came from some intelligent source. It is a law of our nature to believe so; otherwise we are bound to believe nothing, not even the evidences of our senses. All her answers were correct. She described the house in which I was born. She said: 'As you went around the house there was a well inconveniently located. Your family, on that account, had the well closed up, and they dug a well on the other side of the house.' She told me that in the back of the yard was an orchard and an old barn, and that we had torn down the barn and built a wood-house there. She told me the names of my father and mother, and said that I had been associated with Jews all my life, that I had a sister married to a Jew, meaning my sister, Mrs. Samuels. Her correct information on these matters surprised me, but all she said about other things paled into insignificance when compared with the statement that my aunt Caroline was dying 1,400 miles away from here. I had never seen the medium, nor had she seen me before that hour."

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When scientists are trying to demonstrate the truth of materialism, and many are saying they do not believe in spirits communicating with the living, and invent dubious theories to account for such things, when unconscious cerebral action is put to the front for everything beyond their established methods, what are they going to do with a fact such as the foregoing, from one of the ablest lawyers in

a great state, from one trained to exact statements and cold, logical deductions.

REMARKABLE CURES.

An instance where almost an instantaneous cure was brought about by Mrs. Drake's Indian guide, Kaolah, occurred while she was stopping in the old Sharon mansion on Folsom Street, San Francisco. The house was situated some little distance from the street.

Mrs. C. ———, a very well known and cultured woman, drove up and sent her footman to the door to obtain assistance in carrying her from the carriage to the house, as it was impossible for her to walk. She greatly desired Mrs. Drake to see what could be done for her. Kaolah, the Indian, controlled and treated her magnetically and gave her a remedy to apply for rheumatism. She had been confined to her bed for nearly four years, a part of the time in a sanitarium. All that money and the best medical talent could do was of no avail. She could not walk or stand without assistance. The family were wealthy. The lady was unusually cultured and intelligent, and her affliction seemed especially grievous to her.

The effect of Mrs. Drake's magnetic treatment was magical in the extreme. Her strength and vitality were restored to such an extent that she arose to her feet, and, to her great astonishment and delight, found that she could walk. She went to her carriage unaided.

She returned home and remained in bed during the day and did as directed, only exercising when none of the family were present.

That evening, when her husband and other members of the family were present in her room, she, having previously dressed, greatly surprised them by arising, walking and even dancing before their astonished gaze. The next day, when the high-priced physician came, she told him of the wonderful cure, which greatly puzzled him. The cure was permanent, and she never tires of giving the credit where it belongs.

While making a call upon Mrs. Shaw, in the city of Waco, Texas, a little child came into the room; and, when Mrs. Drake touched the child, she said to Mrs. Shaw: "Isn't there some one sick at the home of this child?" "Yes," was the reply, and she then said to the child: "Kitten, run out in the yard and play until I call you." She then told Mrs. Drake how the child had been sent over to her; that her father was expected to die at any moment with locomotor ataxia—pronounced by the medical fraternity as incurable. "I can cure him," was Mrs. Drake's reply. Mrs. Shaw at once ran over to the house and told the family, and then came back and asked Mrs. Drake to go over and see him. The ablest physicians in the state said he could not live. He had lain on his back for three months, unable to turn or be turned. He could not be moved, and could not bear any noise in the room and could only speak in a whisper. He was covered with the lightest cotton, as he could not bear the slightest weight. When Mrs. Drake approached the bed and leaned over to hear what he said, he asked her if she believed in God. "Most certainly I do," was her reply. She then passed her hands over the bed but not within several inches of his body. This was done several times, he crying out as if in pain. Finally she was able to touch him, and before leaving he was able to be turned over by his attendant. She remained in the city two days in order to give him two additional treatments—three in all—which cured him, so that he returned to his office and his work. His attendant physician, Dr. B., a man eminent in the profession, said to Mrs. Drake, "They tell me you are going to cure my patient?" "Yes," was her reply, "I will surely restore him so that he can resume his office work, and live many years."

"Don't you think it is audacious to attempt to cure a disease that we pronounce incurable?"

"If it is audacious, it is Divine audacity."

"Well, if you cure him, the medical fraternity ought to erect a monument to you."

"It is very nice of you, doctor, to say such nice things, but after I cure him won't you say he might have recovered anyway?"

"You know the profession does not like to admit the efficacy of any methods outside of its own. It even wants to make laws to prevent any cures being made as we make them. Possibly the recovered patient may want to deny the instrumentality of the spirit in his recovery." Such was not the case, immediately, however, as a few months later, when able to resume his work, he wrote two very appreciative letters thanking Mrs. Drake for taking him off a dying bed and restoring him so that he could still care for his family. Mrs. Drake is keeping these letters side by side with a letter he wrote to a party in Angels Camp, California, some ten years later, denying the source of his restoration, just as Mrs. Drake had said he would do. His last letter was written in reply to one written to him to verify the prediction made that he would deny to Mrs. Drake the credit for restoring him to usefulness. These letters would look fine to his ungrateful eyes in parallel columns. Mrs. Drake felt amply paid for her two days' delay to effect his restoration by his first letters of thanks and appreciation. He never paid her a dollar for her time and trouble. The medical profession is not raising any monuments to those who restore their incurable patients. As effect follows cause, there comes a time when all ungracious and unappreciative acts, words and letters will face us to our shame and humiliation. Few men are big enough, or brave enough to be true to themselves and the truth—when blinded by religious prejudice—if perchance they think the truth is not popular. We are all cowards at some time in our lives.

PSYCHICAL SOCIETY.

People interested in spiritual phenomena and desirous of investigating it, but who are not quite strong enough to openly approach the subject for fear of criticism, have organized psychical research societies in imitation of the

London Society and its Boston branch. Of course the learned people who organized the London and Boston societies were not influenced by any such silly fears. They gave their spiritual societies the name of "Psychical Research" because these words are more in keeping with their vocabulary—not quite so common. The name gives an air of respectability to their investigations and helps to make them popular. The great men who composed these societies have shown by their methods that they, like ordinary people, were susceptible to suggestion. They were expected to evolve a theory by which all spiritual phenomena could be made referable to known natural laws and be accredited to the spirit still in the physical body. In other words, to disprove the theory of spirit return. To prove a negative proposition, they have shown themselves amenable to the suggestion of science and ecclesiasticism, by trying to refer all the phenomena to cerebral action. Where facts were too stubborn to be thus disposed of they were let alone. Upon this class of facts these societies have not yet had time to formulate an opinion although some of the original members are dead. These societies, may, sometime, receive the suggestion that time is the essence of the contract they have undertaken and come to a conclusion upon the facts that are not referable to their pet hypothesis.

In a letter written to Mrs. Drake under date of September 20, 1889, by Mr. J. D. Featherstonhaugh of Schenectady, New York, the well-known scientist, he says:

"I am mixed up in a correspondence with the Psychical Research Society and it is not at all satisfactory to them. This society, it seems to me, is bent on referring all phenomena to a latent cerebral force, ignoring—almost altogether—the psychical facts, which they see would crush their theories as effectively as a goose's egg under a steam roller.

"In speaking of this society, I am reminded that Mr. Richard Hodgson, their corresponding secretary, who seemed to be more open to reasonable proof and less swayed by prejudice than the Boston run of them, albeit skeptical,

has asked me for an introduction to you, as he contemplates visiting California the ensuing season. I do not know how far this would be acceptable to you, and will decline to give him a letter until I hear from you. He is an English gentleman of education and standing."

What are these societies going to do with the class of facts where articles of more or less weight are moved, sometimes to considerable distances, without any human physical contact. These scientists know, or should know, that unconscious cerebral action, or force, never has and never *will move* or produce an effect upon objects which are not in contact with any person.

By far the larger number of manifestations take place where there is no physical contact. Taking these scientists on their own ground that all that is told by the hypnotic subject or the medium in a trance is cerebral action, it may be well for them to first establish as a fact that persons can hypnotize themselves and that mediums can entrance themselves in the absence of the disembodied spirit; and, then account for the information received through the mediums which transcends all thought and facts possessed by the medium or any other visible person present. A person cannot—at one and the same time—be the hypnotist and the subject; cannot be conscious and unconscious at the same moment. Manifesting superior intelligence, or any intelligence, when in an unconscious state, proves that some other intelligence is using the brain, especially when the information imparted transcends all that the subject or any living person present possesses or ever did possess, as is the case in nearly all instances. If these scientists have not the time, or, if for any other cause, they do not desire to meet and refer to some logical theory all of these facts, they should take down the sign of Psychological Research and go out of the business.

CLARENCE PASSES THE CHERRIES AND ICED CIDER.

While Mrs. Drake, Miss A. M. Beecher, Judge Dailey, and his wife, were seated, just at twilight, in the Judge's

home in Brooklyn, New York, a pan of cherries was brought into the room by invisible hands and passed around. It was not yet dark and they could all see the pan come into the room and move up to each of the party. Years after, Miss Beecher, writing to Mrs. Drake in San Francisco, said: "Do you remember the pan of cherries and the iced cider that wandered about the room at Judge Dailey's in Brooklyn; and, after we were all served, was finally deposited on the table where we were seated; and the performances of various other inanimate objects without any visible hands carrying them? These incidents are very indelibly impressed upon my memory."

A MURDER MYSTERY IN KANSAS CITY.

Mrs. Dr. Blank, who lived in Kansas City, Mo., came to Mrs. Drake for a sitting. She was a stranger and did not believe in spirit return. A description was given her of a beautiful daughter who had mysteriously disappeared some three months before. The medium had only just arrived in Kansas City and had never seen or heard of the lady, or any one of her family. "This spirit is your daughter! You are not sure whether she is dead or alive," which was the fact. Mrs. Drake then said:

"You will never see her again in the body. She says she has shown herself to you once in your own home since she went away." While the mother was at lunch some two or three weeks after her disappearance, she heard a rustling in the hall and the servant exclaimed: "Here comes Miss Bell."

In walked the missing daughter, saluted her overjoyed mother and said: "Mama, I could not help it." The mother talked with her for a moment, when, to her surprise, she suddenly disappeared. They searched the hall, the whole house, and looked everywhere. She was gone. This was more mysterious than her first disappearance.

The lady and her husband attended Mrs. Drake's seance when the daughter came and made herself known,

so that others in the seance saw and heard her. No trace of her body was ever found. A large reward was offered. The best detectives were employed. She had left home about seven o'clock in the evening. She had put her furs on over a tea gown and stepped out, expecting to return soon. She wore two diamond rings. These rings were returned to the mother, but the daughter came not again as far as the mother's eyes could see. It could not be robbery. What was it?

Her appearance at the lunch hour, to be seen and heard by two people, the mother and servant, could not be a delusion. Dressed as when she left home—looking the same, could only be the real, materialized, visible presence of the daughter, speaking and greeting the two at the same time. Still the father and the mother doubted, so strong is love's hope.

Later, the daughter came to the medium and told a story which the medium personally verified. She said she had left home on that fateful night in response to a telephone call to keep an appointment at a certain doctor's office from which she never came out alive. She told how the doctor, when he found the accident had terminated so disastrously, had called in his brother; how they had locked the office and gone to the theater to be seen and recognized by friends; how they had returned and burned her clothing and disposed of her body.

The medium went to the doctor and told him all these gruesome details. She told him his own wife and two others had died the same way. All these details being so true, he admitted them all and showed the greatest contrition. His appearance showed how much he had suffered. He said he did not mean murder; that they were accidents; and, as there was a price on his head, he supposed she would deliver him to the officers. "No," she replied, "the courts would not recognize any evidence I could give; and, besides, I am not here to secure any reward. You have suffered more than your victims. They are happy. My spirit friends do not permit me to hunt down the criminal

and the sinful. We do not believe in taking life—taking what we cannot return. All should live out their allotted time; should not usher others, or force themselves into spirit life until called—until their work here is completed—until character is builded and rounded out, under penalty of years of labor and grievous effort to right wrongs and redeem self. Promise me you will do these things no more. If you do, your secret is safe with the angels, who will guard, albeit the memory of the crime will punish you. You reap not only what you sow, but the increase in the harvest, as well.”

Later, his brother died; and still later, he, by his own hand, lifted the curtain on the second act of his life’s tragedy, and entered, unbidden into the presence of the victims of his professional accidents.

CURES A DESPERATE CASE OF INANITION.

When visiting relatives in Lincoln, Nebraska, Mrs. George Self’s child, thirteen months old, was brought to Mrs. Drake for treatment. From birth it had never assimilated its food, and only by the magnetic power of its grandmother, Mrs. P. D. Drake, had its life been held in the body. She had tried all the doctors and specialists. She even went to a traveling Chinese doctor who claimed great skill in all difficult cases. As soon as she entered the room with the child he said: “You take ’m away, me no cure baby alle same dead.”

The child was a mere skeleton; and, when dressed and wrapped in a blanket, weighed only five pounds. The grandmother simply refused to let the child die. Notwithstanding what the doctors, and all who saw the child, said, she clung with more than a mother’s love and faith to the little spirit making such a struggle for a body and a physical experience, so important and necessary to all human life.

She placed her treasure in the medium’s arms and said: “Maud, ask the spirits to save my baby. I can’t let the dear little thing go.”

Her prayer was answered. The child was treated magnetically; and, from the hour of this exhibition of her faith, commenced to recover, and is now a strong, healthy young man.

PURELY PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

Those scientists, no matter in what line their investigations have been or now are, who refuse to accept the theory of spirit return, and who attempt to refer *all* of the phenomena of spiritualism, especially the purely physical manifestations, such as the rap, the moving of a table, chair, or other heavy article, the materializing of a hand, or a body acting intelligently, to hypnotism or mesmerism, to clairvoyance, psychology or cerebration, are neither scientific nor logical. Those who deny the reality of these purely physical, spiritual manifestations and accuse those who assert them to be facts of being deluded or hypnotized into a belief that they are real, only show their own ignorance of the facts and of hypnotism, or mesmerism as well.

No hypnotist ever produced a rap or moved an object by his hypnotic force, or by any mental or psychological influence. He may influence a subject to rap or move objects, or make his subject believe he or she hears the rap and sees the object move; but, let him try to do these things by his hypnotic influence--by suggestion.

These raps come in all parts of the room; the chairs, tables and heavy pianos *DO MOVE* without any physical contact.

Is the room and are these tables, chairs and heavy objects laboring under hypnotic hallucination? Equally as ridiculous is it to assert that such painstaking scientists as Sir William Crooks, Professor Hare, Professor Henry Sedgwick of Cambridge, one of the greatest of ethical writers; Professor Lodge of England, one of the best known mathematicians and physicists; Professor Barrett of Dublin University; Professor Ramsey, F. R. S.; Professor Balfour Stewart, the noted scientist, were all hypnotized

into the belief that chairs and tables were walking about a room.

Who are these people who know so much and have accomplished so little? Usually those with only five senses to whom everything is false or a delusion that does not come within their experience and is appreciable to their indifferently developed senses.

When you ask them how they became so wise as to pronounce upon a subject about which they know absolutely nothing, when such great names as those enumerated above, as well as Prof. Hodgson, of Oxford; Prof. Hyslop, of Cambridge University; Prof. Newbold, of the University of Pennsylvania; Profs. James, Bowditch, Pickering and Royce, of Harvard; President Seeley, of Amherst, and the old professor of mathematics of the same college—when Bishop Brooks, Bishop Newman, of the Methodist Church; the Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Boston; Rev. R. Heber Newton, Doctor Thomas, of Chicago; Rev. Mr. Frank, of New York, and thousands of other great names, great thinkers in all professions, in all the walks of life—when you ask how all these men who have, after years of investigation, accepted the theory of spirit return, and have pronounced it scientific and a natural fact, are so woefully deceived and how they are *so wise*, they usually get very angry.

“Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato, to the empyreal sphere
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair:
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself—and be a fool!”

It has been truly said: “Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.”

It is true that one person can, when under hypnotic influence, be made to believe that the table moved; but, when you select such men as named above and assert that they can all be hypnotized to believe the same thing, or

that a whole seance composed of ten or twenty people have all simultaneously gone mad upon the same subject, the assertion only stamps the one making it as a fool.

Such people are often met in the seance room. Infinite wisdom has not yet defined any reason for their presence in the seance, but it is a fact that they are sometimes found there—possibly they are there to catch the medium, or inform and instruct those present how the phenomena is produced. They feel fully competent to do either or both.

MATERIALIZATION, SCIENTIFIC AND NATURAL.

In seances composed of those who do not comply with essential conditions, or of those whose presence destroys conditions, very much of the material used by the spirit in clothing its hands and form with matter so as to make it appreciable to the senses of those present is, by the process of exosmosis and molecular attraction, taken from the medium by the use of magnetic force generated by the vital chemistry of the medium. Where those present are all harmonious, in all that is meant by harmony, and the condition satisfactory, much of this force and material is taken from the others and much is taken from atoms and corpuseles in the atmosphere. Any violent disturbance of the forces sends this matter and the abstracted nerve particles back to the medium with a force akin to a blow. The act of grabbing materialized hands, or forms, sends out a magnetic force similar to the force used in drawing these nerve atoms from the medium. This force disintegrates the matter and sends it back along magnetic lines to the medium's body, making mediums feel—after the seance is over—as though they had been picked to pieces and indifferently put together again. Could these materialized hands be followed up they would seem to lead directly to the medium's body, necessarily so, as the matter with which they are clothed must be returned. In such seances the mediums feel as though arms extended from all parts of their bodies. The returning atoms, less the nervous force, makes them feel as though hammered by inces-

sant blows from which it sometimes takes days to recover. Added to this is the effect of mental vibrations which, if angular, produce a disastrous effect. Many who are not mediums, sense and feel these vibrations.

Test conditions in these seances, where voices are heard, hands are felt, and seen, show that there is no tangible, material body back of the hands or the voices. Only so much material is taken on as will produce the contemplated results. The hands have weight and strength; move with positive and definite intelligence and comply with verbal and mental requests. The voices have volume, a wide range, modulation, pitch, and distinctive expression—most essentially human, replying to audible and mental questions with intelligence transcending that of any one present. Sometimes faces are shown in lights which are described elsewhere in this work. Such faces are usually recognized by those to whom they come. A voice always accompanies the face, issuing from the moving lips of the face. Forms are very frequently shown dressed in clothing remembered and recognized by those to whom they come. Not only by one person but by several—sometimes twenty or more, at the same time.

At a seance held at the house of Mr. James Freil, in Lafayette, Colorado, with twenty-four people present: in a room securely locked and sealed against all outside intrusion, a large form dressed in white and standing just outside of the circle appeared and remained long enough to be plainly seen by the medium and all the others.

In nearly every case, these hands, forms and faces are felt and seen by those in the circle when the medium is engaged in talking to, or describing for others on the opposite side of the room, for in all genuine manifestations it is usually the unexpected that takes place. Anxiety, on the part of the medium, or those in attendance—in other words, positive mental vibrations interrupt the operations, or so modify the forces used as to prevent the results so earnestly desired. Harmony and the absence of vibrations are desirable, unless it be rhythmical vibrations pro-

ductive of harmony. In these seances, in order to have the spirit voice join in the singing, the tune must be at the highest possible pitch and then the spirit voice is half an octave or more higher than those singing.

This question of materializations seems to embrace the most delicate and subtle laws of chemistry, both analytical and synthetical, as well as the whole range of mental and physical vibration; negative conditions and harmonious mental and spiritual vibrations being the most essential. Considering the difficulties to be encountered, on account of the ignorance, prejudice, and average stupidity of the public in such matters, it is a wonder that any materialization is possible. Interfere with any of the necessary conditions in a laboratory or workshop, in electrical appliances, in photography, in the navigator's chronometer, in any of the mechanical arts and seriously expect favorable results—and you would at once be considered a proper subject for the feeble-minded asylum. Yet, such people are permitted in the seance room, where the most intricate and delicate operations are expected and the most subtle forces and combination of forces are handled—forces so delicate that science, while it recognizes their effect, has so far failed to be able to weigh and measure them.

At the fifty-second anniversary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Washington, D. C., in 1902, the retiring president, Asaph Hall, said of these forces:

“There are finer forces in the universe than any yet detected. There seems to be a flux and flow throughout nature, exchanges of refined energy and a universal circuit of activity. This undiscovered entity may be higher than pressure of light or even than gravity.”

This refined energy which these scientists hope to “detect,” weigh and measure; individualized in the human organism; personalized by its organic experience—by its action and reaction, is LIFE. Clothed again in sublimated matter from its first organized form in its first

conscious stage of existence; maintaining its acquired individuality and personality in a second stage, is SPIRIT. Not yet "detected" by science, it is "higher than the pressure of light or even than gravity," and is known and measured by its manifestations through matter in both demonstrable stages of its individualized existence.

The distinguished scientist himself gives the reason why he and his contemporaries have not "defined" this force in the universe, when he asserted, as he did, before the association, that dogma was the most gigantic evil in the world. He stated that "dogmatism was destructive of mind (intelligence): and, of all evils in the world, is the most vicious—scientific dogma being the worst. He said it was due to science to so enlighten the world that ignorance shall vanish. This is a consummation that all will gladly hail. The opinion of even one scientific man upon any theory is of more value than that of a hundred ignorant people who are incapable of fairly considering established facts. It is surprising, however, that these scientists hold with dogmatic persistency to false ideas for fear they will come in contact with a *JEHOVAH* in the universe. As long as they confined themselves to cathode rays and potential forces, and kept strictly to material that can be "detected," weighed and measured—their principles and theories apply.

When Professor Crooks, a spiritualist, comprehending and experimenting with spiritual forces made it possible to demonstrate the existence of kinetic rays—the same rays that Sir William Thompson demonstrated by mathematical analysis, at Harvard College more than a quarter of a century ago—rays that have little potential force—a straight line energy, instead of vibratory—he gave their theory concerning either a jostle from which they have not recovered.

These facts, as well as the facts of spirit phenomena stand; and, our scientists must cease to be dogmatic, and must revise their theories. The revision must recognize that ether is something more than a highly elastic fluid,

filling all space and the interstices of all matter with a pressure of a thousand tons to the inch, in order to account for these straight line rays.

This revision must recognize radiant energy, individualized and endowed with intelligence in order to account for the facts of spirit phenomena. These facts have come with all their relations to remain. They demand classification and reference to some logical theory.

ALL LIFE IS INDIVIDUALIZED.

Will our scientists account for the infinite variety of individual, living forms wherein matter is built up and sustained in defiance of gravity, used in defiance of the chemical laws which they recognize and accept as absolute; and, wherein other forces are accelerated, retarded and used in the economies of these forms? What is it that builds corn from corn and wheat from wheat with unerring certainty? What is it that selects atoms from a common source and arranges them side by side in the stately pine and the sturdy oak? What is it that plucks from earth its products and erects the horse and the ox? What is it that fills the waters and the air with living forms, each of its individual kind? What is it that creates the form of man different from all these infinite varieties and number of forms? What is it that permits man alone to check the fleet-footed of the prairies, to lay his hand upon the savage of the forests, to lure from the sea and grasp from the air all forms needed to build his form, to prepare and put in condition atoms to be used in building and perfecting his own organization? What is it that enables him to command and use all the forces of nature for his pleasure and profit? Can *all* of this infinite variety and number of forms be referred to any other theory than that these forces are each individualized from and for all time? Each manifests in its appointed way, in co-eval and co-existent matter—matter with its inherent positive and negative conditions essential to the manifestation of

force, without which none of these forces can manifest and none of these forms could be.—*Dei plena sunt omnia.*

If we accept La Place's nebulous theory of the formation of our planet, reason demands a beginning for each individual form. As it is readily recognized that conditions are absolutely necessary for any force to manifest, and, that matter does possess positive and negative conditions—the father and mother qualities—action and reaction—it cannot be denied that placing our planet back, or forward, to the proper condition for sustaining life, that these individualized forces that have, as Fechtner dreamed, always existed and have always adapted themselves to all conditions of temperature, would repeat the evolutionary process from the uni-cell to man. It is certain that combinations of these one-cell things, under proper conditions and proper environment result in living things. But from whence comes the life? The combination only makes it possible for the life to manifest. Those who assert that such combination produces life assert too much. Their experiments have only pushed the solution back one step.

The noted scientist in the great University of California, who is making conditions for the lower forms of sea life to hybridize, is on the right track. Let him make conditions and then put his laboratory in condition to detect, catch and apply the right individual force and he will have “lifted the veil of Isis,” and given the world a new “*Siccle d'or*”—golden age of science.

This force in the seed, which may be latent for thousands of years waiting for conditions, has puzzled the scientist since man began to think. The force that uses other forces, that draws to itself atoms, prepares and places them in forms of its own, in accordance with, or in defiance of other forces, doing its work in its appointed way; and, when other forces intervene to mar or change, persists until it overcomes the interference, must have an individuality co-existent with itself and its means of manifesting.

Do the scientists in our great universities and those who, like the American Association, have assembled fifty-two times and have not yet "detected," weighed or measured these forces, expect to do so without revising their old materialistic theories, or accepting other theories? Can they successfully question that this is an individual force operating in the human organism; that its personality is acquired by its organic experience—by its action and reaction—and that *it is life*? Can they deny that, clothed again in a refined, sublimated matter, from its first organized form in its first conscious stage of manifestations; and, maintaining its individuality and acquired personality in its second stage of manifestation, *it is spirit*?

This force and all force is measured and estimated by its manifestation through matter. In what other way do they expect to "detect" this radiant energy that they so persistently ignore the facts presented—facts that cannot be referred to any of their accepted theories? Why afraid of the theory of spirit return? If scientific dogma will not permit them to diverge from material, then by what scientific formula can they account for the purely physical spirit phenomena; and, by what theory can they account for the facts that one or more, and, in many cases, a half dozen mental requests made by different people, and all at the same time, are registered and performed with absolute accuracy and precision, in the light or dark, as is done in Mrs. Drake's seances? Possibly it may help them to be assured that spirit form is substance. This individual force called man requires some quality of matter in all stages of existence in order to manifest. It is difficult to conceive of force independent of matter,—to comprehend, as some are pleased to claim, that matter is a manifestation or condition of force—that "man can think without a brain."

All schools of philosophy have concurred in the persistency and eternity of matter or of that which constitutes the visible world around us, especially the Greek philosophers. Democritus taught that it was intelligent

in some of its corpuscles, and not intelligent in others. Plato and Aristotle taught that it was sometimes intelligent as a whole and non-intelligent in its parts. The Epicurian philosophy asserted that it was sometimes unintelligent in all of its parts and atoms. No school has ever taught that "something from nothing comes." As Lucretius says:

"Admit this truth, that naught from nothing springs
and all is clear."

The Greeks received this from the East where it was a distinct doctrine of the Bahminical religion. The persistency of matter is as much of a scientific fact as the persistency of force. An atom of radium with its inherent force and an electron of hydrogen gas are as real and persistent as any fraction of force. The clairvoyant eye detects the form and shape of the severed limb, the same as the camera detects reflections from matter invisible to ordinary eyes, and when the unfortunate gets through with the balance of his physical body he steps into spirit life with the whole spirit body complete. Where does he recover the severed limb, if he did not always have it?

Facts are also as persistent as matter and force. Nor are they waiting on our scientists for reference to their accepted theories. Theories must give way. All of the facts contained in these pages are exactly as stated. What are scientists going to do with them? Ask for more time, as our legal friend does when conscious of losing his case? Take all the time you desire, gentlemen. Meantime, people who are not scientists and who are not afraid of the deductions of their own logic, will pronounce,—as they have already done,—upon the question of spirit return.

LEX HEREDITAS.

The claim is broadly made, by some popular writers, that there is no such thing as hereditary law; that all so-called hereditary traits are the result of thought; that thought builds body as well as character; builds the body—the instrument through which the spirit operates—in all

of its innumerable forms and determines its quality. They recite the accepted statement that nature's laws are accurate and unchangeable in their operations, and that the races do not show absolute and fixed results, excepting in so far as the individuals of the race think along common lines. As they think so will they eat, drink, live and act. As the father and mother think so is the son and daughter, even to the stamping of form and feature upon the offspring, hence, this hereditary theory. Not only are forms and features created but politics, religions and habits are impressed upon prenatal matter, principally by maternal thought modified by external thought according to its concentration and potency. Accepting their statement of the law as they make it, and applying it as it should be applied, individuals are creators in the truest sense of the word. If this is true we are dealing with a law and a force potent for grand and beneficent results, or fraught with dangerous consequences.

The claim is unhesitatingly made by other thinkers; and, by common consent accepted by the public, that heredity is law. Both theorists travel along parallel and nearly similar lines and use much the same facts and illustrations in proof of their claims. Both recognize the *primum mobile* of organic life, and a universal force vibrating in all atoms. The former relegates all physical and mental traits to spirit force operating through matter—attributing all to thought.

The latter accept the Mendelian laws of heredity;* and, while granting the potency of thought, add to their

*NOTE—Mendel's laws of heredity, as now taught and understood at Harvard University are in brief as follows: "That individuals of the first hybrid generation are all of one type, provided the parent races are of pure stock. But in the next generation three combination types are possible. The first will inherit all the characteristic traits of the paternal grandparent, and will produce offspring of exactly similar stamp ever afterwards, unless crossed again. The second will inherit the maternal ancestor's characteristics and breed true to her character, while the third will consist of hybrids similar to the first hybrid generation."

categories the differentiations of universal energy. In explanation of their law they claim that each atom molecule and mass has a positive and negative pole, and, when used once and repeatedly in a certain matrix, or form, acquires a polarity, or "ensphering" force to which it is ever after largely subject; modified, it may be, and is, by other forces and conditions, preventing rigidity and absolute types, thus making evolution and progress THE LAW.

This latter class claim that matter once subject to this cosmic law, when disintegrated and left to itself, will, under proper negative conditions, return to old forms; that the six-sided prisms reduced to atoms will resume the six-sided form; that the ashes of the rose leaf will form into the shape of that leaf; and that race and family forms reassert themselves, into the third and fourth generations, when thought of these forms has no place in their formation. These experiments with matter must necessarily be conducted with the same care and nicety that Nature uses, as this force is the most subtle and delicate and may be latent. They reason that as from wheat to wheat; corn to corn; seed to plant and tree; each gathering atoms from a common source and arranging them according to particular and established forms; that all hybrids return to original stocks; that the seed of the grafted fruit produces the original tree, all of which demonstrates the persistency of individualized force, and of established polarity. They poetically call this manifestation of force "the atom's love"—that atomic and molecular affinity which calls atoms together into forms of its kinds and polarity, augmented and intensified by frequent use, until the soul of matter is thus established with seeming intelligence. Who has not noted that the colorless liquid of bottled essence is stronger at the time of year in which the flowers from which it is extracted are in bloom; and, that when these flowers fade the potency of the perfume is lessened in strict agreement with Nature's time and process? No matter how many combinations it has undergone; no matter how much time may have passed, when the

flowers of its kind bloom the essence exhibits this wonderful sympathy, this "atomic affinity" which, being once established, always IS—this cosmic is the law that creates planets and all living things—a subtle and inviolable law of spirits and of atoms.

This perfume embodied in its liquid matter maintains its individualized identity; and, shall human sympathy—"human love"—be counted less lasting, less persistent? Then must all scientific axioms be false and delusive. They call this law of persistency and reproduction the law of heredity—a condition of matter and not of spirit.

Thus reasoning, why not from parent to child, producing form and shape as in animals where thought is not supposed to play any important part, modified in the child as to quantity and quality of brain by the positive, potential, ensphering force of each polarized parent atom; and, overshadowing all is the dynamic force of thought, both maternal and external, with environment and education playing their side parts. That theory which best covers ALL the facts is the most scientific. Both theorists concede that force—life,—spirit,—is only manifest through matter, and that the form, quantity and quality of this matter modifies all individual expression, all traits, tendencies and moods that can in any way be referred to heredity; and, that heredity is an acquired property of matter. It is therefore very important to have a knowledge of all laws and conditions affecting the manifestation of life.

"Know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

The annals of crime in Massachusetts tell of the wife of a butcher who delighted in washing her face and arms in the warm blood of the slaughtered animals to improve her complexion. A child was born—Jesse Pomeroy by name—in this thought of blood. When seven or eight years old he was detected in enticing children younger than himself into the woods and tying them to trees and slowly cutting them "just to see the blood run," as he said. The father's business, and, possible thought, with the mother's thought, created the form and quality of brain through

which the spirit of the child was ever after forced to operate with no consciousness of moral wrong. Society for its own protection has been forced to confine this child, now more than twenty years.

"In men, whom man pronounce divine, I see so much of sin and blot.

"In men whom men denounce as ill, I see so much of goodness still,

"I hesitate to draw the line between the two, when God has not."

Another case in point. A young man named George Earl, living in Quincy, Illinois, came to Mrs. Lord for a sitting. She told him that at times he had an almost irresistible desire to kill his father without any cause or motive whatever. This he finally admitted to be a fact. He found himself getting up at night and starting for his father's room with a knife; and, only by the strongest effort could he keep from following out his desire. The medium's control, understanding the law of cause and effect, advised him to leave home and thus get away from the opportunity to do the terrible deed. They told him it was the result of a prenatal scene. The mother had not been kindly treated by the husband and father at a time in Nature's fitful mood when resentment knew no restraint and she had found herself standing at his bedside with a gleaming knife in her hand. A flash of lightning revealed to the husband the tragedy about to be enacted, just in time to save himself and save his wife from madness. Maternal thought, however, operating in accordance with nature's system of law, harmony and truth, had registered itself in the matrix of prenatal matter.

By this law is created religious bigots and political enthusiasts who would, if they could, be a law unto all others as to what they should think, eat, drink, how vote, and what road they should travel to the throne of grace. By this law is formed the fanatical materialist and the iconoclast,—all to be modified as they develop avenues other than their five senses through which their spirit can manifest.

The Ancients—even as late as the Greeks and Romans—understanding these laws selected the women to become the mothers of their warriors, statesmen and geniuses, and surrounded them with every condition necessary for desired results. Some went still farther and prevented the propagation of vicious and unworthy species. Professor Pellam, of Bonn University, Germany, has given to the world the history of one of this class. The results of his investigations show what one woman's thought and action did.

Fran Ida Jurka was a drunkard, a thief and a tramp.

In seventy-five years there were recorded eight hundred and thirty-four descendants from this one woman. Of this number, seven hundred and nine were traced from birth to death with the following results.

One hundred and six were born out of wedlock; one hundred and forty-four were professional beggars; sixty-two lived on charity; one hundred and eighty-one lived very disreputable lives; sixty-nine were convicts and seven were murderers. In seventy-five years the descendants of this one woman cost the government one million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Our jails, poor-houses, work-houses, asylums and penitentiaries are full and crowded. Boards of Pardon, in many states, are paroling all the inmates of these institutions they can possibly liberate, and the number is yearly increasing! What is the matter? Is religion or law at fault?

It is time we moved up to higher lines of thought, to more liberal education, to the study of spiritual science—to a knowledge that thought and repeated acts build character. It is time we learned to mould matter into forms of beauty and endow it with qualities that shall produce results different from that which causes spirit to manifest as drunkards, thieves and tramps.

OBSESSION AND INSANITY.

Many forms of insanity emphasize the fact that life is modified by the material the spirit is obliged to use in

its manifestation. Injury to certain parts of the brain is known to destroy moral consciousness. The constant formation of brain cells on one line produces certain forms of unconscious insanity where sanity is maintained on all other lines. The ensphering force of original, polarized atoms causes other atoms to form on the same lines, by the law of elective affinity; and, the concentration of thought on embryotic matter establishes tendencies called inherited insanity. Spirits leaving such bodies carry with them *will* and *memory*, and sublimated matter to a certain degree polarized and subject to these ensphering forces. Those spirits building character on vicious lines of hatred and revenge find most congenial conditions as near earth as possible for the exercise of these qualities. To the fact of obsession may be attributed many other cases of insanity. Hence the importance of a knowledge of these laws and conditions of spirit as well as an acceptance of the fact of spirit return. The effect of these laws of spirit and polarizing force makes it difficult for many to accept any theory or fact outside of their physical senses; and, makes such acceptance utterly impossible to others.

All cases of obsession are by spirits of vicious or revengeful characters, or by those whose record here has been such that they refuse to face it. A noted case of this character was brought to Mrs. Lord in Chicago. Mr. William Enright, who lived in an adjoining town, had a lovely daughter, Carrie, about fourteen years old, who, at times, would exhibit the most lovely and beautiful traits and disposition. She would instantly change to the most vicious and destructive moods, breaking and destroying everything within her reach with a cunning indicative of a much older person. In their attempt to control and restrain the child, she had fought them, kicked and bruised them, in the most vicious manner, and with the strength of a mad man. At times, an older boy would exhibit similar traits, but not so pronounced. When these moods were upon the boy, the girl was entirely free from

them, showing a common cause, which did not, and, if a case of obsession, *could not*, cover both at the same time.

As soon as the girl was brought into Mrs. Lord's presence her controls perceived the cause. Mrs. Lord said to Mr. Enright, "do you remember a large, dark man—a Frenchman, who once worked for you?"

After some thought, he recalled such a man.

"You had some difficulty with this man, and accused him of stealing. You were also unjust in your accusations and treatment."

"Yes," he replied, "I found out a long time afterward that I was wrong."

"You never made, or attempted to make any reparation for your injury and wrong?"

"No, he was gone, and I never had any opportunity."

"Do you remember how this man swore that he would get even with you; that dead or alive, he would have his revenge?"

"Yes, he did say that; but I knew he could not injure me."

"He passed into spirit life with that feeling and determination. These last strong desires are the ones that rule, for a time, in the spirit world. As soon as he learned his power he commenced following along the lines established here."

Operating through the medium's strong magnetic forces her controls established limits through which the obsessing spirit could not reach the girl and then talked with him. He was shown by Jesse, one of her wisest controls, the injurious effect of such actions, not only to the innocent child, but to himself. He soon recognized the truth of what he was being told, and seeing that his old enemy, Mr. Enright, had really desired to correct the injustice done him, but who, knowing nothing of spirit conditions or return, did not think he could reach him, he at once begged Mr. Enright's pardon, being permitted to do this through the medium, in all the earnestness characteristic of impulsive Frenchmen, using his own language and

manner of expression, which Mr. Enright understood. The child was never afterward troubled.

The case in Los Angeles, California, of Jessie Valentine, aged nine years, was similar to the above in cause and viciousness. The father of the child had had a personal encounter with the obsessing spirit before he passed into spirit life. In attempting to control the child the father had been kicked and badly bruised many times. He could not imagine why a child, otherwise so gentle and lovable, should be so possessed, until Mrs. Lord recalled the difficulty, so long forgotten by him. Not so with the spirit. Memory is ever constant and it takes years of effort to forget, forgive, and progress out of conditions acquired here. There is a law of mutual dependence and assistance between inhabitants of both spheres, and all spheres. The obligations are mutual and each advances and progresses by the discharge of those obligations. Thought is the medium of exchange. It is accurately valued, weighed and appreciated by the worker on the spirit side of life; and, oftentimes fully appreciated by the worker here, but more often but indifferently sensed for lack of the development of spiritual faculties. Progress on both sides seems to be on parallel lines. Hence the importance of the fact of spirit return and of securing reliable means of communication. This is manifestly more important to those on this side than to those on the other side of life. Our thoughts reach them direct, while theirs must, in most cases, come to us through suitable avenues to be properly understood, at least until we make ourselves amenable to spirit suggestion and understand the language of spirits.

A similar, though not as vicious a case, was brought to Mrs. Lord's attention by a party occupying a cottage near her cottage at Lake Pleasant, Mass. A young girl by the name of Lottie Fern was obsessed by an ignorant spirit. He made the child lie and steal. When called to account, the spirit, in its anger, contorted the child's face and produced effects similar to lock-jaw. Mrs. Lord and her controls labored some time before the child was relieved and

barriers established to control the obsessing spirit. Many cases of obsession have thus been relieved and the ignorant and vicious on the other side helped to an understanding of conditions and thus started on their upward way.

A LITTLE CHILD COMES TO ITS MOTHER.

Many of the most intelligent people in the land are unhesitatingly pronouncing upon the reality and truth of the fact of spirit return. Those who know Mr. Samuel Taylor of Berkeley, California, and his accomplished wife, recognize in him a man of unusual intelligence and beauty of character. He and his wife have had a varied and extended experience with spirit manifestation. Such people are not subject to psychological influence and usually know exactly what they are talking about. The following is one of the many manifestations of which they are positively certain:

“Eleven years ago, while in one of Mrs. Maud Lord Drake’s seances at the home of my mother, Dr. Beighle, we had a splendid specimen of materialization. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Duden, who had some years previously lost a beautiful daughter who came to her parents that evening, giving her name in full, but added, “You always called me Daisy. The mother’s heart cried out, ‘Oh! If I could but see you Daisy!’ And just then, between her and another person, the daughter materialized in full form, holding out her little hands, crying, ‘See me! See me! See me!’”

MRS. SAMUEL TAYLOR.

CHAPTER XXI.

CLAIRVOYANT AND TELEPATHIC EXPERIMENT.

Mr. Buckley, a Boston jeweler, became very much interested in clairvoyance and arranged with Mr. Hooker, who was Mrs. Lord's agent at the time she was in that city, to try an experiment, the nature of which he would not divulge, excepting to designate the hour at which he would try the experiment. He was to write down just what he (in thought) was to do and Mr. Hooker was to write whatever Mrs. Lord dictated.

At the appointed hour Mrs. Lord said: "This is strange—I see him with his chin whiskers shaved off. He has on a blue necktie. He is coming up our steps. He enters without ringing; passes into the reception room; goes up to and stands in front of the large painting of deer on the side wall. He looks at it intently; he now looks up into the corner of the ceiling to the left; now up to the right corner. He now turns and walks directly across the room and stands before the painting of mountain scenery. He is now at home and putting on his hat. He is coming this way. Isn't it strange I should see him with his chin whiskers shaven off," said Mrs. Lord, "and such a necktie!"

Mr. Hooker took his sealed letter and met Mr. Buckley before he reached the house. He said: "I guess she has you all right."

"How so?" said Mr. Buckley, as they exchanged letters.

"She saw you with your chin whiskers gone and wearing that blue necktie."

"I never wore such a necktie before in all my life, and I shaved off my whiskers just as a definite test. if

she should see me, so as to eliminate any memory she might have of me. Now, if this letter contains the same that mine contains, it proves more than clairvoyance. It establishes telepathy as a fact to my mind, fixes it as a fact that might, if applied in some cases, be very dangerous, or of great utility.

Opening both letters in the presence of others he was greatly surprised and delighted to find that they agreed in every particular, excepting that of ringing the door bell. He had only casually thought of the bell as he thought of coming up the steps and had not noted that in his letter. She had caught this thought along with those upon which he had concentrated with definite distinctness, beginning and stopping where his mental concentration commenced and ended.

PREDICTS SERIOUS ILLNESS OF NOTED WOMAN.

While riding on the street cars of Boston, Mrs. Lord was introduced by a mutual friend, to Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the noted and popular Woman's Rights advocate. Then and there, as was her custom to give all messages of spirits, she told Mrs. Livermore many things of the past which were readily recognized. She then said: "Mrs. Livermore you are going to be very ill. The doctors will be certain that you will die and will so tell your family, but remember what I tell you. You will not die. You will recover and live many years." Everything she told her transpired just as told. When sick and told that she could not recover, she called her husband and daughter and told them how Maud E. Lord had predicted her present condition and told her she would live. Years after she related to Mrs. Lord the literal fulfillment of her prophecy. She was still alive and interested in her great humanitarian work more than twenty years later. Mrs. Livermore was the friend and unselfish worker among the wounded and dying soldiers in the Civil War of 1861-5 and was idolized by the survivors of that war.

A DETECTIVE VISITS A SEANCE.

BERKELEY, April 13, 1903.

MY DEAR MAUD:—Hearing you are about to publish your book, allow me to add an incident of your wonderful power. At one of the seances you held at my home, a detective, his wife and two sons were invited. I let them prepare the room which we were to use as a reception room for the angels, and they prepared it well, too, I assure you. The lights had not been out five minutes before the detective and his whole family were crying and speaking to a son who had been killed on the railroad, and whom I never knew. The son had materialized and stood before them, so they all recognized him. He talked to them for quite a while. After this wonderful seance was over the detective showed me a lamp with which he had intended to throw a light upon the seance. His son was the first to come.

Your friend,

NELLIE.

While stopping with a family in Philadelphia a most unusual thing occurred, similar to the phenomena of faces on the frosted window glass in the medium's early experience in Fondulac, Wisconsin, only in this case it carried with it a hint of advance news of much importance to the gentleman. While the children of the family were amusing themselves in the sitting room, in the early morning, they observed a figure in the frosting on the window pane. On close examination it was seen to be that of a woman holding a paper in her hand. The style and material of the dress was also clearly made out. On comparing it with a photograph of the gentleman's mother, then in Europe, it was found to be an exact counterpart, with the exception that the photograph did not show any paper in the mother's hand. The style and material of the dress and position were the same. The picture remained on the glass until the heat of the room rendered it indistinguishable. The strange part of this incident occurred the next day when the gentleman received a communication relative to his

mother's estate in Europe. The package corresponded exactly with the paper seen on the window pane.

ODD DESCRIPTIONS.

While describing for a professor of mathematics from Amherst College, Mrs. Lord said: "I see a brother of yours losing his life in a very strange way. He seems to be thrown into the sea from a whale's tail. He was the most surprised man in the world when he found himself in the water."

"I should say he was," replied the professor. "He was at sea and had gone with others in a boat to examine what they thought was a rock in mid-ocean. He landed upon the rock, which proved to be a whale's tail." This strange death, known only to the professor, being told to him by a stranger, when he knew that no one but himself knew it, caused him to continue his investigations until he was forced to admit and accept as true the theory of spirit return. Accustomed to reasoning from axiomatic truths and established facts, he was not afraid of the deductions of his own logic, as are many less intelligent people.

Speaking at one of Mrs. R. S. Lillie's meetings in San Francisco, she told a German that he had a brother lost at sea from a vessel that went down with all on board. "Yes," said the gentleman, "My brother was thus lost more than thirty years ago. The vessel on which he left the old country for America was never heard from after leaving port."

At the same meeting, she said to another German: "You have a son named Willie in spirit life." "Strange," he replied, "that you should tell that. I will explain. Years ago, we lost a little one prematurely born. Some years after, a medium told me the same as you tell, and at the same time said that the child said he did not have any name. I said, 'We will call him Willie.' Now, after some years he comes again and gives the name I gave him. It is strange but it must be true that he is here, or you could not know that he is my boy and named Willie. I never

saw you before and no one could tell you, for I never told any one—you could not guess it.” Plain, simple logic—German logic.

A most unusual test was given to a lady in Akron, Ohio, in the presence of many people. Mrs. Drake described the lady’s mother, and said she was burned to death by gasoline.

“Yes,” said the lady, “My mother came to her death in the manner described.”

“I also see that you were born after the accident to your mother. How very strange.”

“Yes, so I am told,” said the lady.

It was explained that the sudden and intense heat caused involuntary muscular contraction that brought the child into the world after the spirit had left the body and before *rigor mortis* had set in. Such descriptions establish the presence of some disembodied informant and eliminates all guess work.

An instance of telepathic diagnosis occurred in Beatrice, Nebraska, when the medium was visiting Mrs. Judge H. W. Parker. An orthodox minister had called some thirty or more of his congregation to account for daring to attend Mrs. Drake’s Sabbath meetings. He sent them notes to come to his study and answer for their apostasy. He expected them to bow to his superior wisdom and cry: “peccavi,” and he would forgive them and tell them to “go and sin no more.” Only two or three obeyed his mandate. He then tried to explain his demand as a joke. The ladies of his congregation then called upon Mrs. Drake with the intention of securing for themselves evidence of the absurdity of the claims of spiritualism. As usual she received them graciously and described for each separately. They were greatly astonished that such things could be when the wise minister, hired to think for them and to keep them from thinking for themselves, so unhesitatingly told them it was all the works of the devil. She diagnosed for one of the ladies and told her what to do. The lady then asked if she could tell what was the matter with an ab-

sent friend without touching any article belonging to her friend. "Yes," was the reply. "There is a scientific way in which I can be brought in contact with your friend. Let me take your hand. Now think intently of your friend."

"I see that she is very sick." She then described the lady, her family, the room and its furnishings, and told them she would die before eleven o'clock of the next forenoon; that the doctors did not understand her trouble, and that she could cure her by magnetic treatment. Before the designated hour, the next day, the lady, wife of a banker, died.

UNUSUAL MANIFESTATION.

Among those possessed of remarkable healing power is Dr. Nellie Beighle of San Francisco, than whom none are better or more favorably known and none more successful—a lady of largest generosity, fearless in expression of opinion and loved by all who know her. After an absence from the city for two years, Mrs. Drake entered her elegant offices in San Francisco, and, after greeting her said:

"I learn you have been getting married since I was here."

"Yes, Maud, I have, and I have one of the best men in the world."

"I am so glad, Nellie dear, for you deserve the best, but you will not keep him long."

"Oh, now, you stop that," she replied, in her impulsive way. "Don't you dare see him passing out—I won't have it."

She again saw the shadow of the Death Angel following close to this unusually happy couple. A few days later she held a seance in their elegant home in the Strathmore. The manifestations were unusually satisfactory as was usual with all seances held for her. Understanding spiritual law so well, Dr. Beighle always selected her sitters for the seances held for her and imposed upon them conditions essential to the production of the phenomena.

They could comply or stay away. She wanted the best conditions and sought the best results, irrespective of the preconceived opinions of the many professional and scientific men whom she invited. Here again, Mrs. Drake saw the Angel of eternal life standing close beside this loved husband. In parting, she said: "Nellie, dear Nellie, I must tell you. I know you are as good as gold to your husband, and to everybody, but I want you to be especially kind to him, for he will not be with you very long."

"Oh, I hope it will be some time before he will go, some years, anyway."

"No, Nellie, I can count the days on the fingers of one hand."

"Don't say that, Maud—I may outlive him, but he won't go for years yet. I can't let him go."

"I am afraid he will. I am so sorry, but I am made to tell you."

In less than a week he lay silent and unconscious, but not yet entirely severed from his body. They all thought he was gone. Not so, however. The "powers" that rule Dr. Beighle's destiny brought him back to bear testimony of her teachings and her knowledge of the continuity of life and its possible immortality. He told her in verse which seems best fitted for description of celestial scenes and with great exaltation of thought, as only an emancipated and arisen spirit is permitted to do, of his visit to the border line of spirit life; of its glories and possibilities, and of those who were awaiting his coming. He returned to thank her for opening up to him before he went the beauty of eternal life's inexplicable glory. The following is a small part of what he said, as he repeated it to Mrs. Drake the day after he left the body:

"Thou hast banished the mists from mine eyes;
Thou hast awakened my soul to all this beauty.
Think, oh, my Helen, it was thy hand,
That lifted the mist from these mighty hills.
It was thy voice, speaking in loving tones,
That stilled all fear of the unknown—the Christ—
The God, whom I now know, doeth all things well.

"When God and his attending angels
Shall lift the frozen seal off my struggling voice,
With all the longings of voiceless love,
Whose 'signet' is life everlasting,
I will bridge the soundless ocean of Death
And will come and tell you, dear one,
Of the infinite rest and beauty of dreams
Never, no never in mortal life surpassed."

He gained a knowledge of the facts of spirit life through the mediumship of his loving wife, who is a medium of great power, and the author of several works on psychic facts. After he had taken his final departure and his body lay in the casket midst a profusion of flowers, he came and repeated to Mrs. Drake all he had said to his wife. This communication was read to the sorrowing wife and family, who listened with rapt attention and bore testimony to the accuracy of the communication as delivered to them just before passing to the world of spirits.

MATERIALIZING IN MID-AIR.

Our relations to matter and its laws are such as to cause us to question any fact outside of the conditions to which we are subjected. We copy the following from a letter written by Mrs. Henrietta Jansen of Berkeley, California, a lady of rare and beautiful accomplishments, an exquisite vocalist and a person in no way easily deceived or deluded by unreal appearances. She writes:

"We held a seance at our home with Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake as medium. There were sixteen present, including our three children. Mr. Drake, who accompanied his wife, in order to satisfy skeptics had been locked out of our part of the house. All present but one, Mr. S., had attended circles before. He was a most decided skeptic. Almost as soon as the light was extinguished spirit voices came to different ones. The singing of Clarence, the control, was simply wonderful. Articles were taken from one person to another when verbally or mentally requested. We were fanned repeatedly. The music box was taken around the circle and played for each of us and then taken

up and up until the ceiling was touched. The same thing was done with the guitar. I requested that they rattle the crystals of the hanging lamp (which had been put up and out of reach) with each instrument. They did so, Mr. S., the pronounced skeptic, could not believe it was spirit phenomena, and thought Mr. Drake had in some way gotten into the room and was doing it all, and not until we called for him and he answered from the adjoining room and I assured him he was locked out would he believe otherwise. Mr. and Mrs. J. received beautiful messages and tests. Mrs. J.'s sister materialized before her so plainly and brightly that she recognized her. Her husband, the gentleman to her right, and my little daughter, all saw her. Our family, five in number, sat together, and we all saw our dear departed daughter materialize. She came from above, down, down, like the beautiful angel she is, until she stood in front of me, when she said: "Mama, mama, mama—it is Emma." Then she rose up toward the ceiling and vanished. It was a beautiful materialization, so white and bright that we all plainly saw her."

Mr. J. wore a rose in a flower holder. We all heard a spirit voice ask for it. It was taken to Mr. S., who sat at the other side of the circle. Later on, Mr. J. asked that the holder be returned. Mr. S. felt them taking the holder from the rose. It was returned to Mr. J. When the light was finally lit, Mr. S., our skeptic, had the rose and the music box in his lap. Mr. T.'s handkerchief and a lady's handkerchief, were tied around his right wrist. He was obliged to admit that there must have been unseen forces at work. These remarkable manifestations have put him to thinking.

MRS. HENRIETTA JANSEN.

TEST VERIFIED.

The following verification of a test given to an English gentleman, well known in San Francisco, is only one of many of a similar kind:

BONTE AVE., BERKELEY, Cal., Apr. 15, 1903.

I, George P. W. Jansen, do hereby declare that I was with J. A. Kinghorn-Jones at 662 East Twelfth Street, East Oakland, on Tuesday, the 14th day of April, 1903, when Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, between the hours of 2:30 and 4:30 p. m. while under control, told J. A. Kinghorn-Jones that he had a great many friends around him; that there were three brothers and a sister. Mr. Kinghorn-Jones said: "No sister." Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake said: "Yes, it is so, even if you never knew her; or if you did. Your sister is here. Of this I am certain. You will receive a letter from your brother very soon which will convince you."

(Signed.) G. P. W. JANSEN.

36 GEARY ST., SAN FRANCISCO, April 15, '03.

G. P. W. Jansen.

DEAR SIR:—This morning I received a letter from my brother, Edward, in London, saying that our sister Adeline passed over on the 31st of March, 1903, after three weeks illness.

(Signed) J. A. KINGHORN-JONES.

Among the many incidents of Mrs. Lord's experience during her residence in Boston, was that of meeting with Baron Martheze of England, and his accomplished sister Juan. Baron Martheze will be remembered as a writer of great ability and the author of several volumes on spiritual subjects; a gentleman with courtly manners, commensurate with his rank. He was a great admirer of Mrs. Lord and her mediumship. He urged her to visit England and assured her of great success in London. He wanted her to be presented at Court, as the Queen was greatly interested in this transcendental subject.

On his second visit to this country, he again urged her to visit England. He extended many courtesies and marked attentions to Mrs. Lord and her numerous friends, entertaining them as became his position and ability.

At this time, Minister Joy personally placed in Mrs. Lord's hands a beautiful present in the shape of a locket of Etruscan gold, attached to a massive gold chain. The chain was stolen by a pretended medium, the daughter of a writer on hypnotism, who was very jealous of Mrs. Lord's popularity. The locket was a beautiful work of art, embossed with two hearts entwined, one of pearls and the other of turquoise, surmounted by the Prince of Wales' feathers set with rubies. This she wore as a breast pin for more than thirty years. It was once stolen and several times lost, but each time her control, Val., brought it back. So highly did she prize this present for its rare beauty and great value, that this control would not let her lose it. It is the only ornament she ever cared to wear.

A SPIRIT CALLS FOR HELP.

One dark, cold, stormy evening when living on the West Side in Chicago, the medium's husband came home about seven o'clock and was greeted with the cheerful remark: "I must go to ——" naming a number on Adams Street, which proved to be near the bridge, in a building occupied by several families of laboring people.

"Well, I guess not, on such a night as this," was the reply.

"I must go. I am told that a man has just been brought home dead, and his wife and six little children, without a cent with which to buy a candle or a mouthful to eat, are gathered around the dead body."

The husband knew from the locality that it was an undesirable part of the city to visit unaccompanied by the police, and hence left everything of value, except a few dollars in money. They started in the sleet and rain for the designated number.

Arriving near the place, the medium, while her husband was searching for the number, took the lead and walked with no uncertain or hesitating step to a hall-way; entered and walked in the Stygian darkness to the back of the building; opened a door and walked in, almost be-

fore her husband could overtake her. There in the darkness on the bed, lay the body of a man fully dressed just as he had been brought home from the accident that ended his life. The wife was kneeling at the bed and the hungry children were crying at her side. Their immediate necessities were soon relieved.

The priest refused to officiate at the funeral because of some infraction of church discipline, until it became evident that it would be greatly to the discredit of the church if he did not do so. Catholic city officials, in order to prevent the case being aired in the newspapers, saw the priest who then denied ever having refused to officiate.

When the poor widow was placed in better quarters where she could support her little ones, the incident passed out of the medium's life.

TALKS INDIAN TO THE NAVAJOS.

On one of Mrs. Drake's trips across the continent, when the train had stopped for dinner and while the medium was talking with a few Indian women, near whom were several lazy Indian men not deserving of their own appellation of "Braves," she commenced to talk to them in their own language. The passengers from the train gathered around her and looked on with much interest, especially one gentleman who said he was the interpreter for the tribe. The Indian women laughed and pointed to the Indian men, evidently greatly pleased at what was being said, while the Indian men tried to hide behind each other and to get out of the circle formed around them by the passengers. The Indian women lifted Mrs. Drake's coat and said: "Big brave come," and pointed towards their home across the country. The medium's husband was obliged to put his arm around her to keep her from going with them. The interpreter came forward and said: "Where did your wife learn to speak the Indian language so fluently I have been the interpreter for this tribe for twenty years and she speaks the language better than I do, and much better than I have ever heard it spoken."

She was conscious of what she was saying and was, apparently, in her normal condition, but could not help saying what she did. Her talk was a reprimand from some grand old Indian to the lazy, useless men of the tribe, all of which was fully understood by the medium, the Indians and by the interpreter.

HELD BACK FROM WRONG.

A prominent broker in Chicago, who, by some strange law of affinity, was determined to leave his family and seek a distant home with a woman who was likewise inclined to leave her husband, became acquainted with Mrs. Drake by reading many of her writings and by noting the accuracy with which one of her controls called the Chicago grain market. Many parties in Chicago in 1890, are conversant with and noted the fact that this control called the grain market to the fraction of a cent for days, weeks and months ahead, and that he told three months ahead of the close of the May option on wheat, the exact fraction (1.17) at which it would close. The verification of these prophecies naturally caused this broker to listen when she told him he *must not* do the terrible thing he contemplated. If he did, the master of human destiny would condemn him to shame and failure, to penury and woe. She told the woman her husband would meet a sudden death and he would then know all her perfidy and sin. Before them was the wreck of two homes, sorrow and shame to two families. She told them their spirit friends commanded and demanded nobler and better issues of life.

The woman's husband met with sudden death within a few months. The medium's advice was heeded. Only these two people and he, who is now on the other side of life, know of these facts. The spirit world guards well the sacred secrets of human lives.

CHRIST IS COMING, CHRIST IS HERE—A VISION.

In the month of June, in 1883, Mrs. Lord lived at No. 26 Chester Park, Boston. While lying in a room adjoining

one where the family were discussing the complicated problem of dressmaking and where she could hear their conversation, she was given a vision of the second coming of Christ. Of this experience, Mrs. Lord says:

"It was not a dream because I was fully conscious of every sound. I could hear the rhythmic dropping of water from a faucet in the room, mingling with the subdued noise from the street and the monotone of the conversation of those in the adjoining room."

These waves—these ripples of sound, soothing to brain and body, reaching out into the unknown without any break of continuity, put her in tune with the more subtle harmonies on which dreams as well as the real verities of life are brought from the higher intelligences. Rhythm is the talisman that freshens and fascinates all souls touched with the magic power of religious sentiment. Rhythm and song is the form in which the language of the celestial spheres is expressed, just as poetry is the form in which the Eternal feeling clothes itself with infinite and divine suggestions. The vision was presented with an accompaniment of mountains and with the mysteries of the air, surroundings that were in harmony with its grandeur, its meaning, and, its possible verity.

She seemed to be in a place she had never seen before. She thus described it: "I stood by a roadway winding from the foothills, back of which were higher peaks, down through a mountain town. The declining sun touched the distant hills with a light of unusual brightness. But where I stood, and over all the town a subdued shadow of the deepest darkness rested. This did not impress me with any feeling of gloom, but rather a feeling of mysterious awe such as steals over us and affects all living animals when the sun is totally eclipsed; not with a sense of fear, but with a feeling of exaltation—an expectation of great purpose about to be realized; some promise on which hangs the dearest hopes of life about to be fulfilled. Looking up the road I beheld two beautiful white horses richly equipped, with plumed heads and gold-embossed harness, drawing

a gilded chariot in which stood two persons from whose shoulders fell white flowing mantles. One drove while the other turned to me and said: 'Go ye forth and tell all the people that Christ is coming. Christ is here.' I was made to feel that these two were Peter and John and that the command came from John.

"A second chariot, in all respects like the first, passed containing Moses and Elias, when Moses turned and said: 'See ye not by the heavenly signs that Christ is coming, Christ is here. Go ye throughout the land and prepare the people for his coming.'

"Other chariots to the number of ten or twelve passed containing the apostles and disciples. From each came the same command.

"As the last chariot passed I hurried up the road to do as commanded. A thought startled me: 'Am I worthy of this glorious mission? Has my life been such that the people will listen to my voice and heed the glad tidings I bring to them?'

"A strange and dread feeling of unworthiness came over me. Every unkind thought of my life confronted me. Every selfish act oppressed me. I was weighted and burdened with every hasty word and every neglected opportunity to relieve the distress of others. I felt humiliated and crushed with such great unworthiness. And I went sorrowing through fear that I could make so few hear the message I bore. I fell on my knees and looked up into the mysterious darkness. Never before did I know that spirit could be so punished by regret. Could I only go back and gather up the scattered jewels, that I had so carelessly and ignorantly strewn along my pathway, it would have been a solace and a joy to me. Gladly would I have given an eternity of service to feel worthy of executing the command thus given to me.

"As I looked up into the heavens, the rays of the declining sun, as if from beyond the clouds, touched the highest eastern hills with a golden radiance; and, in the center of the darkness and gloom which rested upon the

homes of the people and the streets and by-ways in which they lived, unconscious of what seemed so clear and apparent to me, I behold an aureola of light growing larger and more distinct, high in the center of the mysterious darkness above. Extending slowly down from this, through the darkened space, came a golden stairway, on each side of which there stood, two and two, hand in hand, man and woman, making an unbroken chain of angelic forms extending from the aureola of light, which was slowly changing to empyrean blue, down to the high hill at the limits of the town.

"Slowly coming down this golden stairway I saw the well-known figure of the Nazarene. On His shapely and beautiful countenance rested a shadow of unutterable sorrow, as step by step he came, unrolling a long scroll—the *record of human lives*—which fell upon the stairway back of him.

"When about midway between the blue empyreum and the dark earth into which the stairway seemed to dissolve, the last rays of the setting sun illumined his golden, brown hair and white robes.

"The dripping of water, the noise of the street continued all this time and a voice called me from the adjoining room. Thus ended a vision whose impress has never been effaced—whose lesson has never been forgotten. It is the basis of my belief in the coming reality of the vision itself."

If Raphael, one of the seven holy angels, served Tobias as a servant all the days he did appear to him, and he "did but see a vision;" and, our loved ones can come from that bright other side to greet us, as they certainly do, who shall place limits upon Almighty Intelligence? Scientists may cling to false ideas and principles for fear they may be forced to acknowledge an infinite intelligence controlling all nature's processes. The world, however, moves on and the simple and humble grasp God's great secrets before the wise are ready to accept them.

Recounting this vision to a lady in Stockton, Cali-

fornia, who has her home study equipped with astronomical instruments and who is royally gifted with divination and intelligence, it was interpreted as follows:

CHRIST IS COMING; CHRIST IS HERE.

The hosts of Heaven are marching round this sphere.

Saturn, Jupiter and Mars are singing.

"Christ is coming; Christ is here."

With the Sun and Moon, five great spheres,

Uranus, Mercury and Venus drawing near,

All the Hosts of Heaven are singing—

"Christ is coming; Christ is here."

The past three days, three of the most brilliant planets of our solar universe have been working in conjunction, namely: Saturn, Jupiter and Venus. Three of our grandest planets were in conjunction at the birth of Jesus—*THE CHRIST*—nearly 2,000 years ago, namely: Saturn, Jupiter and Mars. We expect to see this same conjunction and a Great Perihelion upon Friday, the 13th day of December of this year, (1901) for the sun and the moon will then join these grand bodies. These five great spheres and our solar universe will be working in conjunction; and, 'Spiritual Uranus' and 'Intellectual Mercury' will be to their west but a few degrees; and, 'Beautiful Venus' will be to their right several degrees, or to the east.

The whole will make a most magnificent spectacle of "Celestial Lights" and a wondrously powerful planetary influence.

As the "Starry Heavens" and the "Heavenly Hosts" heralded the coming of Jesus, the Christ, likewise, will the great planetary conjunction and wondrous perihelion of to-day—the "Hosts of Heaven"—herald the awakening of souls to the truth of Being, that Christ is *WITHIN*; hence "Christ is coming, Christ is here," to all individuals who realize that they are made in the "image of God," the Christ. Thus the "Hosts of Heaven" are marching by, singing:

"CHRIST IS COMING, CHRIST IS HERE."

Nov. 24th, 1901.

The past three days, three of the most brilliant poised and the cardinal signs were upon their own cusps denoting spiritual fame for our awakening sphere—that is, fame among the “Heavenly Hosts.”

We saw this sphere perfectly balanced from the north to the south and from the east to the west, and he who hath eyes to see, let him see and understand, for only such will perceive the interpretation of your wondrous vision.

The earth was perfectly balanced; spiritualized, because the cardinal signs were manifesting their highest spiritual attributes. This is the reason the “Hosts of Heaven” are marching by, singing:

“Christ Is Coming, Christ Is Here.”

The “Science of Life” teaches us an understanding, not only of ourselves, but of all nature, as well. There we learn the “Truth of Being” and why we exist.

The great “Book of Wisdom” reveals to us, in its first chapters, that God said: “Let us make man in our own image.”

To be made in the image of God, a being or a thing, signifies that we must correspond to that personage or thing, not only in appearance, but also in power and wisdom, therefore because God, the Infinite Creator of all, is all-wise, and all-powerful, and everywhere present, man, being made in the image and likeness of God, must possess the infinite attributes of Deity. This is the wondrous secret of the “Truth of Being.”

Every soul has within its *REAL SELF* the possibilities and the capacities of God. These God-powers are latent in most individuals because man does not and will not understand himself or know his real power.

Many souls are now awakening to the truth of their *REAL* natures. The great ball of spiritual advancement has started upon its most wondrous journey; and, as it advances, its motion is increasing with marvelous rapidity;

therefore we may expect to see the most powerful manifestation of the forces of nature.

Each human brain is a wonderfully constructed and powerful electric battery, and the atmosphere and all space are permeated with ethereal and electric waves, hence wireless telegraphy will soon be the most successful and rapid means of communication—the world over, and especially will it be so among private individuals.

The ether transmits light 186,300 miles per second; and, at that rate it would not take long to put a girdle about the earth, or to reach our most distant planet.

To attain this most marvelous power an understanding of the laws and forces of nature will be necessary as well as a knowledge of how to use them. Each soul must realize that he is made in the “image of God” that he has the Christ within his *real self*. Then all will know that

“Christ Is Coming, Christ Is Here.”

The solar influences are now ripe for their most wondrous realization. Nearly 2,000 years ago the Christ came in a single personage—Jesus, the Christ, because he expressed all of God’s infinite power.

Then humanity was not far enough advanced to fully understand the truths that Jesus taught. To-day, they are more prepared to accept the Christ truths which the life blood of Jesus bought. Many, many souls now realize that Christ is within their *real selves*, striving to manifest himself. Because of this,

“Christ Is Coming, Christ Is Here.”

Hence it is not necessary to-day for the Christ to reappear in one personage only, for too many souls know their divinity—the Christ within—and, for this reason, the “Hosts of Divinity,” are marching round this sphere, rejoicing and singing,

“Christ Is Coming, Christ Is Here.”

I. A. M.

Stockton, California, Nov. 24, 1901.

It will be noted that the writer in predicting wireless telegraphy as early as 1901, wrote with greater wisdom than she dreamed.

Along these same lines instruments making possible the communication between spirits and mortals will yet be perfected. As early as 1870 a spirit scientist—a German in earth life—the same spirit who predicted the eruption of Mount Pelee at the meeting in St. Louis in 1902, designed for Mrs. Lord an instrument attuned to spirit vibrations with a receiver for recording their messages. She did not, at that time, appreciate the importance of such an instrument and the drawings were lost.

YOU WILL BURY ALL YOUR FAMILY.

All the prominent residents and spiritualists of Kansas City, Missouri, will remember Dr. S. S. Todd, whose office was in the Ridge building. He was prominent in his profession, a pronounced spiritualist and intellectually big enough to stand by any truth. He was the substantial friend of all honest mediums. He always reached his conclusions by strictly scientific analysis and logical deductions. He was one of the many friends and admirers of Mrs. Drake; and, at the time of her legal fight against the political ring in that city, volunteered as bondsman in her several cases in the United States courts. His position in reference to spiritualism, and his action in Mrs. Drake's cases, did not militate against his business as many timid souls would think, but only strengthened him before the public.

In the last years of his life his health was not the best. His family consisted of a wife, her brother and his sister, all much younger than he. They were naturally quite anxious on this account. They consulted Mrs. Drake's controls. His first wife, Thursa, who passed over years before, came and told them not to fear as he would live to bury them all. That his strength of character and knowledge of spirit life and its realities gave him the strength to go through those scenes which the others could

not endure. They were greatly relieved and rejoiced over the information, he himself being conscious of self-centered power to meet all of an eventful life's duties, come as they might. His wife at the time remarked, "Oh, papa, I could never live to bury you," so greatly was he beloved by them all. It was an unusual prophecy, later fulfilled in every detail.

VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

To mesmerism, magnetism, hypnotism, psychology, clairvoyance and psychometry, has been attributed many of the mental manifestations of spiritualism. Some have attempted to refer all mental spiritual phenomena to one or more of these departments of spiritual science. Failing to recognize that each possesses a distinct place of its own in science, and, in attempting to attribute all phenomena to the action of the embodied spirit—to the spirit still incarnated—they have ignored and refused to recognize the agency of the disembodied spirit in the production of the phenomena. Logical reasons—in fact, any good reason—for such attempts do not appear.

Why any honest thinker can object to life continuing beyond this stage of existence is a mystery. If it does continue, as the facts taken as a whole demonstrate, what objection can there be to such entity telling us something of that continued existence, that we may the better prepare ourselves for it.

We know that we live. Grant this great mystery, and all these facts upon which our knowledge of a continued existence is founded follow in accordance with natural law. Facts are yet wanting upon which to predicate immortality, but are too many and too real for it to be disputed that our life is continued beyond *this* stage of existence. This is what concerns us *here* and *now*. As stated in the commencement of this work, it does not so much concern us *whence*, *how* or *why* life is, as to know that it continues as individualized here.

Matter is necessary for the manifestation of force. Force is inherent in matter as shown in the positive and negative conditions of all atoms. It is the Father and Mother God. It is the radiant energy that manifests in the blade of grass, pulsates in the ocean's swell, vibrates in the immensity of space, creating and holding planets and mighty systems in place, and, grander and more marvelous than all, *thinks* in human and spirit forms. It is manifold in its expression and infinite in its variety of forms. Individualized in human forms, and more positively individualized in its spirit expression it is what *we are*. Intellect cannot by any form of thesis or antithesis define or deny it. Thus individualized, it is conscious of its consciousness, positive of its individuality, and certain of its continuity beyond present conditions, or else nothing is certain. Intuition and cold reason both assert it as a fact in nature—as real as any fact—that it continues to exist as an individualized, integral, sentient, thinking, entity beyond this stage of existence. Beyond this conclusion it is not necessary or important to investigate or speculate. Only by analogy can we reach past the next stage of existence. The knowledge to be gained in the next stage cannot even be approximately imagined from our present angle of vision, much less stated in terms that mean anything. The soul—the primal element, a force, a principle distinct from matter, using matter as a means of expression, may, and does prophesy for itself an eternal destiny. Other than this reason has no facts upon which to base such a conclusion.

Coming back to our starting point, and referring once more to the chapters of spiritual science enumerated above, it is known that this force operating through human organism carries with its vibrations a peculiar emanation called magnetism. Its actions and reactions are independent of mental vibrations. The result of its operations are a purely physical aura with a potential force and a quality commensurate with the *will* of the individual and the *quality* of the body. Science has left the investi-

gator of spiritual phenomena to demonstrate that this aura, when thus evolved, is amenable to mental control, both by the spirit *in* the body, and *out* of the body.

When the mesmerist's or operator's mental concentration of vigor, will and suggestion accompanies this magnetic aura the result is mesmerism, provided his or her power is stronger than that of the subject, even though the subject may have the most magnetism. In these operations it is usual for the mesmerist to impress, by touching the magnetic poles or nerve centers of the subject; and, also, to secure the consent of the subject, although consent is not necessary, if his or her will power is stronger and he or she has the ability to concentrate their magnetism upon the subject. We will here state that no one ever exercises this power to mesmerize unconsciously, or are successful unless they know how to concentrate their magnetic force.

In hypnotism this magnetic aura is caught up and handled by the hypnotist's spirit attendant, or control, whether such agency is recognized or not. Spirit is able to grasp the minute corpuscles of this aura and handle them with more effect than the hypnotist, who is limited by his physical conditions. This assistance makes it unnecessary to manipulate the nerve centers, as is necessary in the beginning with the mesmerist. Ninety-five per cent of the human family are subject to mesmeric, hypnotic, or psychological influence unless they, themselves, or their own controls are better versed in handling this force and choose to prevent anticipated results.

With the aid of the invisible operator the subject is entranced. In such cases the spirit of the subject is withdrawn from control of the brain, that is, it "stands out" of its natural relation to the physical body, and the assistant spirit operator, or operators are permitted to use the brain and give the seemingly wonderful revelations and wide range of information attributed to the so-called "Sub-conscious Mind" of the subject. This information is sometimes reliable and at other times perfectly *unreliable*,

according as the operating or entrancing spirits receive this information from other intelligences present or give it from their own knowledge and information.

That these exhibitions are attended by many spirits of all kinds and degrees of intelligence, reliable and unreliable, who are ready to give all kinds of information, the manifestations amply indicate.

Psychology is another phase of mental control of this same force evolved from vital, physical chemistry. In this department the potency of this aura is greater on account of its being more thoroughly imbued with, and subjected to mental vibrations, which vibrations in a measure correspond to the physical magnetic vibrations. Their potency—in some instances—is such as to have a permanent effect upon the mental vibrations of the subject, sometimes lasting for years without the subject being aware of such influence. This force is, in no way allied to magnetism, which, as shown, is purely physical and greatly modified by the diet and habits of the individual. The spirit and the clairvoyant arrives at the differentia of this aura by the same process..

Clairvoyance is acquired in the mesmeric state; and, in most cases the clairvoyant transcends the will of the visible operator, even though he or she may still control the clairvoyant's body by his or her mesmeric power. The independent clairvoyant is not always in a clairvoyant state which shows that there is a disembodied mesmerist present whether the subject is aware of it or not. It is thus seen that all operations in these departments of spiritual science are interwoven with each other through the agency of the disembodied spirit; and, that none of these operations are independent of such aid. Our experiments along this line warrant the conclusion that the spiritual vision of the clairvoyant as well as the vision of the entrancing spirit is not limited by space in the realm in which the spirit exists. That they can penetrate other spheres without the aid of spirits from those spheres is not yet established. If the one wishing to become clairvoy-

ant, or wishing to increase their clairvoyant vision could learn to build their bodies of atoms more in accordance with spiritual law—learn that “we are what we think and eat;” and, would take nothing into the system containing, or possessing inherent vibrations destructive of spiritual harmony, and would not allow any thought in the brain antagonistic to spiritual law, their clairvoyant possibilities would defy expression.

Experiments and investigations in psychometry warrant the conclusion that it is a spiritual faculty that can be exercised independent of the disembodied spirit. Many times in submitting articles whose history extended far beyond the experience of Mrs. Drake’s wisest controls and requiring the delineation of the most infinitesimal vibrations, they have said: “Submit this to the medium when in her normal condition.”

That this is an independent faculty or function of spirit, analogous to intuition in its operation and possessed by all spirits *in* and *out* of the body, is a reasonable conclusion. By reason of physical organism, diet and habits, this faculty cannot be developed in all bodies, especially by meat-eaters and those feeding upon the coarser foods. This subject is mentioned elsewhere.

Those attempting to refer mental, spiritual phenomena to any of these departments as manifestations independent of the aid of disembodied spirit, have been unfortunate or superficial in their investigations.

CONCLUSIONS.

The conclusions from the facts presented may be summed up as follows:

First. The manifestations do occur. The reality of the facts are fully established.

Second. That they occur in accordance with natural laws whose operations are not fully known; some not known at all.

Third. That accurate intelligence is manifested; and, that the intelligence manifested is not that of any living person in the physical body.

Fourth. That intelligence is consecutive thought and necessitates a thinker.

Fifth. That there is no evidence to prove that the thinker is other than the invisible doer of these facts as represented.

Sixth. That the science of spiritualism is in harmony with the science of the physical universe.

The sequence of these conclusions is that, if this intelligence is not embodied in human physical form, it must be disembodied.

Science cannot escape from the deductions of its own logic. In attempting to do so it stultifies itself and loses influence. Neither can science longer ignore the facts of spiritual phenomena; they stand so very close to the new facts of material science. Besides, spiritual science is now *popular*. It has come to this age unbidden, unwelcome and opposed, and, yet, its influence has spread over the whole world, and is dynamic of results in church and state, and is a potential motive force in the lives of all who understand its possibilities. It is popular in its literature and in its philosophy. It numbers among its avowed advocates some of the brightest thinkers of the race. It

is a philosophy that can be taught. It deals with that part of existence just beyond the five physical senses, but which is none the less real. We cannot see thought, emotion or will, and yet these govern us as individuals and as nations. We are conscious of consciousness. We are living entities within and out of the body. Facts demonstrate this and all the Haeckels and German schools in the world and their insignificant imitators cannot account for all of these facts on the theory of blind force operating through material organizations or any and all of the known properties of matter. Force and matter are co-eval and co-existent and are individualized in many forms. While it has not been our purpose to discuss this conclusion from our facts, we are warranted, however, from the facts submitted, in the assertion that individuality of force is accomplished in the human physical organization and that such individuality is retained and maintained in a second stage of existence after the change called death. The facts further warrant the assertion that such individualized entity is conscious of its consciousness, its intelligence, its thought, its emotions, its memory and will. In all these things it is essentially human as in this stage of its existence. This conclusion is essential as a basis upon which to establish a system of ethics that can be taught in our homes and in our schools.

From a purely selfish point of view it is well to know something of the conditions into which death will usher us, that we may be prepared for action on our arrival: that we may go supplied with the mental and spiritual equipment necessary for a fair start in that existence. You think you head the procession here with a bank account, or an intellect that figures out that **you** are nothing but blind force operating through matter, that you are nothing but an aggregation of natural properties of matter, or only a vibration expanding with heat or contracting with its absence. Perhaps *you* are. Perhaps instead of being at the head of the procession you are on a different tangent, at the rear which nothing but death can

correct. Our facts lead us to a different conclusion; and, from them we claim for ourselves only:

That immortal life is *the law*; and, its conditions what we make them.

That progression is open to all. All are privileged to work out higher conditions in the spirit life.

That vicarious sacrifice does not intervene with the laws of compensation. Effect must follow cause.

That progression contradicts the dogma of eternal punishment and a fixed state after death.

That facts demonstrate the evolution of individual, personal life, from the mortal to the spiritual life, but not backward into mortal life again.

That there is no exclusive divine revelation, finished, and perfected.

That the laws permitting Christ to heal the sick and show himself to his disciples and to the multitude have not been changed to conform to creeds and theological dogmas.

That all life evolving under the same laws must reach the same ultimate destiny.

That Spirit Return is a fact in the Universe; is in harmony with all other facts when properly understood and formulated.

That belief in the Father and Mother God; in the Brotherhood of Man; in Prayer and in Morality measured by motives is the essence of Our Philosophy.

The foregoing pages only very briefly touch the real life of the medium. If her horoscope means anything, as it doubtless does to students along that line, there will be occasion for a second volume a few years later. The present work will have served its purpose, if its readers will do their own thinking. Only a small part of the phenomena produced by her mediumship has been presented—only sufficient to illustrate each department of spiritual science. A few conclusions have been suggested, and others are left for the readers to formulate.

Many very interesting prophecies, not yet accomplished, and many important incidents are omitted from this work. The hundreds of people connected with these omitted phenomena may be disappointed. The size of this volume makes such omission imperative. The purpose has been to present a sufficient number of facts to scientifically advance and logically demonstrate the theory of spirit return—to show that it is a fact in nature requiring no new laws, no new conditions; and, only incidentally to deal with the biography of the medium.

To deal with the facts of the medium's real life—any medium's real life—and tell why and how they are a mirror upon which falls all spiritual, moral and mental changes, as well as physical, civic and national; and, why catastrophes and cataclysms, with attendant circumstances and details, are passed in panoramic view before them—to tell why their present is the future of others, requires a greater knowledge of spiritual laws than is possessed at present.

Many able minds are honestly pushing their researches along these spiritual and occult lines. Men of science are even giving rein to their imagination and in so doing are proving as serviceable to humanity as those whose fancy has created ideals in poetry and literature.

Who shall say that the dreams of Edison and Marconi, of Darwin and Pasteur are inferior, even in their elevating and educational tendency, to the unreal imaginings of Milton in his *Paradise Lost* and Dante in his *Inferno*, of Goethe and Shakespeare in their more natural fancies, or Zola's *La Bete Humaine* and Marie Correlli's *Master Christian*?

Truly the man of science whose constructive imagination is not confined to dogmatic theory,—who dares to dream his defiance of gravity in his aerial flights, to harness the elements to his mills and chariots, to flash human thought around the globe on nothing more tangible than ethereal vibrations is Past Master of imagination and ranks not second to the poet or occult dreamer. He will do his

part for the satisfaction of the spiritual and mental, as well as the material needs of the race,—all three—whether such is his purpose or not.

He little knows what Master hand is adjusting the lights and shades of his dreams, or directing them into practical ways. Only as he becomes amenable to occult suggestions will he drop obstructive theories, revise others and reach success and acquire courage sufficient to accept the fact that spirit force and its vehicle of expression—primal matter—are co-eval and co-existent. Science following the lines on which it was entered must soon admit that this individualized, sentient force, in whatever form manifesting, is primal and positive, elemental and indestructible. It is the one sole primate that is never combined; ancient as God; co-eval with His spirit; born of His breath and living in His life. It is not the result of physical organism, neither is it the result of a combination of matter favorable to its production. This individualized force, called man, prophesies immortality for itself.

“Memento Homo quia Deus es, et in Deum reverteris.”

HOROSCOPE OF MRS. MAUDE LORD DRAKE

BORN 3.15 A.M. MARCH 15th 1852

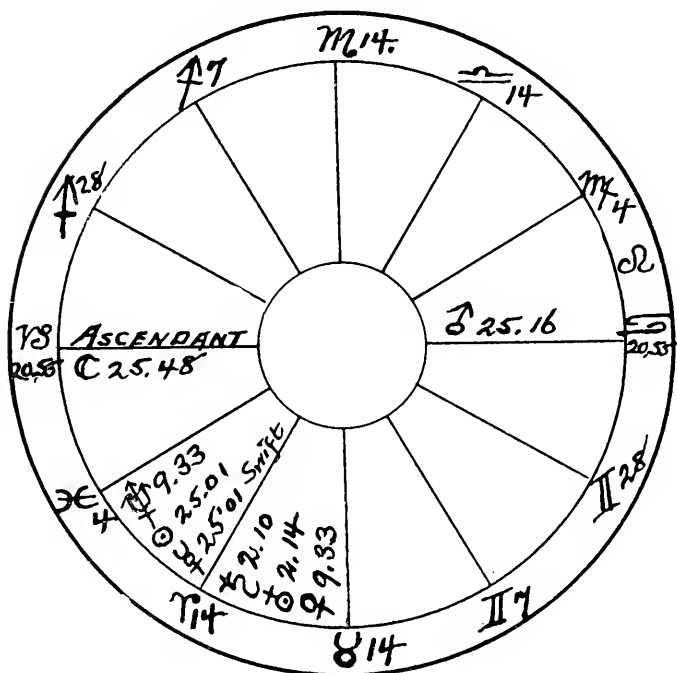
LONGITUDE 80° 15' W. LATITUDE 39° 30' N.

3.15 A.M. S.T. 23:31

6:39 A.M. N.K. No. HRS. 8.45

3:24 No. HRS. T.O.F.H. 14:46

MERIDIAN.



ASTROLOGY.

As a matter of interest to students who may have followed the fortunes of our medium from early childhood to the present, we include the following excerpts from an astrological forecast by Mr. Julius Erickson, of St. Louis, Mo. While these are not pertinent to the purpose of this compilation of spiritual phenomena, it may interest those who believe the stars exert an influence upon the lives and actions of people and control their destiny.

MRS. MAUD LORD-DRAKE.

According to date furnished, this lady was born as the celestial, movable, cardinal sign "Capricorn," was rising. Saturn rules this sign and is therefore her "Ruling planet."

"Saturn," her "ruling planet" was disposed of by Venus. This is said by all astrological authorities to give a very refined nature and a pleasing personality. I refer to astrological "authorities," only as a justification and illustration of the well-known truth of astrological tenets and aphorisms which declare that purely "Saturn" people are usually coarse and of extremely selfish nature, hence, we here have a test. This lady is ruled by "Saturn." But the proximity of "Alma" Venus to her ruler endows her with love of beauty, art and music, and gives her inherent refinement, intelligence and culture,—a character embellished with gracious humility, unselfishness and religious sentiment of a high order,—just the opposite of Saturn people not thus aspected.

Jupiter is supposed to give wealth or station according to the position he may occupy in the horoscope. If below the earth and unaspected by the Sun or Moon, it presignifies poverty and destitution. Here we find Jupiter *above* the earth and posited in the house of honor and in trine aspect with the Sun, and in sextile aspect with fair "Cynthia," who holds sway in the ascendant. These

are always good aspects and are indisputable testimonies of "great wealth" late in life.

On critical examination I find the Moon opposed by "Mars" from the house of "enemies"; this is a decidedly evil aspect and indicates grave danger of loss and dispersion of wealth through the chicanery and machinations of bitter and remorseless foes; still, even this will never be able to conquer the dauntless and persistent spirit of old Saturn, for no matter how deep the despair, or great the fall, the self-willed spirit, the persistence and tenacity of the "Capricorn" nature would rise superior to all obstacles, and cause success to follow close on the heels of any failure or disastrous reverse. This has been, and will continue to be so all her life. Jupiter is elevated in this horoscope, hence, in spite of many better experiences and the opposition of powerful foes she will surmount all difficulties and rise triumphant.

The moon is the synonym for change, restlessness, travel, etc., and its position so strong in the ascendant signifies a life filled with many strange vicissitudes, for the person born with the moon rising partakes largely of that luminary's variability.

Mercury is supposed to govern intellect to a large degree, hence, if weak or strong in horoscope, the intellect is supposed to tend accordingly. Here we find Mercury in exact conjunction with the Sun, herald of "light," diffuser of "strength" and power. This is truly symbolical. The conjunction of Mercury with the source of illumination—the powerful Sun and psychic significator of "mental" illumination and the propagation of spiritual truths—(The Sun, in astrological symbology, typifies "spiritual illumination," the Moon signifies earth and earthly desires, or the sensual nature in man). Mercury therefore rules the mental forces of this lady and his conjunction with the Sun (source of light and mental illumination) signifies that she possesses an extraordinary high degree of intellectual power.

On close inspection of the horoscope I find Uranus

in exact conjunction with both Saturn, her ruler, and Venus. "Uranus" is invariably "strong," in the horoscopes of seers, astrologers, inventors, scientists, antiquarians, etc.

As we find this "God of mystery" and ruler of all occult phenomena, very strong, and in close conjunction with her "ruling planet," let us outline in a brief manner what the character, the mental and moral trend of such a person must be.

"Capricorn" denotes a very active, energetic, ambitious nature; one very hard to understand and still more difficult to delineate. This lady is decidedly averse to restraint and loves freedom of act and thought; is extremely independent, yet not at all arrogant, nor is she even abrupt, as are most independent characters; she possesses a calm, smooth, suave and kindly disposition and rarely becomes angry; if angry, in appearance, it is only an exhibition of just indignation; she is open-hearted and quite approachable, for there is nothing of the arrogant contumeliousness of so-called superiority about her; she is dignified and grave, yet of an extremely kind disposition, and would not harm a living thing; she is sensitive as an Aeolian harp to her surroundings; is decidedly fond of asserting her own prerogatives and rights, and has ideas and opinions of her own, which no one can successfully controvert; she is accustomed to helping herself, and loves to feel the satisfaction the knowledge of being able to do this affords.

Her mental accomplishments and activities are of an extremely high order; she is quick in thought as the speeding arrow; she has unusually strong and true intuitive powers, as well as a really strong resourceful wit and ready apprehension; her analytical powers are of an acute and discriminatory order.

The position of Jupiter, almost at the zenith, signifies a "born leader" and, if it had not been for Saturn on her ascendant, she would have, during the past few years, become even more remarkably famous, than the remainder

of her horoscope indicates her to be. Her ambitions and purposes should, and doubtless do, point in the direction of some new movement, or along some new lines of an old philosophy or ethical problem, as yet but little understood. For the present however the good aspects are past and the negative or evil ones will continue to thwart her ideals for a few years to come. During the next two years her ambitions will hardly be realized. These ambitions should be, as already indicated, in the direction of occultism and in the demonstration of the strange and wonderful truths embraced in the spiritual law. The science of astrology clearly indicates that she possesses the genius for this line of investigation, and the ability to carry her ideas to a scientific and successful issue.

The transit of Jupiter over the meridian of her horoscope (a fortunate aspect), indicates a marriage early in life, but as Saturn was in evil aspect with the Sun, it would necessarily prove a disappointment, and possible separation.

The evil aspect of Uranus to the moon signifies some sudden and strangely evil event in early life.

The conjunction of Venus to the Sun, a most fortunate and propitious aspect, indicates domestic felicity and concordance, and, therefore, a happy union later in life.

For the next two years nothing of great importance will develop for her. However, about 1905 her "stars" will again beam forth and cause a decided change in her life, which will doubtless place her in the front rank of leadership in occultism in the land.

The best years of her life will be 1905-7-11 and 12; these years will be of extraordinary importance to her; and, honors, fame, success and renown will be showered upon her.

We also quote the following from Mr. Erikson's writings:

“‘Saturn’ is supposed to rule ‘evil and misfortune,’ and it is strange that amongst the early nations, remote from each other and with no intercommunication, this planet should always have been accounted and held as the prince of evil and ill nature.

“Persons in whose horoscope Saturn is strong for ill generally lead an unfortunate existence. When Saturn passes a strong point in the horoscope of any one (usually once every 29½ years, the period of its passage around the sun) a series of unfortunate events is sure to transpire for the person so afflicted.

“Jupiter, the prince of good and the God of the ancient palatine operates directly the reverse. Whenever he makes a good ‘transit’ in one’s horoscope (about once every 12 years) they usually prosper, and success crowns the intelligent efforts of the person so aspected. This is always in proportion to the strength or weakness of the person’s horoscope, i. e., the places occupied by the planets and signs of the zodiac at the hour of birth of that particular individual. I have never known of a person having a strong horoscope for good to meet with absolute failure and irretrievable ruin in life, nor of a person with a weak and afflicted horoscope to be very successful for any length of time.”

INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL.

When Mrs. Lord first recounted her experience to a dear friend, Mrs. Addie A. Searle, into whose life some sorrow had come, she in turn presented her with the following lines, which were published at the time in the Boston papers:

"From brooding clouds in our own nature rising,
Our life-rain is distilled;
'Tis but a tear from woe, o'er life uprising—
Life unfulfilled.

There is for every ill an equal blessing—
Morning for every night;
And parting makes more glad returned caressing,
And darkness light.

Despair—drear midnight storm of sob and wailing,—
Breathes of no coming day;
Beyond, Hope's rainbow promise, never failing,
Spans o'er the way.

Distrust, self-tortured from its breath of sorrow,
Distills but ruin's blight;
Truth's bright star beaming o'er the coming morrow
Dispels the night.

Hatred, Heaven-banished, earthward madly bending,
As vulture prey-ward sweeps;
Love smiles again, the exile, cloud-fold rending,
Repentant weeps.

Glory! Joy veiled in mercy from our vision,
Wealth-burdened, overflows;
Lending a radiance from the land Elysian,
That crowns repose."

BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, bright flowers,
And wreath the brow.
Bring sweet perfume,
And scatter now,
For sorrowing hearts
There is a balm.
For grief tossed souls
There is a calm.
When, for grief's burdened
Sigh, is brought
Sweet comfort, as by
Angels taught,
Whispering sweetly
Of spirit birth,
Mourn we no more,
For the loved of earth.
They are not dead,
Nor gone away!
But in spirit lovingly
About you stay.
Let joy usurp the
Silent gloom
That still prevades
My dying room.
Oh! echo there
Sweet music's tone
For oft I'm near and
Love the song.
Yes, yes to each
I come, I come,
To cheer thee
In thy earthly home.

—Almira T. Parker,

Beatrice, Neb.

AN EVENING WITH MAUD E. LORD.

Mrs. Emma Elwood of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, attended a seance and thus expressed her convictions of the great fact of life's continuity.

We gathered in silence around her,
And waited with breathless awe
For the angels who quickly found her,
For the spirit-forms she saw.

Away from the vain world's confusion,
We waited, an anxious band;
Oh say, was it all a delusion—
Or was it a spirit-hand?

I felt the fond pressure of fingers
In a tender loving grasp,
In the depths of my heart it lingers,
Oh was it an angel's clasp?

Was it you, dear father, so near me?
Did you see my glad surprise?
Did your listening spirit hear me,
And give me those sweet replies?

The rosebud I've laid with my treasures;
I found it within my hand;
Oh, dearer than all earthly pleasures,
That hour with the angel hand.

Oh wonderful gift! Oft I ponder
On the teachings of that night,
Till lost in a reverent wonder
I pray for a clearer light.

With our loved ones of earth beside us,
We'll patiently watch and wait,
And trust that the angels will guide us
Safe up to the Golden Gate.





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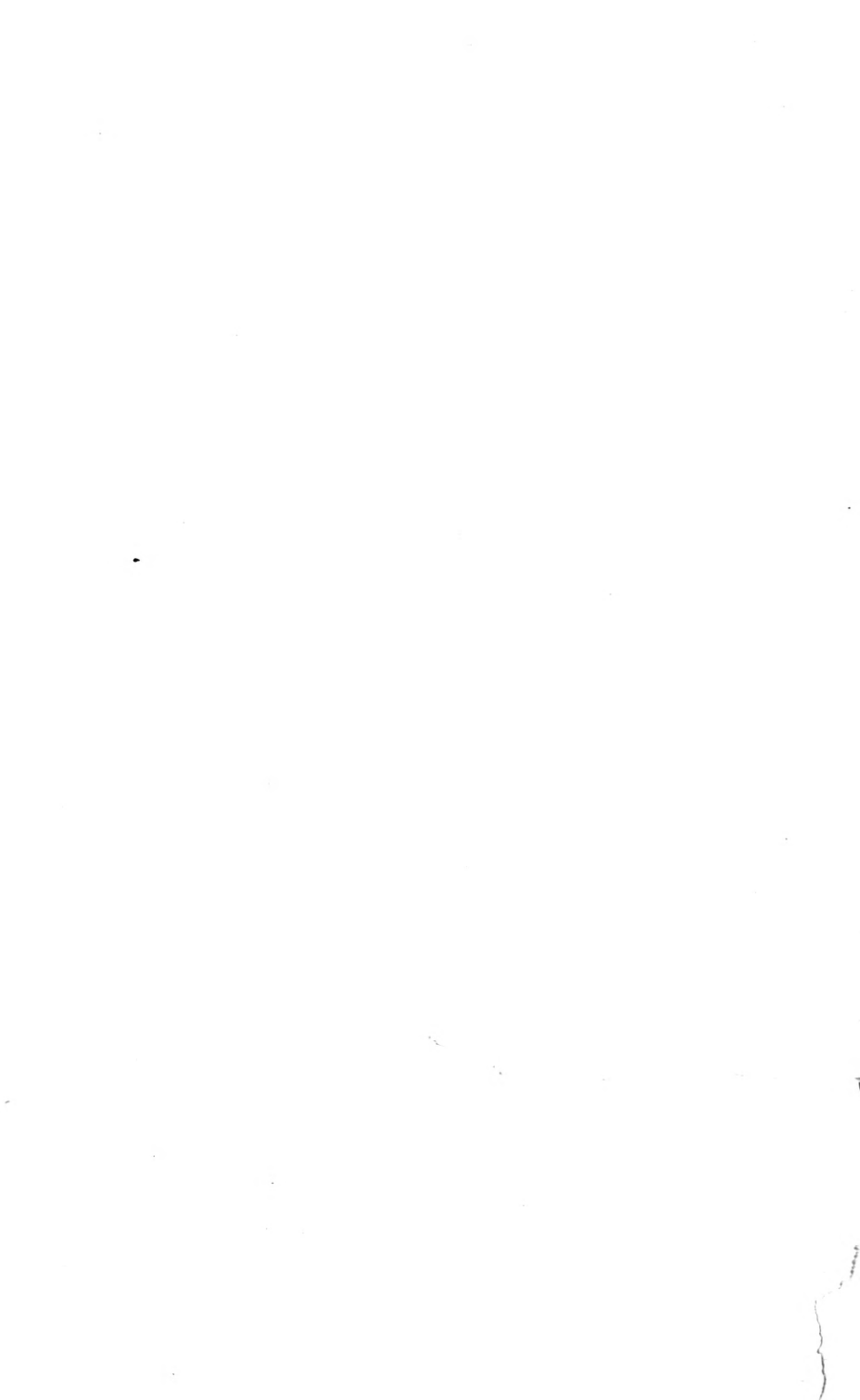
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